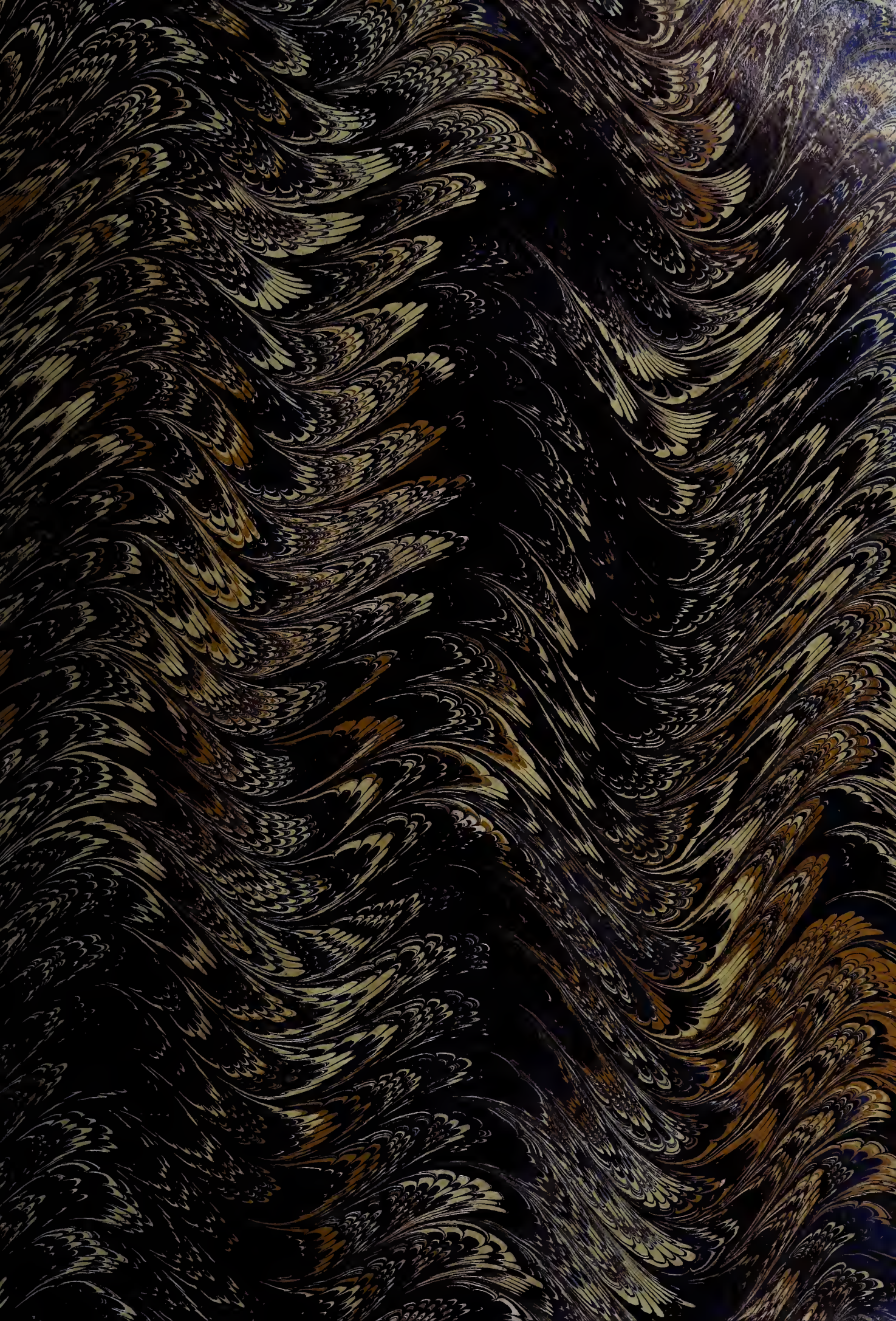


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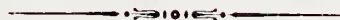
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THE  
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# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

## JAMES TISSOT AND HIS "LIFE OF CHRIST."

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD. ILLUSTRATED FROM TISSOT'S WORKS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL interest attaches in no small degree to the work of the painter, James Tissot, which, recently exhibited with notable success in the galleries of the New Salon in Paris, is presently to be published in book-form by a firm of Tours publishers.\* This work is a series of pictures and pen-and-ink sketches illustrating the "Life of Christ;" the number of pictures already completed is two hundred and ninety, and sixty remain to be done, on which the artist is now at work in his beautiful studio in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It may be said without exaggeration that rarely has any artistic exhibit created so profound an impression on the public at large as this series of illustrations, and that in spite of the fact that, previous



A JEW OF JERUSALEM.

to his labours in this field, the name of James Tissot, comparatively unknown, was not one to charm the public mind, or in any great degree to excite the public curiosity. It was therefore entirely owing to the value of the work exhibited at the New Salon, and not to his personality or previous performances, that M. James Tissot owed a success which has not been equalled in recent years. Rarely has such popular excitement been witnessed round any work of art as was daily manifested in the New Salon in Paris this year, in the rooms in which the "Life of Christ" series was exhibited. Some extraordinary scenes revealing the deep impression produced were frequently to be seen. Even the callous and the sceptical were observed to remove their hats as, slowly and with marked attention, they passed from one picture to the other, and followed step by step the wondrous life of "God who became

\* MM. Mame, of Tours, by whose permission we have reproduced the drawings accompanying this article. It is proposed to issue this great work in parts, an *édition de luxe* and an ordinary edition. In the former the coloured drawings will be in *fac-simile*. The book will contain decorative initials, &c., by M. Tissot.

man." And women were seen to sink down on their knees as though impelled by a superior force, and literally to crawl round the rooms in this posture, as though in adoration.

The importance which attaches to these manifestations of the influence of M. James Tissot's work is enhanced in a very considerable degree by the circumstances under which it came to be, and the circumstances which attended its development. It is a very common thing nowadays to

pursuit of his calling as a *genre* painter of mundane subjects, was preparing a series of pictures illustrating "Woman in Paris," a series consisting of fifteen pictures, representing woman in the various spheres and occupations of Parisian life. One of this series was to be entitled "La Femme dans les Orgues," and was to depict a fashionable woman of the world singing at the organ in the choir of some fashionable Parisian church. For it may be noted that until this



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

smile at the belief that artistic work of any kind is to be attributed to that mysterious influence which it is usual to entitle inspiration. If M. James Tissot, in his account of how he came to paint his "Life of Christ," and of the manifestations which attended his work on this series, is to be believed—and I for one do not see any reason to doubt him—it was inspiration of the purest kind that filled his brain, illumined his eyes, and guided his hands. And let M. Tissot's account be styled mysticism, hallucination, or by any other name with which the sceptical dismiss certain inexplicable psychical phenomena of a religious order, the fact remains that it is to this mysticism, or this hallucination, or this inspiration that M. Tissot attributes the result which he has obtained.

Now some ten years ago, M. James Tissot, in

practice was stopped by order of the Archbishop of Paris, ladies in society used to sing in the choirs of the Parisian churches, where now opera singers are engaged to perform. The necessity of studying his subject brought James Tissot to visit the churches from which he had long been an alien, saw him constantly in the organ lofts, filled his ears with sacred music, and his eyes with all the spectacle of religious worship. Thus it was that one day he happened to be in church during the elevation of the host, before which, as a good Catholic, he kneeled down, and whilst so kneeling the memories of youth, the forgotten impressions of religious training, came back to him; and his mind, as he describes it, was lifted up above the common things to which he had devoted himself. And then there came to him the idea of a picture,

which may now be seen in its finished state in his *atelier* in Paris, and of which an engraving accompanies this article. He saw Christ coming to the lowly and humble and comforting them, a wounded Christ bringing the relief of His common suffering to the sufferings of the poor of this earth. In the picture, as he finally realised it, we see Jesus, crowned with the crown of thorns, bleeding and exhausted, seated and resting against two workpeople, also wounded and suffering, amidst the ruins of a smoking edifice—some wreckage of the Commune of Paris, no doubt. The idea of this picture haunted him unceasingly, though he fought against the prompting to engage upon it, for he reasoned that it would not become a painter of mundane subjects to preach religion with his brush and palette; and in the end he decided to paint the picture. In the meanwhile, however, the idea had developed, and no longer satisfied with the conception of producing one picture of Christ, he decided to paint the whole Life of the Lord. He was, he says, taken, enclosed as in a sanctuary, hemmed in by his idea, and his enthusiasm growing as he began to feel that his vocation had at last been revealed to him, he decided to go to Jerusalem and set to work on his scheme in the very place where the great events which he was to depict had happened.

His first voyage to Jerusalem took place in 1886, and after a stay of four months in the Holy Land he returned to Paris, believing that he had secured sufficient material, and that he would be able to elaborate his scheme in the course of three years. Two years later, however, he felt it necessary to return to Jerusalem again, and he once more spent a period of four months there. His ideas were then all set out on paper, and he had prepared besides voluminous manuscript notes, a series of five hundred pen-and-ink sketches and oil-paintings. Whilst taking his sketches and his photographs, and whilst painting his oil-paintings, he did not neglect to attune his mind to his subject, and to fill his head with precise information as to the period by continued reading. He acknowledges a great debt to the Gospels, which he says were the most useful to him, and which he read and re-read a hundred times. He also studied the Talmud, which was obligingly translated to him by Rabbis whose acquaintance he made in Jerusalem. It appears that, far from putting any obstacle in the way of a work which was to be a further glorification of a Divinity which Jews do not acknowledge, the Israelites showed themselves most willing to help him. "It is in the service of God that you are working," said to him an old Rabbi of Jeru-

salem, who possessed a copy of the "Imitation of Christ" in his library; "why, therefore, should I not assist you?" It was thanks to this gentleman that the artist was made acquainted with passages of the Talmud which have never been translated before. He read Josephus and the apocryphal Gospels, and from these various sources, but more especially from the Gospels and the Talmud, he derived numerous and most important



ROAD FROM GETHESEMANE TO THE MOUNT OF ASCENSION.  
(Pen-and-Ink.)

documents for the work on which he was engaged. But it is largely to inspiration, and inspiration of a mysterious and inexplicable kind, that M. Tissot looked for finding guidance in his labours.

From a fragment of stone he was able, as he says, to reconstitute a whole edifice in the same way as from a single bone Cuvier was able to reconstitute some extinct animal. For reconstitutions, to which material of all kinds was wanting, the artist proceeded by induction, and this with unquestionable success. But, on the whole, documents were not wanting to assist him in his labours. The Rabbis were able to give

him precious particulars on the clothing of the priests of the time of Jesus Christ. One gentleman, whose acquaintance he made in Jerusalem, was a perfect storehouse of knowledge on this subject; another was specially well informed on the subject of the headdresses worn by ministers of the Temple. As to the Temple itself, he was able to reconstitute it entirely in his mind's eye, and regrets that his brush has been unable to

certain of the five hundred capitals which the Temple once boasted, and from these he was enabled to depict the rest. Petra and the tombs of the valley of Jehoshaphat instructed him by analogy as to Herodian architecture in general. A considerable period was spent in study at the museum of Bulak, near Cairo, which is rich in remnants of the periods of the Cæsars and the Ptolemys, and where stuffs dating from the



CHRIST AND HIS SLEEPING DISCIPLES.

render an adequate idea of its pristine magnificence. M. Tissot believes that the Temple, with its frontage of gold, and the movable gold vine, with bunches of golden grapes hanging therefrom, which was to be seen in the second court, was one of the most gorgeous and beautiful structures of which history has cognisance. So well informed did he become on every point connected with the building which was the background of the world's great tragedy that it was with authority that he depicted the steps of the Temple as of a certain height, not exceeded, for reasons of scrupulous decency, by the original builders. Research enabled him to discover at Bethlehem, and in the other sanctuaries built by Saint Helen out of the ruins of the Temple,

first century down to the fifth century may be examined.

He used no models, except one single man, in painting his series. Amongst his sketches he had brought back numerous types of Jews and Armenians from which he drew his figures. His single model was used for the movements only. The Paris café waiters, with their clean-shaven faces and classical profiles, as he says, provided him with types for his Roman figures and faces. Pontius Pilate was drawn from a bust in the museum of Naples. For the Christ he was, as he states, guided entirely by inspiration. He relates, in speaking of his work, that it often happened to him to make a charcoal sketch of the Saviour's face, and that whilst looking at this sketch the



CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

*(Engraved by Dormoy.)*





black lines would all disappear, and from the blurred mass of black there would look out upon him a Divine face, which he would copy to the best of his ability as from a living model. This is M. Tissot's own statement, there is no reason to doubt it, for it is not one that he publishes abroad. In the same way he proceeded also in depicting the Virgin, whose face throughout the whole series is imprinted with the loftiest idealisation, from the picture of "The Annunciation," with the young girl falling back on a pile of Oriental pillows,

say, in a manner which is entirely different from the one usually followed by painters, the absence of models for the figures, the processes of induction and inspiration—it will easily be understood that we have here something quite new and original in art in general and in particular in the special branch of illustration of the life of Christ, which has tempted so many artists in all ages since that life was lived. I am only acquainted with one painter who proceeded as Tissot has proceeded—at least in point of painting from inspiration—and that



THE MAGDALEN AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

burying her face in her white veils whilst the angel of the Annunciation makes known to her the great part which she is called upon to play in the history of the world, down to his "Holy Virgin in Old Age," where the face bears the stamp of the terrible anguish of the passion and all the woes through which the great Mother passed.

The series, when complete, will consist of three hundred and fifty paintings and pen-and-ink sketches, divided into the various periods of the Childhood, the Preaching, the Parables, the Holy Week, the Passion, and the Resurrection. It is chiefly on the series of the Parables that M. Tissot is at present engaged.

From what has been said above of the manner in which these pictures came to be, and of the manner in which they were produced—that is to

is that strange Belgian painter, Des Groux, whose "Christ aux Outrages," and other pictures of the same character, painted absolutely without models of any kind, and from pure imagination, created considerable impression in Paris and London a few years ago. Unfortunately, in Des Groux's pictures imagination had been allowed to run riot, and his pictures of inspiration compared but unfavourably with the other pictures of the life of Christ which were painted after the old fashion by other painters. Even the most indulgent critics are forced to prefer Munkacsy's conventional "Christ before Pilate"—in which every figure, drawn from well-known models, could be recognised by any Parisian knowing his Paris, and in which there is little, if any, originality of conception or execution—to Des Groux's hyper-fanciful productions. This cannot be said of M.

Tissot's work. In his case inspiration has wonderfully guided his hand, and the result is that he has produced a series of pictures which, proceeding from pure imagination, are so precise in point of detail and accessory that they impress one with a deep sense of reality and truthfulness. For want of any means of comparison, one is forced to admit this reality and this truthfulness, and to acknowledge that the artist has indeed, by extraordinary intuition, stimulated

the faces and their entire unfamiliarity to our eyes. The ultra-realism of certain of the pictures may shock the sensitive; and yet, as M. Tissot himself said in conversation with the writer of this article, since we shed the blood of the God who became man, we should have the courage to look upon it, in spite of the horror with which the sight may fill us. And, indeed, never have the Passion, the tragedy of Golgotha, been more



THE CRUCIFIXION.

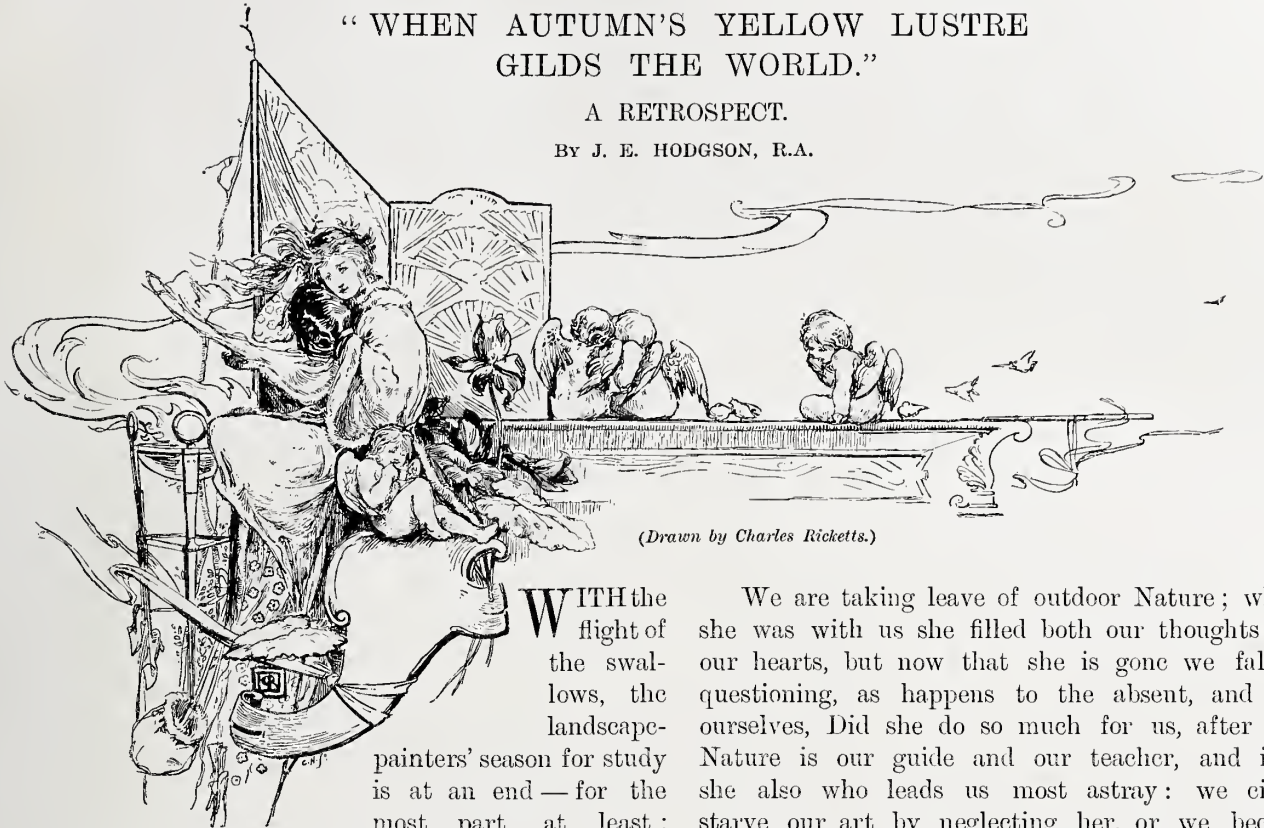
by some mysterious power, evoked and reconstituted a period which till now has been buried in darkness. A spirit of absolute novelty is breathed from these pictures, which introduce to us scenes and faces never seen before; and in this respect possess all the interest, enhanced by the special interest attaching to these scenes and these faces, of the Oriental pictures of a Fromentin, a Girardet, a Tournemine, which brought before the Occident all the glamour and splendour of the East. Apart from this novelty and all the charm therein inherent, M. Tissot's work may be commended for the unity which he has managed to maintain throughout the whole series. All these faces and figures seem, indeed, to belong to one large family of men, in spite of the diversity of

vividly brought before the world. Great praise is due also to the *maestria* with which the artist has invested with the most telling expression the tiny faces of his subjects. In his pictures of Christ he has really accomplished a masterpiece, and as one follows the Divine figure from early childhood, as in the remarkable picture where He is depicted going, jug on shoulder, to the well in company with the Virgin Mary, or where Joseph and Mary find Him in His white robe in the Temple, down to the pictures of Him described as "Le Cortège sur le Mont des Oliviers," "Les Larmes du Seigneur," "La Sainte Face," and "La Mort de Jésus," bearing the story of Jesus in mind, we are forced to admit that in this instance at least inspiration, whatever it may be, has guided aright.

“WHEN AUTUMN’S YELLOW LUSTRE  
GILDS THE WORLD.”

A RETROSPECT.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

WITH the flight of the swallows, the landscape-painters' season for study is at an end—for the most part, at least; though some young and hardy enthusiasts, as yet unwarned by twinges of rheumatism, will linger on through November, and will daily pitch their easels in the sodden meadows, amongst the dead leaves which are lying strewn and trampled, regardless of their dismal suggestiveness to the aged and infirm.

Some years ago the charming canvases of Mr. Frank Walton suggested the idea that he visited the fields and copses of Surrey with the fieldfare and the redwing, and the greener tone which has since pervaded his landscapes is due probably to prudence rather than to any shaken allegiance to his former love. I, for my own part, am free to confess that though I admire the russet glories of late autumn, and hail them with gratitude when painted by others, I yet look upon them as luxuries and delights which call for the virtue of renunciation, as far as study from Nature is concerned. To me the charming occupation of out-of-door painting is at an end; the fire in the hearth is lit, and as I sit before it, and watch its smoke-wreaths and its flickering tongues of flame, a sense of dreamy speculation steals over my senses, and I fall to wondering what landscapes the year will have produced. It is, of course, all idle guesswork; it will only be known when the dreary interval of winter shall have passed, and spring brings us once more into the presence of the pictures of the year.

We are taking leave of outdoor Nature; whilst she was with us she filled both our thoughts and our hearts, but now that she is gone we fall to questioning, as happens to the absent, and ask ourselves, Did she do so much for us, after all? Nature is our guide and our teacher, and it is she also who leads us most astray: we either starve our art by neglecting her, or we become intemperate and take over-doses, and the result is the same—a thing without character, which fits into no pigeon-hole in our brains, and which we can neither classify nor remember.

It is only a definite character, some impress of mind stamped upon a work of art, which can ensure its currency; and the simpler and more integral that character is, the stronger will be its appeal and the more tenacious its grip on the memory.

Let us assume that during the past spring, summer, and autumn we have lived with Nature and observed her, as some of us undoubtedly have; and yet, out of a whole category of things which were imprinted on the retina, how much do we remember? How many of the varied aspects in which she presented herself to us have we carried away and treasured up for immediate or future use? as many, think you, as pictures we remember in the last exhibition; hardly. We may have been industrious, but we have been, for the most part, dull and unimpressionable; the result of our industry is work which is like any other—like any other of our own or of anyone else's. Nature—I trust it is neither heresy nor treason to say so—seems as little spontaneous as art, and to produce few masterpieces; for here during six long months she has appeared to us only once, twice, or thrice to have risen above the level of unimpeachable but uninteresting excellence.

This is the landscape-painter's difficulty: he seeks for the sublime in Nature, and cannot find it—finds only what is obvious and commonplace, which the world passes over both when seen in Nature and in art. Beautiful Nature always is, but with a beauty which has grown familiar; and the familiar is what the world takes no heed of, and cannot be induced to take heed of by any deftness of pencilling, or by any amount of patient fidelity to the thing represented.

Quite rightly so; since it is no paradox to say that the familiar has no place in art, neither in painting, in literature, in architecture, or in music. These are built up of the unexpected and surprising—the parts may be familiar to our daily experience, their combination must be such as never was seen before. How, then, we may ask, is this quality to be attained, and where in the wide world are we to seek it? Change of subject or of scene will give us other ingredients, but will bring us no nearer to a new combination; and though Nature is infinite, yet she hides her infinity, and smiles upon us contemptuously with the same inscrutable face we have seen a thousand times.

At this moment, in that fire before us, which sadly wants an application of the poker, but which we are loth to disturb, there is a finer landscape, grander and more impressive, than any we saw in the long months, when we sat on camp-stools and warmed our spirits with the delusion that something notable would somehow come out of our efforts.

This is one of the many problems of the artist's life, and small wonder if he tries to evade it, and takes unto himself mannerisms which pass for new things, though, as they are not founded on Nature, they are but old things with a new face, like an old clock dial made smart, with all that nonsense of the sun and moon cleared away.

It would appear that the world will soon have gone on too long for art, which has always most delighted nations when it burst upon them by surprise; and that out of multiplied effort there will be bred the final satiety which shall close its last chapter, and then old Time, with a grin, will tie up the whole history in a bundle and post it into Limbo. Ye gods supernal, at the present rate of increase, what an army of the unemployed there will be then! It would be quite in keeping with the wastefulness of Nature, who scatters more thistle-down and dandelion plumes than can ever be wanted on a planet only eight thousand miles in diameter, to say nothing of laburnum and poppy-seeds.

Let us take the ease of a man who loves

Nature, and who has ordinary observation; he goes abroad in search of the picturesque, and when he returns, what has he to tell us of? There are one or two things on which he expatiates with eloquence—a sunrise from the Rigi, perhaps; a sunset over the lagunes in Venice; and some evening-scene in an Alpine valley, when the sun still glowed upon the snowy crests above. All the rest seems jumbled together in his memory as a glittering mass of form, colour, and detail which he cannot disentangle or individualise. And so it is with me as I sit here and think of the past season. What is there remembered clearly and distinctly? A stretch of land black as ink under the shadow of an arch of thunder-cloud; a sudden gleam of light athwart the cherry blossoms; and the rising of a harvest moon—little else that can be differentiated from the mass.

Again, if an intelligent observer is sent out to the picture-galleries, the same result is obtained—a few pictures will be remembered vividly and distinctly, the rest will all be jumbled together in an undistinguishable mass. And what is this quality in Nature and in Art which arrests attention and fixes itself in the memory? We don't profess to know, and are groping in the dark; but still we see before us dimly—as a man lost in caverns who discerns a faint glimmer of light, and thereby recovers strength and hope—that there is an answer to the momentous question.

Between the effect in Nature and the picture, both of which fix themselves in our memories, there is some sort of kinship; they occupy the same platform amongst phenomena, and they express something more intimately connected with the human mind than ordinary—in other words, they touch us more deeply.

There is a word of modern coinage, unknown to Johnson and Walker, and of dubious meaning, which is in everybody's mouth—namely, Impressionism. The precise theory attached to it is unknown to me; but if that theory is based on the action produced on the sensorium by the first aspect of things, it must be utterly trivial, worthless, and unworthy of the dignity of an intellectual art. First impressions are sometimes miraculously right, like prophecies; much more often they are modified by further acquaintance, and he who should undertake to publish an encyclopedia based entirely on first impressions, would not produce a text-book, though it might take its place amongst the curiosities of literature.

But impressionism, as professed by a modern school of able painters, must mean something more dignified than that. This word "impression" would

suit our purpose exactly if used in its true meaning—namely, as a permanent mark left behind by the impact of something else—like the track of wheels on a sandy road. Fugitiveness is contrary to the nature of the idea the word conveys, and permanence is the essence of it.

Suppose, therefore, a theory of impressionism which should concern itself exclusively with impressions derived from Nature which are permanently fixed in the mind; might it not be that pictures painted on such a groundwork, though they might be embellished and ornamented with an embroidery of the accidental, would stand a chance of fixing themselves more deeply in our memories than pictures built up entirely of the fortuitous incidents which belong to a site chosen at random? Change the site and the incidents are no longer there, they are in their nature fugitive; and what art is concerned with is not the fugitive, but the permanent. To address the intellect and to rivet attention, the accidental must be made also the typical.

As I sit here before the fire, a moving diorama flits before the mental vision. There are long stretches of fields and hedgerows, where men and women are busy tilling the soil; there are all the usual incidents of country-life—hoeing, reaping, and gleaning. I see the great waggons, piled with corn-sheaves, struggling along the narrow lanes to where the old brick-and-timber farmhouse sends up its thin column of blue smoke into the evening sky. These are things we have seen and can recall by an effort of will, but we were not moved by them to any unwonted fit of enthusiasm; we passed them by with a nod of approval, and said to ourselves, Yes, verily, this world is beautiful and fair, and we are grateful to be in it still.

But there were other occasions, a few only, when we stopped suddenly as though we had been hit; we felt no exultation, but only a sense that we were infinitely little and nothing worth; for one single instant Nature had revealed herself to us, we had caught a glimpse behind the veil, and more by guesswork than by actual vision had beheld her in her majesty, her beauty, and her power. Such moments of mental stirring are never forgotten—not for the actual details of a scene before us, but as a record of a passionate feeling and an inspiration within us.

It were a noble theory of impressionism, truly, to seek to give expression in painting to the mental stirring, the inspiration of such moments as those; to be patient and watchful to keep the mind pliant and ready to receive such impression when it comes. Pictures painted under such an influence could never be forgotten. This is, in fact, what the masterpieces are made of; they come from within and not from without.

The world is always crying out, Give us more poetry in landscape; and are we sure that we set about it in the right way to supply the demand? Do we not work too much, and muse too little. This fastidious industry, this tyranny of the thing before us, deadens imagination; and that landscape we saw in the fire before us a short while ago came there because it was an idle hour, and we had lost hold of reality and reason also perhaps, and were dreaming of the days which had gone by.

These are idle speculations, and they are, moreover, as old as the hills; it always has been the painter’s problem how to reconcile fact with sentiment, so as to be true to both.

We have in these days adopted our own peculiar method of study; we pitch our tents in the open and work direct from Nature, in a former age that was not thought of. Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, and others, prepared their minds by preliminary studies, so as to leave the imagination more free when the actual painting of the picture was entered on; and there is, as anyone can see at a glance, a radical difference between the two schools.

To us, as we said at the outset, out-of-door work is over for the year, and it may possibly be that the dull pain, which comes with the recollection of departed joys, has tinged our minds with gloom and made things seem darker than they are; and though a former school of landscape-painters excelled us in the qualities of design and sentiment, we yet may be upon the straighter road—the road which leads to that ultimate perfection which shall come in the days when honest men shall no more repine, nor modest merit tarry for its meed.

But the night closes, the last glimmer of light has vanished from cottage windows, the wind rustles in the trees, and the soft patter of the falling leaves is heard. *Sic transit*; and for a season, at least, we can work no longer.



## ART IN THE THEATRE.

## ART IN THE BALLET. IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY C. WILHELM. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

TO declare, under this, that Art in the Ballet is practically non-existent, may appear somewhat of a paradox; yet I find myself strongly tempted to do so, judging the subject under review from the high standpoint of its possibilities—possibilities which I have honestly endeavoured to develop and strengthen in every ballet and spectacle I have been called upon to illustrate. Perhaps, however, it would be wiser to adopt a less severely condemnatory tone; and to modify the assertion I started with, by a regretful recognition of the hesitation displayed by the ballet, as compared with other forms of theatrical entertainment, in emancipating itself from the shackles of tradition.

Having been invited to contribute to the pages of this Magazine a few of the impressions I have gleaned in the course of a fairly wide and continuous experience of design for ballet and spectacle, I may at the outset frankly disclaim any intention of considering the subject either in the light of the ballet as an art, or with any idea of treating the question seriously from the historic standpoint. Such a course would open up a field of view of far too extended a range to be dealt with in the necessarily limited space of this article.

We know that the dance, in association with more or less of pantomimic action and expressive gesture, was a staple form of entertainment in very remote periods, and as such has been amply recorded, alike in Pompeian mural paintings, and the illuminated MSS. and chronicles of the Middle Ages. The mystery plays, the mummers and the morrice dancers, and notably the mediæval masques, were so many steps in the direction of what was, perhaps, the most brilliant epoch of the ballet—the court of *Le Grand Monarque*—where, amidst the adulation of a vast *entourage* of talent, wit, and beauty, combining their administrative abilities in one great pursuit of pleasure; *Le Roi Soleil* shed the lustre of his

patronage, and even of his personal participation, on the vanities of Versailles. The finicking airs, the peacock plumings, and the stately affectations of this artificial period thus found appropriate expression, and were repeated with exaggerated pomp and circumstance in a long series of superb *divertissements*; with their ludicrous incongruities of costume and character, wherein Jupiter appeared in a periwig, and all the other divinities, attributes, and what not, in laced flounces, hoops, and plumes. It is true that here and there, amidst the magnificent extravagance in which these ballets were smothered, one catches a glimpse or so of suitable apparel and decoration—but surely in all this there was much less of Art than of artifice. If we hark back from this Louis XIV. period, we find the masques devised by “rare Ben Jonson” and illustrated by Inigo Jones for the Stuart court festivals in the dawn of the seventeenth century were garbed much more suitably; as, indeed, may be credited when one reflects on the elegant simplicity of the dress of that date; finer then, as our great authority, Planché, justly tells us, than at any other time.

*The Illustrated London News* affords us, in its earlier pages, ample evidence of a more recent spell of “palmy days” for the ballet; and sufficiently numerous examples of the stage habits and customs of such stars as Tagliani, Ellsler, Cerrito, Duvernay, and others, exploited singly or in constellations. The accomplished pencil of, if I mistake not, Sir John Gilbert, has portrayed many of these *Déeses de la Danse* for the enlightenment of a later generation. Other contemporary illustrators show us the *corps de ballet*, decorously grouped in a species of hollow-square, gravely contemplating the evolutions of the star. This was *par excellence* the reign of the “white muslin parasol, with two pink handles,” and all appear to have been similarly equipped. Occasionally a slight variation



FROM THE BALLET OF THE BELL FLOWERS  
IN MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S PANTOMIME  
WHITTINGTON.



THE HADES SCENE FROM THE BALLET OF ORFEO, AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

in the picture shows us the fair creature plunging from giddy heights (above a singularly parallel cataract) into the arms of a slim and curly gentleman in a zouave jacket and a sash. These facts, taken in conjunction with an indication of palm trees on the "wings," lead one to infer that the subject of the ballet may have been a romantically Oriental one. But, as a rule, no very subtle distinctions appear to have existed in the stage costume of dancers at that particular period, or they may quite possibly have escaped the pencil of the chronicler. A wreath of roses, or a star (and a wreath *was* a wreath, look you, in those days, and there was no mistake about the star!) coupled with small pear-shaped tinsel wings, being apparently considered an ample allowance of accessories to indicate the realms of Sylphland. At this time no ballet appeared to be complete without its special "*Pas de Fascination*," and to some extent convention—which dies hard—has preserved for our delectation this relic of bygone glories. The "*Pas*" is with us still (alas!), but the "*Fascination*," speaking from a personal experience, which I can scarcely persuade myself to be altogether exceptional, is surely a thing of the past.

If the ballet is to survive as an art, or if, to put it in another way, the Fine Arts are to be awarded more generous recognition in ballet, it should be reformed altogether and purged of the many absurdities that must vex and perplex the soul of the spectator with weird problems. Why should the *première danseuse* start her acrobatic gyrations from the angle of the usual "hollow-square" with beseeching glances and outstretched palms; why should she snatch up her skirts (a quite superfluous action, this) to bestow a smirk of surprised recognition on the foot other than the supporting one; following up this inspiriting exercise with a series of hopping plunges, alternated with a movement compounded in equal parts of actions suggesting a swimmer's side-stroke, and a cat performing its toilet. The "business" is a little difficult of description, but anyone who has suffered (I use the term advisedly) the exhibition of it, will be enabled to fill up the blanks. The whole action of the ballet is suspended for the purpose of these gambols, which are indulged in with greater or less precision and grace by every *prima ballerina assoluta*, irrespective of place and period, and the character she is supposed by a popular delusion to be representing. Meanwhile the *corps de ballet*, disguised, as a rule, in wigs of a uniform colour that halts half-way between ginger and mustard, stand around, and look on unmoved: it does them great credit, and is a thrilling spectacle.

To touch on my own personal experiences as a

designer of spectacular ballet, I may say that they have to no great extent differed from those already recounted by other writers in previous pages; though with perhaps the sundry additional vexations and inseparable difficulties to be encountered when coping with the fads of the *danseuse*—more often than not over-generously dowered by Nature as to her physical proportions—whose beau-ideal of costume for all occasions is an abbreviated perversion of a modern *debutante's* ball-dress, shorn of two-thirds of its length and *décolletée* to exaggeration. This attire, which has been so graphically described as "beginning too late and ending too soon," is completed by a ribbon knotted round the throat, and by a corresponding bow in the hair (a favourite "finishing touch"); and is insisted on, in spite of its glaring inappropriateness to the character, say, of an evil temptress; and to the utter exclusion of all amendments and variations such as I have illustrated in a trio of little sketches which will be found at the end of this article; suggestions which should help to prove that the dress of a dancer need be neither immodest nor without character.

The dancer is, of all performers, the most notoriously fickle and inconsistent; and it is rare indeed to find one with a soul above conventionality, and with a sense of the fitness of things. When she or he (for when *he* is a votary of Terpsichore he falls under the same spell, and has it badly) condescends to offer any reason for condemnation of an artist's design which has been prepared with a due knowledge of its limits, with absolute indifference to his pictorial intentions, it is usually so absurd and frivolous as to nullify itself. When, for instance, a dancer assures one solemnly that she *cannot* dance if her limbs are to be clad in any colour save the regulation blotting-paper pink, one feels almost speechless before the audacious emptiness of the excuse. The argument as to the utility of the male dancer, pure and simple, is quite indefensible from an artistic point of view. When he is not engaged in assisting the aforesaid *prima ballerina assoluta* (they are all that) to assume some painfully wobbly position at an awkward angle, so difficult it would seem of accomplishment as to foster the heartfelt desire it were impossible, he spends his time as a sort of "spring-heeled Jack," or in tee-to-tumming aimlessly round the stage. Any attempt to reconcile them pictorially with the rest of the ballet is labour lost, they are both hopelessly out of the picture; and so long as this state of things is tolerated, and until they can contrive to invest their dances with so much of dramatic significance as will warrant their retention, one can only feebly suggest that they should be given an empty stage to disport themselves on, and an exclusive "turn" on the lines of other eccentrics.



Design for the ballet and the various spectacular *divertissements* and entertainments akin to it—pantomime, extravaganza, what you will—calls for a special skill in device other than historical drama requires; and in addition to a very necessary knowledge and correct judgment of all the possibilities

At the risk of repeating the substance of my predecessors writing on similar topics in these pages, I cannot refrain from going over some of the same ground in re-echoing their lamentations over the difficulties besetting any well-intentioned attempt to enforce the assumption of a garb that



“LILAC AND CARNATION” MINUET AT THE COURT OF FLOWERS, IN THE BALLET *ROSE D'AMOUR*.

of combination of colour, together with a sufficient, if not necessarily an intimate or exhaustive, acquaintance with the archæology of the modes and manners of various periods, invaluable as a basis of fact for the more airy fabric of fancy one may desire to rear thereon. And it will, I think, be readily granted that this class of entertainment emphatically demands a far greater exercise of ingenuity and freshness of invention than any more serious appeal to a cultured audience; inasmuch as the reasoning powers and sympathies being less stimulated by ballet and spectacle, the appeal to the more superficial sense of sight is the more direct, imperative, and absorbing than when the stage situation insists on a due recognition of—let us say—the heroine's fortunes rather than her frocks.

may chance to be considered unbecoming by its wearer, *pro tem.*; though be it borne in mind, by-the-bye, that were such a garb dictated by that fickle jade, Dame Fashion, it would be donned without a murmur. Such difficulties present all the more hopeless a stumbling-block to the achievement of a design when one can but uphold one's purpose by an enthusiasm for pictorial success, unsupported by the weightier argument of a necessity for archæological accuracy.

It may, on the other hand, be urged that in any subject where fancy may reign paramount, it can be of but little moment whether one yields to the inevitable whim or not; and there are those who will tell you that the ballet is a trifle of the hour, which there is no need to take seriously. Still, why

give in to a policy of half-measures, when the fancy that one is convinced will best accord with all the rest of one's scheme is opposed by a conceit running in a diametrically opposite direction, and careless of the end one has in view? It is assuredly worth a struggle to prove the courage of one's convictions, and to stamp out the smouldering, menacing fire of what is more often than not an expression of obstinate and unintelligent caprice. Such a course of action may cost one something of the satisfaction of working smoothly; but it is, in the great majority of instances, amply justified by the result. It would be stirring up troubled waters to particularise by name several cases that rise to one's recollection at the moment: though it would be easy enough to cite them. Your "leading lady" receives with distrust your assurance of an actual fact, that the colours assigned to the chorons and supernumeraries are arranged of a set purpose to accentuate or lead up to *her* costume, which is naturally chosen to display her to the best advantage, so that one may, so to speak, bask modestly in the reflected glory thereof, though she hesitates to believe it. She persists in a feminine method of argument, and when condescending to discuss the matter at all, does so on the lines that she supposes she is to be sacrificed to the rank-and-file, and wants to know why she can't have the style of cap she prefers in a sketch for some of the chorus, or the colours allotted after careful selection to some other character. Were her tastes to be consulted as she would wish, a rearrangement of one's entire scheme would be necessitated, and the issue would, I am sure, be the same: for with delightful inconsistency she would veer round to one's original way of thinking, under the delusion it was her own idea. I have known one lady, of Junoesque proportions, dissolve in tears at the notion of being arrayed entirely in white—

*cap-à-pie*. And I may add that, being induced to defer to my judgment in the matter, she can now be scarcely persuaded to wear anything else.

I am afraid that but few women are capable judges of what best becomes them, and will follow any prescribed mode like a flock of sheep. If this be true of the average society belle, far more so is it of her stage-sister, who persistently shuns the chance of being first in the field with an original scheme of design and colour, but will wait until somebody else more enterprising enters the lists with it and becomes the vogue, when, through the whirligig of public favour, one may confidently rely on seeing it taken up everywhere, and the stage, in all directions, flooded with colourable—*very* colourable—imitations.

Remembering the conventional brief apparel of the Italian ballet school and one's endeavours to revolutionise the same, one is tempted to hail with delight the advent of the comparatively cumbersome "other extreme," as exemplified in the latest outcome of so-called skirt dancing—the serpentine "boom," illustrative as it is of the added grace and attractiveness that the swing of draperies can impart to the *figurante*. Of course, everything can be overdone, and certainly in some recent instances, liable to bring discredit on a good idea, one has been impressed that the dexterous *manipulation* of superabundant yards of material was considered of more importance than the steps of the actual dance which it was originally supposed to embellish. Much has been written on this widely debated topic, and of its influence threatening to exterminate the traditions and to discourage the skill of apt pupils in the old school. Cannot the best in both styles be assimilated? Then there would be no question of either being sacrificed.



DESIGNS FOR THE COSTUMES OF PREMIÈRES DANSEUSES.

## SOME NOTED WOMEN-PAINTERS.

BY HÉLÈNE L. POSTLETHWAITE.

THE object of the present article is to draw attention to some of those women who, in the last decade, have been mainly instrumental in showing the capabilities of women in art. It is interesting to note in what varied fields these women have proved their superiority. The subjects of this sketch, it will be seen, have been in many instances commissioned to paint presentation portraits of notable men. One has distinguished herself by the ornamentation in fresco of a church. One, at least, has sold her Academy picture this year for an amount which has run into four figures, and no man's work has been more universally reproduced than has the work of some of these ladies. Truly distinction of sex has proved no disqualification to the genuine workers.

Mrs. Ernest Normand (*née* Henrietta Rae) is generally looked upon as the champion who is to obtain for women what has been since the days of Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, the impossible distinction of admission to the Royal Academy as a member of that distinguished body, Lady Butler alone having come near it, but losing her election by one vote. Not only her talents, it would seem, would entitle her to be first of her sex in modern times to become one of the Immortals, but the indomitable perseverance which has served her so well in the past. Mrs. Normand owes all her success to this, for better than anybody she has known the difficulties of beginning. While drawing from the antique at the British Museum she competed unsuccessfully no fewer than five times for the Royal Academy Studentship, which at the sixth attempt she gained.

Mrs. Normand was born on the 30th December, 1859, and at the age of thirteen commenced her

art-training at the Queen's Square School of Art. Two years later she entered upon her struggle to obtain the Royal Academy Seven Years' Studentship, an object which she attained in December, 1877. Whilst competing for this, however, she

worked from the life at Heatherley's, and also painted various portraits for small sums. It was in 1881 that she first appeared on the Academy walls with a fancy head which was placed on the line, and from that time she made rapid progress. In 1884 she exhibited her first subject picture, "Lancelot and Elaine," and the following year she made a distinct success with the "Ariadne Deserted by Theseus." Then followed in successive years many important works exhibited at the Grosvenor, New Gallery, and Institute, including this year's picture, "Psyche Before the Throne of Venus," which is the largest effort she has yet made. She has been at work upon it at various



MARIE SEYMOUR LUCAS.

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.)

times for the last three years—which is not surprising when it is remembered that it is a composition of fourteen female figures, and that it measures ten feet by seven. This important work the Hanging Committee at Burlington House treated with great consideration, allotting to it the position of honour in Gallery VIII. It was purchased by Mr. McCulloch for a large price.

In 1884 Miss Henrietta Rae was married to Mr. Ernest Normand, a figure painter of Eastern subjects, then a fellow-student at the Royal Academy. For nine years both worked in the same studio in the Holland Park Road, but within the last year they have built studios at Norwood.

It is not only in England that Mrs. Normand has won renown. Her work has been greatly appreciated in Munich and Berlin, and she has

been awarded medals at the Universal Exhibition in Paris and at Chicago. Last year Mrs. Normand was invited by the committee, in conjunction with Messrs. David Murray, A.R.A., and Ernest Normand, to hang the Liverpool Corporation Exhibition. It is noteworthy in this connection that Mrs. Normand was on this occasion the first lady-



FLORA M. REID.  
(Painted by *Herself*.)

hanger, and as she has broken the spell of masculine exclusiveness in this respect, it is thought not impossible that she may yet append the magic letters, A.R.A., to her name.

A native of Austria, Mrs. Marianne Stokes has, by marriage and by the establishment of her home in England, almost anglicised herself. Ever since she can remember she wanted to become a painter, a desire which at one time did not seem likely to be realised, for in her birthplace few, if any, painters lived. For five years, however, she studied at Munich, and while there gained a recompense the existence of which had a quaint origin. Nearly a century before Mrs. Stokes commenced her artistic education, a poor drawing-master died in Styria, leaving his savings, amounting to only a few gulden, to accumulate, and to be offered as a prize at the end of a hundred years to the most

promising Styrian art-student. Mrs. Stokes, then studying in Munich, was the successful competitor, gaining the prize with her first picture, "Mutterglück." From Munich Mrs. Stokes went to Paris, where she studied under Dagnan-Bouveret, Comtois, and Colin. Her first Salon picture was painted in Brittany, in 1884, and was called "Reflection."

The second gained a *Mention Honorable*, and the next year (1885) it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. The same year it was shown at Liverpool, and there it found its final resting-place, being purchased by the Trustees for the Permanent Collection. "Madonna, Light of Life," by which Mrs. Stokes was represented at the last Grosvenor Exhibition, has again been seen in London this year at the Guildhall Loan Exhibition, to which it was most unwillingly sent by its owner—a lady living in Munich. To the same Guildhall Exhibition, Mr. McCulloch, the great Australian collector, also lent Mrs. Stokes' charming little "Goat-herd of the Tyrol," shown at the Institute in 1892, by many of the critics considered one of the most perfect pictures at that exhibition. "Angels Entertaining the Holy Child," which was in last year's Academy, is now in Vienna, as well as the "Hail Mary," exhibited at Burlington House in 1890, and which has in the meantime visited Chicago, where it gained a medal in the British section. To Chicago also went the pathetic picture, "Go, Thou Must Play Alone, my Boy," which gained for its painter a gold medal in Munich in 1891, and which is now included in an important private collection in America. "Edelweiss" is not well known in England, for it has only once been exhibited publicly, and then was purchased by the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

Pont-Aven is full of pleasant recollections to Mrs. Stokes, for it was not only there that she painted her first Salon picture, but it was there also that she met Mr. Adrian Stokes, the able painter to whom she was married in 1884. Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes have travelled a great deal, as the various scenes of their pictures have shown; but for the last six years they have lived and painted principally at St. Ives—whence, however, Mrs. Stokes flies away occasionally to pay a visit to her beloved Tyrol.

No contemporary painter shows us children drawn more sympathetically or with greater refinement than Mrs. Seymour Lucas, whose pictures of tiny folks have great popularity, for thanks to the great strides reproduction has made in modern times, they are probably almost as well known



JESSIE MACGREGOR.

(Drawn by *Herself*.)

beautiful and helpful in educating their sight to distinguish what is really admirable. Her Academy works have been comparatively few, as illustration occupies so much of her time; yet among them may be noted, as standing out conspicuously, such works as the portrait of Miss Herbert, of Clytha, "Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting," since exhibited in Liverpool, and showing Cupid, in the person of a six months' old baby, with ruffled feathers, in the scale. In the Academy of 1892 was to be seen her picture, "We are but Little Weak Children," showing a row of little school children singing. Since then Mrs. Lucas has also painted on commission for the Waifs and Strays Society a pathetic presentment of two of London's superfluous children, ragged, starved, and emaciated, crouching in a doorway. "The Tyrant of the Manor" adorns one of the Colonial National Galleries, having been especially selected by Sir Frederic Leighton for the collection. Another Academy success well hung on the line was a life-sized portrait of the young King Henry VI. In the last exhibition at Burlington House she maintained the high standard of excellence which we have learned to expect from her in a quaint pictorial definition of "Types of English Beauty."

in the colonies and the remote corners of the globe as they are in England. Mrs. Seymour Lucas is descended on her father's side from Peter Paul Rubens, from whom one may fancy she inherits her love of, and skill in, colour. It was as Miss Marie Cornelissen that she first exhibited and became known, and, indeed, for a long time after her marriage to Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., she continued to exhibit in her maiden name. At the Suffolk Street Galleries Mrs. Seymour Lucas first established her claim to be considered a painter *par excellence* of childhood in all its simplicity and unaffectedness, and, as the immediate result of this, she was commissioned by the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News* to paint for them a series of pictures typical of childish classics, among which were "Little Red Riding Hood," "Old Mother Hubbard," and so forth.

But it is as the illustrator of some of their most prized literary treasures, such as "Told by the Fireside" and "Granny's Wonderful Chair," that children remember Mrs. Lucas with the greatest gratitude; and she is among the pioneers of the movement which has for its object only to put before the young what is



MARIANNE STOKES.

(Drawn by *Herself*.)



HENRIETTA NORMAND.

(From a Portrait by Ernest Normand.)

Mrs. S. E. Waller's strong yet refined work has won her the brilliant reputation which she so well deserves, for it is not by the abundance of her subject pictures—for she has but a comparatively small list of them—but by their excellence alone that the art-loving public knows her well, as it does on the other hand by a goodly list of portraits. Mrs. Waller was born at Bideford, in Devonshire, and is the daughter of the Rev. Hugh Fowler, M.A. She first studied at the Gloucester School of Art, and entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1871. Her chief pictures have been a full-length portrait of Lord Armstrong, commissioned for presentation to him by the town of Newcastle; and "Little Snow White," bought in 1885 by Mr. Julius Hint, in whose collection it now is. "The Secret of the Sea," a child holding a shell to her ear and sitting on a rock, was bought by the proprietors of *The Graphic*, and immortalised by them in a coloured reproduction. This was hung on the line at the Academy in 1886. "Eve" was bought by *The Illustrated London News* for the same purpose in 1888. "Girl Fencing," which was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1889, attracted much attention

and was greatly admired. In 1892 "The Card Dealer," suggested by a poem of Rossetti's, was welcomed by the Selecting Committee of the Academy, and also found its way last year to Chicago. In the following year a fine portrait of Countess Fitzwilliam was also shown at Burlington House, where again this year Mrs. Waller showed "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds." Mrs. Waller is a member of the Society of Portrait Painters, as well as of the Society of Lady Artists, where the portrait painted by herself with which this article is illustrated was exhibited this year.

It would have been strange had Miss Jessie Maegregor been anything but an artist, for on her mother's side, at least, her family has produced many painters. The late Andrew Hunt, of Liverpool, the landscape-painter and friend of David Cox, was her grandfather, and Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, R.W.S., is her uncle. Her mother and her aunts were carefully taught to paint, and not only does Miss Maegregor occupy an important place among the painters of to-day, but also her younger brother, Mr. Archie Maegregor, attracts attention by his exhibits at the New Gallery and elsewhere, as well as in these pages. On her father's side Miss Maegregor is Scotch, but her



ANNA LEA MERRITT.

(Drawn by herself.)

childhood was spent in London, and here her early efforts were made. She was taught to paint in water-colour by her mother, but principally by her grandfather. During her schooldays, however, painting was only studied by her in very desultory fashion—sketching from Nature, in holiday time, in Scotland or by the sea, and making portraits of brothers and sisters. On leaving school, however, she devoted three days a week to drawing at South Kensington. The system there pursued did not suit the young enthusiast particularly well, so that it was only in 1870, when the Royal Academy admitted her as a student into its schools, that she began seriously to work. The number of women students up to that date was limited to thirteen, they being admitted on the same terms as the men, with the exception only that they were denied the opportunity of life studies from the nude, and admission to the lectures on anatomy. Contemporary with Miss Macgregor in her studentship were Mrs. Waller, Miss Julia Folkard, Miss Theresa Thornycroft, and Miss Blanche Jenkins.

In the following year Miss Macgregor passed into the upper painting school, and gave in her name as a competitor for the Gold Medal for historical painting; an ambitious proceeding, as she then knew but little of the technique of oil-painting, and was only just beginning to paint heads from the life. At this time, too, her parents went to live at Liverpool, a move which greatly increased the difficulty of the competition, as there were no models to be found in a town which at that time was badly provided with art-facilities. So Miss Macgregor once more utilised the various members of her family, and by her illustration of the verse in the New Testament—"I was sick, and ye visited me"—won the much-coveted Gold Medal, for which she had been the only girl competitor that year. Miss Macgregor was the second woman to carry off this prize, Miss Louisa Starr having four years previously had the honour of being the first.

Soon after this Miss Macgregor built herself a studio in Liverpool, and spent her time alternately between that town and London, an awkward arrangement for the young artist; but in spite of difficulties she began exhibiting at the Academy the following year, and has done so regularly ever since, with a steady growth of success and increase of power in the manipulation of her brush.

Miss Macgregor has not only proved herself

a skilful artist, but also a clever writer and lecturer on art. At the Art Club, in Liverpool, she has lectured variously on "The Place and Subject in Art," "The Pictorial Possibilities of the Norse Mythology," and "The Three Sides to an Art Question," having special reference to the Glasgow School of Painting.

In the front rank of our noted women-painters



MARY L. WALLER.

(From a *Painting by Herself*)

stands Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who, although a native of America, has painted so much and so well in England that English art claims her for its own. Mrs. Merritt was not taught in the schools, and to this fact is probably attributable the great individuality to be noticed in her works. She belongs to no particular religion in art, and, indeed, has attended no school or class whatever, the close air of such, on a single attempt, proving intolerable to her delicate chest. But she diligently attended Mr. Marshall's lectures on anatomy, a subject to which she devoted much attention and study, as she did also to drawing from the antique and from life. From Professor Legros she had a few private lessons, and from Mr. Henry Merritt (whom she afterwards married) and his friends, Mr. Richmond, R.A., and Sir William Boxall, R.A., she received severe but kindly

criticism and genuine encouragement. Much of Mrs. Merritt's work has been in portraiture. Among her best known sitters have been James Russell Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Sir William Boxall. Painting concurrently with these, Mrs. Merritt has always endeavoured to keep some ideal work on hand. One was purchased under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. In 1892 and 1893 Mrs. Merritt was, however, unrepresented at Burlington House. In the former because ill-health compelled her to winter in Egypt; in the latter because, having undertaken some decorative pictures for the Women's Building in Chicago, she was obliged to relinquish all other work, and devote all her energies to these, which received an award and medal.

During the past year Mrs. Merritt has been engaged upon a work not hitherto usually confided to a woman—the frescoes of St. Martin's Church at Chilworth. These represent four large groups from the history of Our Lord, and four single figures of angels and saints, the figures being nearly life-size. The subjects chosen are the Nativity, Raising the Widow's Son, the Passion, and the Resurrection. Mrs. Merritt was at one time a member of the Painter-Etchers' Society, and in that capacity showed many original etchings. Her first use of the needle was to etch the portrait of her husband for the Memoir which she published with his collected writings in 1879.

With the exception of the elementary tuition which Miss Flora M. Reid received at the Edinburgh School of Art, she has had no teacher except her brother, Mr. John R. Reid, a painter of great power and talent, to whose kindly en-

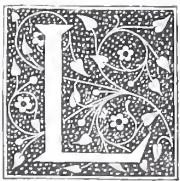
couragement and indefatigable pains in training her she gratefully admits that she owes all her successes and the position which she holds in the world of art of to-day. Scotch by birth, Miss Reid lived for ten years at Looe, in Cornwall, and has besides painted a great deal in Norway, France, and Belgium—wherever she went finding out and emphasising with her skilful brush and palette the particular human element of the locality in which she found herself, and describing the incidents of the daily life of its working people.

At the age of sixteen she exhibited her earliest small pictures in Edinburgh. Her first Academy picture, called "Winter," was well hung on the line, and sold from there, in 1881, since which time she has contributed regularly to the Royal Academy. In 1884 Miss Reid began sending to the Grosvenor, and did so regularly until the exhibitions in that gallery came to an end. In 1890 Miss Reid showed her first study of an interior, "For Daily Bread"—a widow giving a music lesson, while on the wall a suggestion of a copy of Mason's "Harvest Moon" attracts her attention and reminds her of happier days. In 1891 a characteristic work, "Hush!" found its way to the New Gallery. To the Academy in 1892 went the first Belgian subject: and for these last three years Miss Reid has sought for inspiration only in the quaint old-world town of Bruges, "The Market Place, Bruges"—a clever effect of light and shade—being her inaugural effort in this direction. This year's work, all details of Bruges market life, showed a steady advance in the particular artistic direction which Miss Reid has so triumphantly taken.

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## "WOOING."

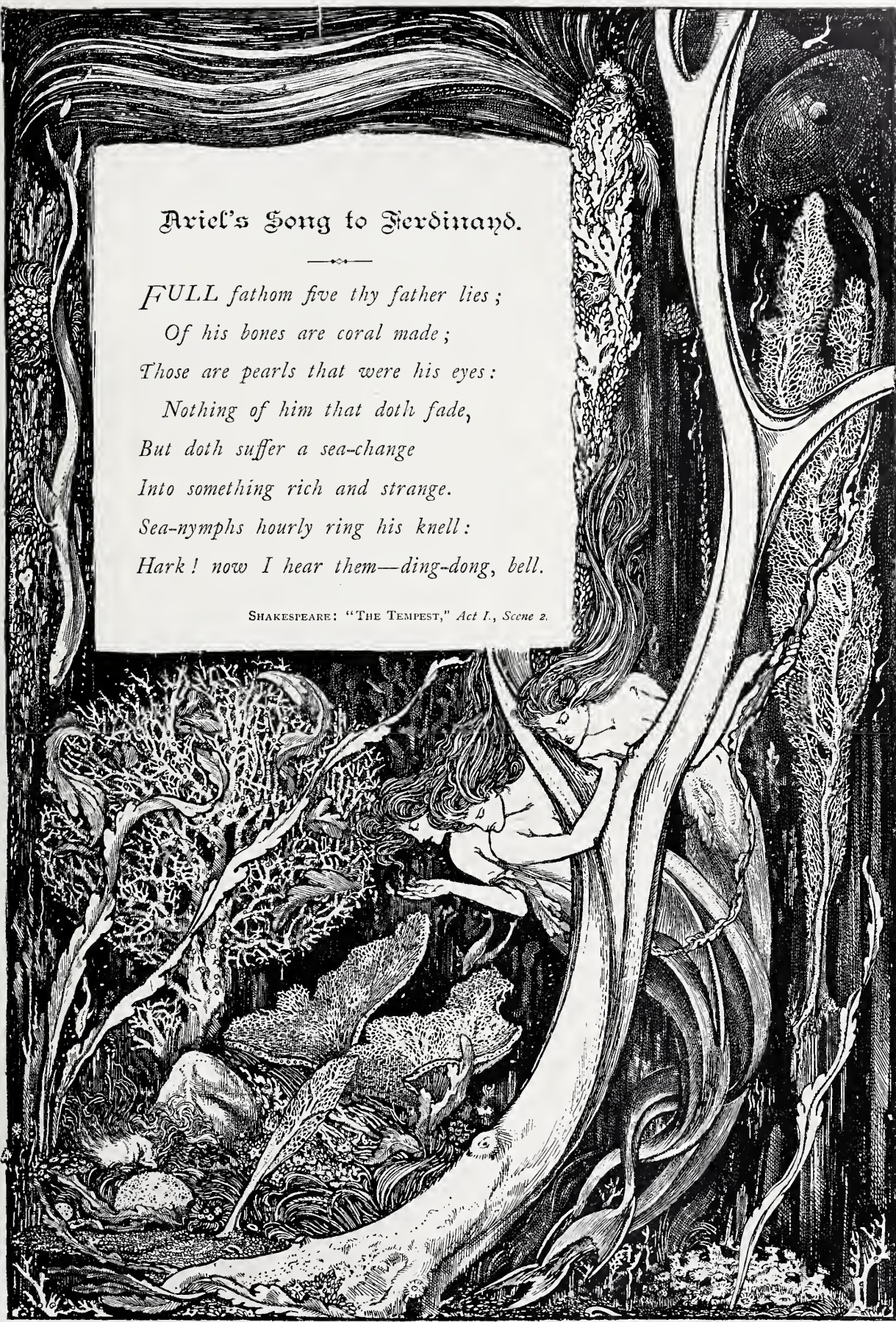
PAINTED BY PROFESSOR C. WÜNNENBERG.



LOVERS and their methods of wooing have been the theme of countless multitudes of canvases, but few have formed quite so attractive a picture as that reproduced as our frontispiece. It is the work of a leading German artist, Professor Wünnenberg, of the Academy of Arts at Cassel. Born in 1850 at Merdingen, near Düsseldorf, he entered, at the age of fourteen, as a student at the Royal Academy at the latter city, where

he became a pupil of the distinguished Professor Deger. Six years afterwards, Wünnenberg left the Academy and entered the studio of the religious painter, Professor Eduard von Gebhardt. There he stayed until 1876, when he went to Rome and commenced to work in earnest. In 1882, after an interval of six years, he was invited by the German Government to take up the position of Professor of Painting at the Cassel Academy of Fine Arts, a post which he occupies at the present time.





Ariel's Song to Ferdinand.

*FULL fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
Hark ! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

SHAKESPEARE: "THE TEMPEST," Act I., Scene 2.



THE SUMMIT, LA VERNA.

## A MEMORABLE VISIT TO LA VERNA.

BY EDWIN BALE, R.I. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.



VISITORS to Florence read in the guide-books of an excursion that may be made to three great monasteries—Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna; and because it is a lovely drive, with a good hotel at the end, and because there

is a line in Milton with which they have been long familiar, many visitors find their way to Vallombrosa. Only a few go across the mountains to Camaldoli, and fewer still care to face the rigours of La Verna. There is no pleasant hostelry, and nothing to be had but hard, monkish fare; yet, of the three great religious houses, it is by far the most interesting.

“Vallombrosa,” said our driver, “was famed for its natural beauty, Camaldoli for its richness, and La Verna for its sanctity.” The first two, having nothing to plead for themselves but their beauty and riches, have been suppressed by the Government; but La Verna, on account of its reputation for sanctity and hospitality, is going on to-day just as it has gone on for hundreds of years, and there is to be seen on the holy mountain-top a bit of mediæval life that is unique.

In the early morning as we started, my friend and I, from Camaldoli, the sun shone brilliantly, throwing the bluest of shadows down in the valleys from the mists that hung about the mountain-tops. The air was crisp and invigorating, and lifted the weight of half one’s years from one’s shoulders, so that our hearts were light as we started on our walk.

For some way the road is cut along a

high ridge, somewhat resembling the Coupé at Sark, with a view into valleys on both sides; but it ultimately levels up on one side, and the great Casentino Valley opens out in front into a magnificent panorama, with the quaint little towns of Poppi, San Niccolo, and Bibbiena—our destination—each on its own hill-top. I was sorry when the morning walk was over and we had to exchange into a carriage at Bibbiena to get over the last half of our journey.

It was a steep, rough road, up which we crawled with a pair of wiry country horses, and every now and then we came in sight of the mountain-top, dark and gloomy, partly from its black pines and partly from the cloud-shadow that covered it. Whenever it came in sight our driver would point to the long, irregular rocky mass, partly bare, partly covered with dark foliage, suggestive of a huge dragon spreading itself upon the mountain, and say, “Il convento, signore.” We found later on that the convent buildings are quite hidden away amongst these masses of rock and foliage, and that part of them are actually excavated in the stone itself, so that there is no general view of them to be had at all.

After a drive of about two and a half hours through the wildest landscape, we came to a little cluster of houses, from one of which hung the sign of an inn. The driver pulled up, and informed us that we had arrived. We alighted; the driver took our baggage, and we started up the steep paved road leading to the massive gateway of the courtyard, that looked like the entrance to a fortress.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that we arrived, and I must confess to a certain feeling of diffidence at presenting myself at the convent gate with my baggage, and asking to be taken in. A lay servant, who met us at the entrance, conducted us across the courtyard and under an arched corridor that brought us into an open quadrangle with an upper storey and gallery, to which we ascended. Here we encountered a burly brother, in his brown habit, who happened to be passing. He welcomed us with a "Ben arrivato, signore," and the servant was despatched to find the *frate* whose duty it was to look after guests. He came after a little waiting, a tall,

to face the rigours of the road, are welcome to stay and claim the hospitality of the convent. But visitors to St. Bernard who intend seeing La Verna must make up their minds to hospitality of a very different order. The entertainment at St. Bernard is refined, not to say dainty; and visitors sit down to a dinner that, while not profuse, would be a credit to many a hotel as to cooking and service. But at La Verna there is no special provision for visitors, who have to take "pot-luck" with the monks. The most rigid rule of St. Francis is practised, and the fare would certainly not suit the average travelling Englishman for many days together.



IN THE GREAT COURTYARD, LA VERNA.

keen-eyed fellow, who, on his part, welcomed us with Italian politeness, and showed us into a large room opening off the gallery. After a little talk, he left us to our own devices, telling us supper time was six o'clock.

La Verna is no ordinary monastery. Founded by St. Francis of Assisi, nearly seven hundred years ago, on a spot "horribly sublime, wild, solitary, and inaccessible," it is situated on the highest part of the road leading across the Apennines from the Casentino Valley into the Romagna, and, like the Monastery of St. Bernard in Switzerland, it is a retreat and shelter for travellers who, having

At a few minutes before six, a servant came to conduct us to the room into which we had been originally shown. Two napkins, clean but of the coarsest texture, did duty for tablecloth, and a spoon, a knife, and a fork, stamped "Sheffield," were laid on each napkin. In a few moments our host appeared, carrying an earthenware soup tureen. He thought it necessary to apologise for the meagre fare he was prepared to set before us. It was a "Cena di Magro," he said, and we found it a very meagre supper indeed. We professed, however, that we found it not bad fare, for the wine and bread were good; but our host had

a sly twinkle in his eye as he remarked that after such a journey we should have better appetites.

The good brother sat and talked with us whilst we eat, and other monks dropped in during the meal to salute us and to chat, and ask questions



BIBBIENA.

about the outside world. But we led the way up to some conversation on the order of St. Francis and its rules. What were the conditions under which one could become a member of the order—could I, for instance, become a Franciscan? And if I could pass through the severe ordeal of the novitiate, with what rules should I have to comply?

They were many, he said, but primarily I must be able to show (1) that I had committed no offence against the State, (2) that I was not in debt, (3) that there was no hereditary disease in my family, and (4) that my own health was good. All rules of a common-sense nature enough. This and more of the sort was rather serious talk; but presently, discovering from a sketch-book sticking out of a pocket that one of us was an artist, our host informed us that one of the brothers was an artist too, and that he was at that moment on a visit to La Verna. He had designed a new altar for one of the chapels, and had come up to be present at its dedication, and he asked to be permitted to introduce him to us. The *camaraderie*—sympathy, freemasonry, or by whatever name it may be called—that exists between artists is an interesting fact, and is not limited by the boundaries of nationality. In five minutes we were as much at home with this Franciscan monk as though we had known each other for years. Our supper was over, and I proposed cigarettes, but no one—not even the artist—smoked. “Is it against the rules?” I asked. “No, it is not against the

rules; but we take our tobacco in another form”—and he produced, apparently from his capacious sleeve, a little bone snuff-box. Franciscans have no property, and therefore have no need of pockets.

And so we sat and talked, until our host suddenly rose up, took the lamp in his hand, and asked us if we were ready to retire. Retire! We were just getting into the interest of this curious fraternity. It was only eight o'clock; but that is the hour when La Verna goes to bed, and its guests must withdraw to theirs.

Lamp in hand, our host led the way out into the gallery. The monks all wished us *felice notte*, and we were shown into a double-bedded chamber two doors off in the same gallery. It was a lovely night, and we longed for a stroll, but, making the best of it, we wished our host good-night, and locked our door with a hearty laugh at being sent off to bed like schoolboys.

At six o'clock the next morning I stood before the high altar of the great church listening to a mass recited by my brown-frocked brother-artist of the night before—brown-frocked no longer, but gorgeous, and scarcely recognisable, in his silk and embroidered vestments of white, crimson, and gold. He was a pale, thin, not strong-looking man, who must have had a hard time in following the severe rule of St. Francis. After mass came the coarse breakfast of bread and black coffee in our refectory; and then our host devoted such time as he could spare from his other duties to showing us over the buildings and their surroundings.

Mementoes of the “poor monk of Assisi” are everywhere, chief of which is the chapel built over the rock on which he knelt when he had the vision of his Lord—who, in proof of His love for him, bestowed upon him those mysterious marks of the Stigmata. This chapel of the Stigmata is a most sacred place, and one of great resort. It is small, long, and narrow in shape; and cropping out in the middle of the floor is the veritable rock itself, covered with an iron grating for protection. It has for its altar-piece a magnificent Della Robbia of the Crucifixion, the figures of which are life-size. It was for this chapel, and to stand beneath this Crucifixion, that our artist-monk had designed his delicate marble Gothic altar.

The great interest of La Verna to art-lovers lies in the remarkable number of works by the two great potters, Andrea and Lucea della Robbia. It is stated in a pamphlet, written by one of the monks, that these artists spent two years there on the mountain-top working for the monastery, and that the monks built them a kiln in which to fire their models, to avoid the risk of sending them all the way to Florence. The expenses of the two

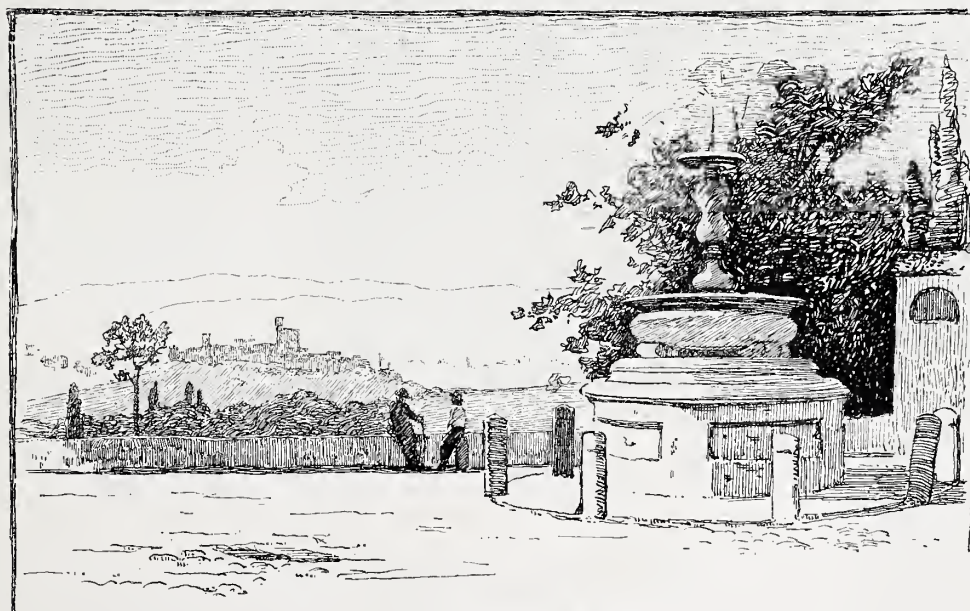
artists were borne by private families, who, in the spirit of the time, sought to honour God and perpetuate their own names at one and the same time.

We returned from the chapel of the Stigmata through a long, lofty curving corridor, which connects the chapel with the colonnade of the great church. This corridor has been constructed to shield the monks from the rigours of the climate. They come to this chapel at all hours of the day and night; and as for at least six months in the year, the monastery is half buried in snow there must have been a good deal of suffering in the days before the protection was built.

By means of a key suspended from his girdle, our guide unlocked a door in the side of the corridor, and we were in the open air amidst a confusion of rocks and sparse vegetation. A great flat rock was pointed out to us as the sleeping place of St. Francis. Huge masses of such rock are piled up one on another, with yawning caverns and abysses between, so that one marvels how some of the stones retain their position, so near do they seem to falling. Some of the more dangerous-looking have great white crosses painted on

as, bounding from point to point, they found their way into the depths below. The tradition is that this horrible stony desolation, these piled and tumbled rock-masses which threaten to fall and crush you, these caverns and depths which yawn to swallow you, are the result of the great upheaval that accompanied the earthquake by which the world was shaken at the time of the Crucifixion.

The refectory of the monks is a magnificent room, very lofty, with a waggon-shaped roof; and it will seat three hundred monks. Like every other refectory I have seen, it has its reading-desk, or pulpit, in the wall, from which a brother reads the lives of the saints while meals are in progress. I wondered how so vast a room could be warmed in the bitter winter weather when the place is buried in the snows, and I asked the gentle, soft-speaking old monk who was in charge what means of warming they had, for no stoves were to be seen. "We have no means of warming the room, signore." "But in the winter, when the snow is down?" "It is never warmed, signore; none of our rooms are ever warmed; we have no stoves—no fires anywhere." "But how do you keep alive in such cold?" I asked,



POPPI, FROM THE PIAZZA OF BIBBIENA.

them to prevent their falling on the passers-by, and truly it seems as though they had nothing else to hold them steady. This bed of St. Francis is a most dangerous spot; within three or four feet of it is a yawning abyss, falling down which man or saint would meet his death. Our guide rolled loose stones down, and we listened to the sounds that came up from the abysmal darkness

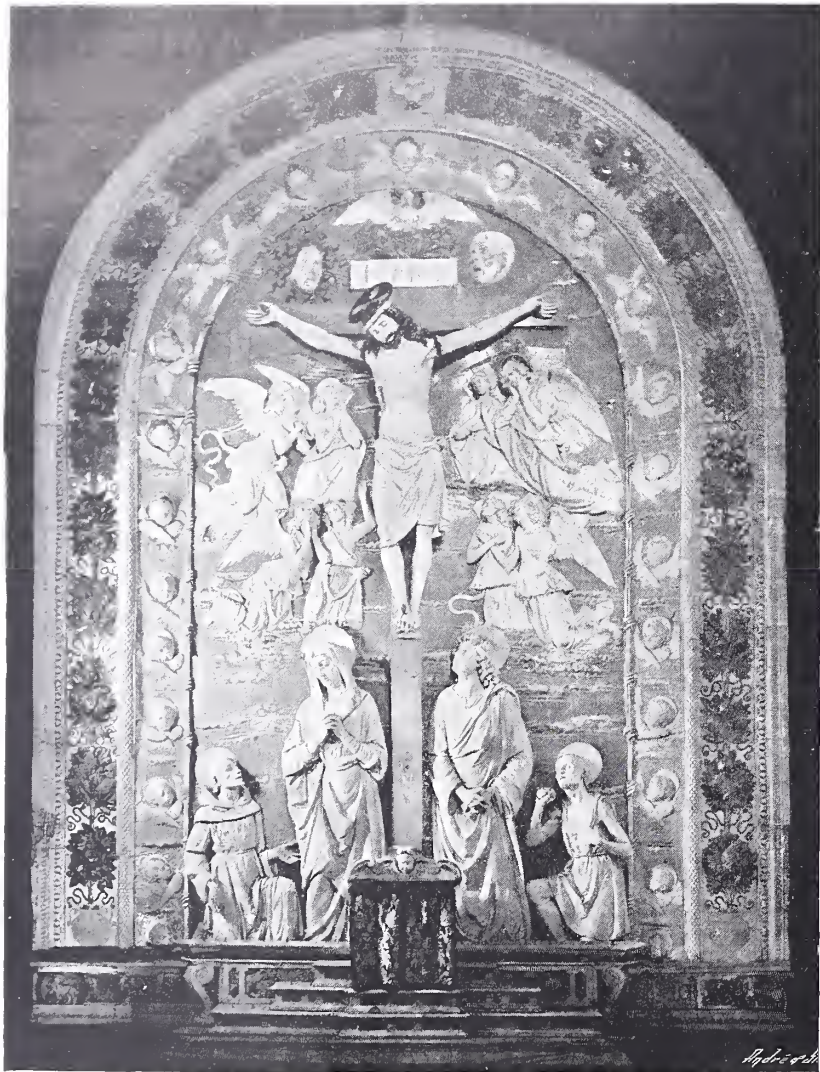
touched with sympathy for the sufferings of the feeble old man." "Signore, we have no time to get cold." And he began to enumerate all the services, giving to each its special name. A service at midnight, another at five in the morning, and from this time on through the day a mass or service every hour, or half-hour it seemed; and for warmth they have to rely on this walking

exercise to and fro between church and cell. In the great dormitory, however, a large brasier is placed in winter, and at the glow of its ashes there is the chance for any poor frozen monk to warm the tips of his fingers, if he can get

waking, being much too interested to oversleep. We were waiting dressed at the appointed time, and could hear the far-off sound of the tolling of the great convent bell. At twelve precisely came a knock at the door, and a servant awaited us with a lantern. It was a beautiful moonlight night as we stepped out into the gallery of the quadrangle on which our room opened, and the booming of the distant bell sounded clearer in the open air.

At the end of the gallery our conductor pushed open a door, which admitted us to the covered quadrangle, or dormitory, containing the cells of the monks in long double rows. It was all dark and absolutely still. Far off there was one little point of light, one small lamp, a single wick floating in oil, placed against the wall. By the feeble light of our own lantern, which was shed entirely on the floor, we caught sight now and then of the ghostly figure of some passing monk. I say "caught sight of," but the expression is too strong—rather were we dimly conscious of certain monkish presences that approached us out of the gloom, that passed us without a sound, and were lost to us in the darkness of this vast unlighted space through which we made our way to the church.

It is difficult to say just what we expected to see, but we were certainly not prepared to find a church almost as dark as the quadrangle of monks' cells through which we had just passed. Behind the high altar the brothers were



ALTAR-PIECE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE STIGMATA, LA VERNA.

(By *Luca della Robbia*. From a Photograph by *Alinari*.)

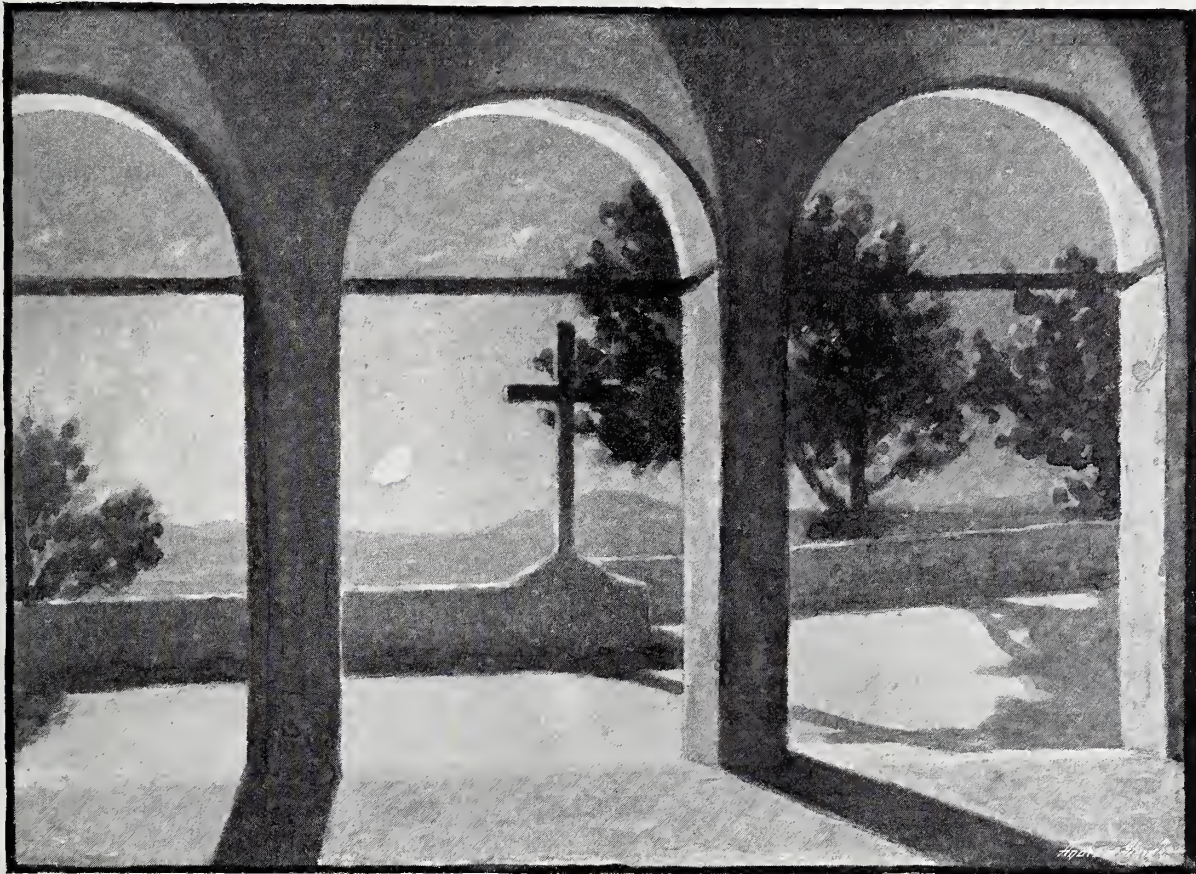
the time from this great business of chanting and praying.

We had heard that one of the most interesting features of the life at La Verna was the midnight mass, with its procession to the chapel of the Stigmata, and we took an opportunity to ask our host if we might be present. He acquiesced, after gently trying to dissuade us, and promised to send a servant to wake us at midnight and bring us to the church. That night we retired to our room as before at eight o'clock, and we began to realise that there might be a very good reason for the early hours of La Verna. We did not require

already reciting the service in the dreary monotone customary in Italian churches. There was a lantern of some kind to give them light, and it sent up an ineffectual gleam which was lost long before it reached the roof. In addition to this there were on the wall, facing the altar, two tiny oil lamps, one on each side, just showing a spark of light, but illuminating nothing; while down at the far end of the church another similar tiny spark glimmered in front of some altar. These points of light only just made themselves visible, and the single lantern, hidden away behind the altar, was all that served to give light in the church.

We sat down trying to take in the situation. It was between twelve and one in the morning, and here were we the only attendants in this church, save the monks who were chanting the service. In a few minutes, however, we discovered that we were not alone. Peering through the gloom—to which our eyes were becoming accustomed—we could just detect the figures of

excited one almost beyond endurance. The chant of the monks had ceased, and out of the utter silence and darkness there came a sound as of the clashing and beating of chains. I clutched the arm of our conductor, who had remained all the time on his knees. "What is it?" I whispered; "What does it mean?" He answered quietly, "It is the discipline, signore." And a further



"THE QUIET MOON, LOW DOWN IN THE ALMOST CLOUDLESS SKY."

monks moving from station to station, ghostly figures prostrating themselves, with the utmost abandonment of religious fervour, in front of each picture, but gliding with such silence that there was not a sound from their sandalled feet. For well nigh an hour it went on, when there emerged from the doors on either side of the altar about a dozen monks, most of whom passed down the nave, the rest remaining about the altar. One of these proceeded to extinguish the feeble little oil lamps, and at the same time the light of the lantern behind the altar disappeared, and I can truly say that never—save only on the single occasion when I descended a coal mine—was I ever in darkness so profound. In a few moments we began to hear sounds of a most extraordinary nature, which curdled the blood and

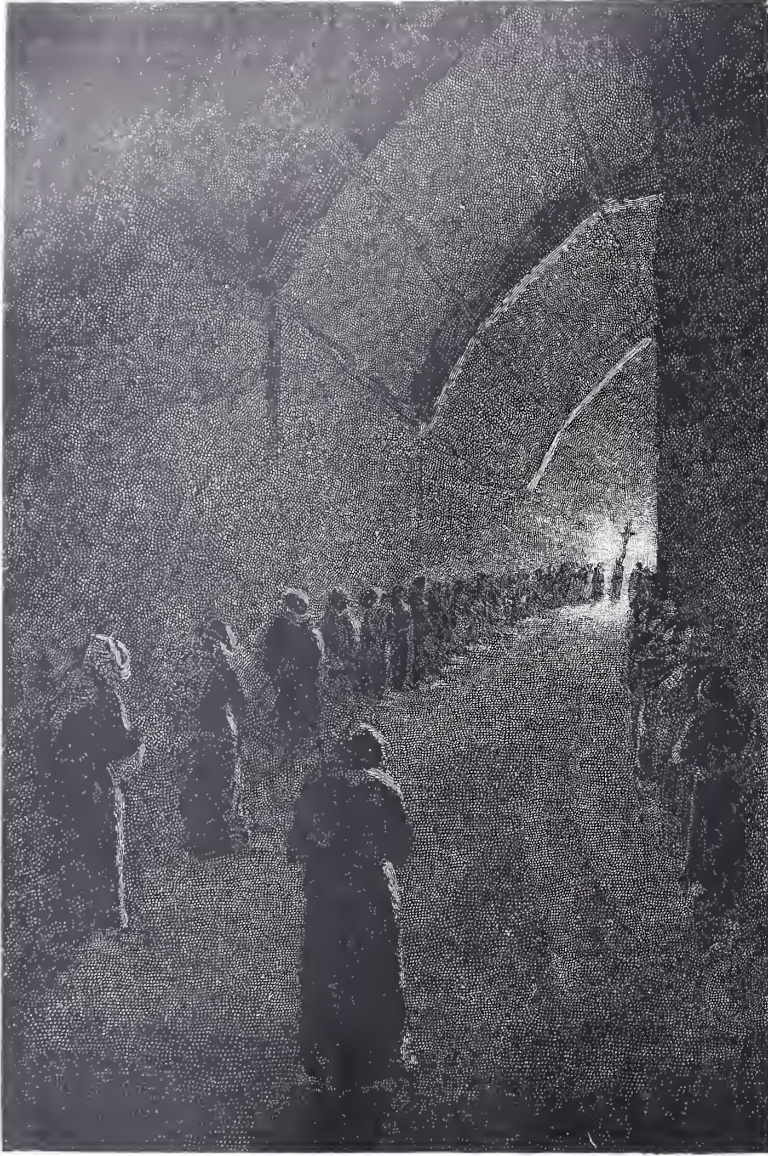
question elicited the explanation that these men were going through the ordeal of castigating themselves with chains. There, on the top of that mountain, in the dead, still night, while all the world slept, these men were carrying on the old mediaeval tradition—cruelly chastising their bodies for the good of their souls. How long this lasted I cannot tell—five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour! It seemed an age that would never end; but when it ended the lamplight shot up again from behind the altar, and two files of monks streamed out, one from either side of the altar, and passed down into the nave of the church. The procession was headed by a tall crucifix, borne aloft between two lanterns, and down the church it passed, the monks two by two, until it emerged through the centre-door into the open colonnade.

After the tumult of spirit through which we had just passed, it was indescribably delightful to step out of that church into the fresh night air, and to see the quiet moon, low down in the

—so thrilling in its expression of religious fervour that one wondered how even the appearance of such feeling, to say nothing of the feeling itself, could be day after day maintained. All the way this cry and this response went on, until, descending the stairs at the end of the corridor, they passed into the chapel. Then a silence fell upon them. We did not enter but stood at the door; but five oil lamps hanging in front of the Della Robbia crucifixion just served to show us the monks kneeling in rows, with the sacred rock in their midst. Some prostrated themselves with their foreheads to the ground; some knelt erect with their arms extended, as if they, too, were passionately desirous of receiving on their bodies the marks of their Lord's crucifixion. But there was no word spoken; only a little cough once or twice broke the solemn stillness, and made the silence more profound.

For intensity of pent-up feeling, this midnight service would be difficult to surpass. It possibly seemed more impressive to us than it really was; but I quite expected to hear the outspoken cry of some agonised spirit. It was difficult to restrain one's own tears and to remain impassive to the end, which came at last with the intoning of the short prayer that broke the stillness. After this, in the same order as they had entered, the monks filed out, each man removing his skull-cap and bowing to the effigy of St. Francis as he passed back into the corridor and so to the church.

As we returned at a distance behind the procession, the two lanterns made a halo of light about the crucifix at the far-off head of the double row of monks, and along with this glimmering light there came back to us the ceaseless wail, "Ora pro nobis; ora pro nobis," and so the procession passed into the church and melted away, each man going to his own cell.



"ORA PRO NOBIS."  
(Engraved by M. Dormoy.)

almost cloudless sky, just dropping behind the distant mountains; but we passed on with the procession along the corridor towards the chapel of the Stigmata. From someone at its head came a constant chant-like cry, but too far off to be distinguished by us as more than a cry; and all the way, in answer to it, there went up a wail from every monk, "Ora pro nobis; ora pro nobis"





THE VISION.

(By George Frampton, A.R.A.)

## ENGLISH "ARTS AND CRAFTS" FROM A FRENCHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW. IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

By VICTOR CHAMPIEZ.

**T**O a French writer the task of pronouncing judgment on the decorative arts of England at the present day is as delicate as it would be to an English critic, on the other hand, if he required to give a similar opinion on the decorative arts of France. In fact, however gifted the appointed judges might be, however great the erudition and impartiality, each would stumble at the same obstacle arising from difference of race, education, taste, and general point of view.

Each, even against his will, and in spite of the utmost purpose of sincerity, must bring to his estimate the distinguishing qualities of his national temperament. If pure argument on the æsthetical grounds and philosophy of art were all that was needed, no doubt they might arrive at an understanding, given equal powers of reasoning on both sides. But a work of art is the very reverse of an abstraction; very various elements are involved in the opinion formed of it, and the impression it produces differs with individual temperament, with the more or less elaborate refinement of tastes—nay, with the mere difference of habit which accustoms the eye to certain external forms which have become typical or symbolical to a whole nation, even when in themselves they are essentially trivial.

Every artistic nation displays in its works of art a marked individuality, arising from the fact that its expression of life and nature is unlike that of any other nation. The more intensity and originality we find in its works of art, the less apt is it to appreciate or assimilate conceptions outside its own range of ideas. The peculiar genius of a race is all the more conspicuously displayed in proportion as it is the fuller expression of its spirit, its native instincts and national character.

English art is in precisely this position with regard to French art. It has a flavour, an essence of its own, which has no resemblance to that of French art. In each we find the general features which distinguish the two nations; to compare them would be waste of time and trouble; to judge one by the standards of the other would be unfair and childish. It can only be wished that each should develop in its normal direction, in conformity with the traditions, the principles, and the genius of the two nations. And now, when I, as a French writer, attempt to set forth the ideas I formed at the last exhibition of the "Arts and Crafts," I am not under the illusion that my opinions will find any greater favour or acceptance with those whom they concern. Nor, indeed, is it without great diffidence that I venture to attack the subject, for great are the difficulties of a dweller by the Seine when discussing

the ideas of those who live by the Thames. I shall, however, not hesitate to express my views frankly; and, to explain clearly in the first place the estimate which French critics are disposed to form of English decorative art, I shall begin by showing, in a short retrospect, how dissimilar the evolution and history of these arts have been in the two countries.



FRIEZE.

(Designed by L. Gwatkin.)

In France, ever since the Middle Ages, all the arts have been encouraged and directed with singular unity of purpose by the Church, the nobles, and the sovereign; while in England they have developed more or less haphazard, by fits and starts, and without method, dragging this way or that in deference to the prevailing taste of wealthy patrons. In England, Gothic art, for instance, fell into decadence earlier than elsewhere. Under the Reformation matters grew worse: art then altogether ceased to form any part of public life or training in the United Kingdom. Contemned by the adherents of the new creed, exiled from their churches, and banned as the outcome of natural corruptions, it ceased to have any root in the life of the nation. Neither religious belief—in all ages and in all countries a perennial source of artistic inspiration—nor the political passions that moved the crowd, could rouse art from its lethargy. Though some noblemen, and even some kings—as Charles I.—granted it the favour of admission to their palaces, these were the exception, and they too viewed it as a pleasing trifle—a futile grace. Hence it never influenced the masses. Thus the arts were not in England, as in France, the “mother tongue,” as understood in the Middle Ages by every rank of society, and in which painters and limners freely expressed the virtues and vices of the human

drama—the pains and joys of rich and poor alike. By degrees, in fact, the English people lost the practice and forgot the meaning of art. Puritanism and political economy completed the alienation of the masses from art by applying to it with rigid severity the “*self-supporting*” system. Art not being regarded by English statesmen as an element

of universal culture, but merely as a pleasing luxury, they left its encouragement to those who might have a taste that way, but never dreamed of putting the nation as a whole to the smallest charges for its maintenance. This, if I am not much mistaken, was, till the middle of this century, the attitude of the English Government towards art.

What has the result been? Abandoned to its own devices, without fulcrum or guidance, having no root in the heart or imagination of the people, art in England, as circumstances have influenced it, has sometimes imitated that of other nations, or, in obedience to aristocratic prejudices, has reverted to an archaeological revival, and sometimes yielded to the baleful breath of fashion or to transient gusts of fancy. Thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Dilettanti Society gave that impulsion to the study of the antique which produced, in architecture, Sir William Chambers, the designer of Somerset House; in sculpture, John Flaxman; and, in fictile art, Josiah Wedgwood. But art cannot be carried like a packing-case from one country to another. This proved a fruitless and isolated attempt; its only valuable result was an extended knowledge of the beauties of Greek art, and the awakening among a chosen few of a sense of beauty of which they had been unaware. Then English art, with the restless activity of a squirrel in a cage, began the round of imitations from the styles of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., to mere burlesques of the Renaissance and Gothic.

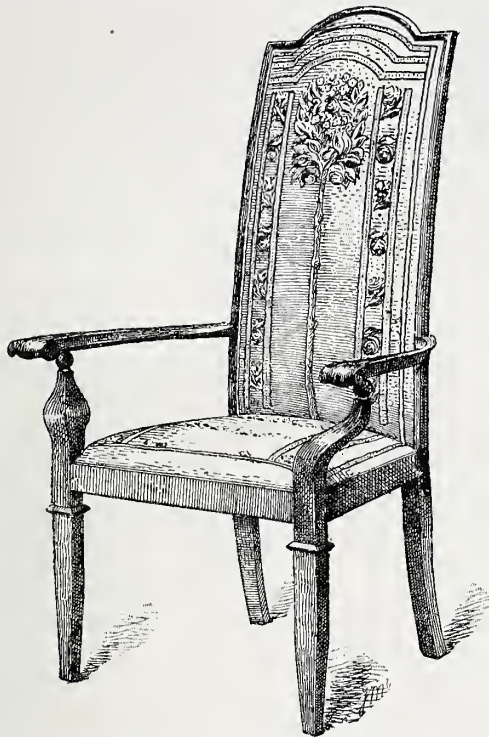
Beyond this, English art has not yet progressed. It has found no path of its own. Still, from very evident signs, we perceive that it is trying to find



THE VALE OF AVOCCA.  
*(Original sketch by Francis Walker AR.P.E.)*



one. It is striving to recover itself. Already



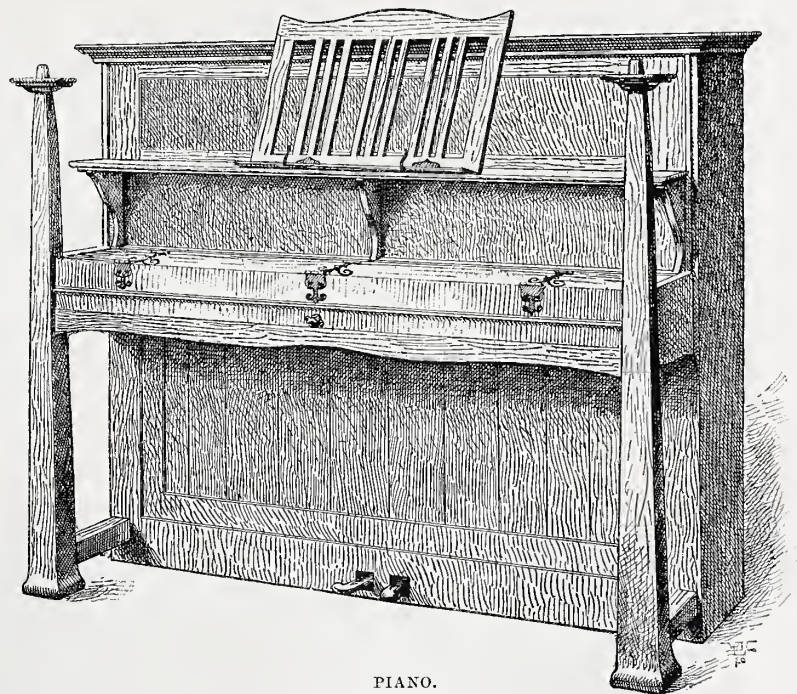
ARMCHAIR.

(Designed by Reginald Blomfield. Tapestry designed by Heywood Sumner.)

during the last two centuries, in the midst of its aberrations of imitativeness, it has now and again shown a tendency to practical utility, which is a true expression of one side of the national character. Painters and sculptors were for a long time reduced to a single line of work—portraiture; this was enough to satisfy aristocratic vanity. In the industrial arts, certain kinds of furniture, and of goldsmiths' work made at the beginning of the eighteenth century, display a solidity of design, with sober and massive decoration, which were not without pretensions to style and a certain dignified originality. But such efforts were occasional. English taste is made up of vacillation and contrast. Whether it has been vitiated by a long discussion of ill-chosen models, or is slow to develop, being based rather on a process of reasoning than on spontaneous feeling, it certainly offers an incredible medley of fine qualities and crying defects. In France, when a thing is said to be "in English taste," it may mean that it is simple in design, well-proportioned, carefully wrought, decorated with a sober feeling for appropriate treatment; or, on the other hand, that it is simply

detestable, without the slightest feeling for art, crude and violent in colour, inappropriate in design. Indeed, in the streets of London, in magnificent residences and clubs, we are constantly struck by the ever-present contradiction which can endure, side by side with the most dignified, luxurious, and harmoniously elaborate comfort, details of ornament so hideous that they would set a Parisian's teeth on edge. How can English eyes allow them to exist in such juxtaposition without offence, without an outcry of indignation and horror? To a Frenchman it is inexplicable.

But to make up for the lack of spontaneity and the refined instinct which rejects everything that is not harmonious and elegant the English have, when they choose, superlative good sense. During the last fifty or sixty years England has shown what logic can do when applied to art and industry. English designers have studied the use of certain common objects, and the form and decoration best fitted to that use, and in many cases have hit the mark. Thus for a long time they sought the form of water-jug which might contain the largest quantity of water in an easily portable jar not liable to be upset, or standing on a too slender base; and the result is a low, bulging shape with a wide mouth fit to pour quickly and to be cleaned easily. In the same way the most practical form of teapot was



PIANO.

(Designed by W. F. Cave.)

sought and found, and English candlesticks, basins, dishes, and dishcovers, as well as some articles of

furniture, are, if not elegant, at any rate essentially fit.

In England it is true, where, as with us, the immediate demand is for a characteristic style answering to the requirements of modern life, and at the same time to those of machine manufacture for the production of inexpensive goods, the problem has met with no more satisfactory solution than in France. After a return to the Gothic, which the painters of the Pre-Raphaelite school initiated with the idea of its being national—as certain enthusiasts in France did about 1840—English decorative art revived the taste of the eighteenth century, imitating the shapes and ornamentation of Chippendale. For a time, too, after the exhibition of 1878, it fell under Japanese influence, but wearied of this to revert to the Greek style and to Pompeian painting, such as is now to be seen adapted to many English residences; and it still oscillates with no fixed tendency, aimless and undecided between the caprice of amateurs and the helpless ignorance of manufacturers.

It was with a view to making some stand against this unhappy state of things that the "Arts and Crafts" Society was founded. The leaders of this movement are not merely artists, and artists of talent, but at the same time men of the highest culture, of the widest and fullest education: men who know what they want, and also know all the difficulties to be surmounted, while they are at the same time able to define and limit precisely the task they have undertaken.

They aim at nothing less than giving to England a style of decorative art—a style which shall be homogeneous, based on sound principles, and logical throughout, while making a clean sweep of all imitations of past styles. Could this be achieved so long as the artists who form the Association followed their own personal fancy in the midst of the universal confusion of ideas among a public whose taste had been vitiated by endless imitations of older work, by the paramount influence of wealth, and by the frequent caprices of fashion?

They thought not. They are, on the contrary, convinced that a common principle must be laid down to which all may rally, so as to give their combined efforts greater cohesion and effect. And this conviction is confirmed, they say, by a consideration of what is now going on in France. "See," they say, "what feeble results you are arriving at in your country for lack of a fixed principle—a definite programme strictly applied. It is not talent that you lack. You have many men of brilliant, elegant, and exquisite talent. But they go wandering across country, so to speak, without method, each after his own devices; they are detached forces with no common bond. The consequence is that here and there some very interesting work is done, but that art as a whole has no new impetus; it does not obey one of those irresistible currents which we have seen at great epochs carrying before it all the artists of a generation. In short, you want a style." And these students of aesthetics add: "As soon as we believed it to be indispensable in England to subject decorative art to a certain discipline, without which style cannot be hoped for, and to gather round a standard, the question arose: What period of art should we select as typical? The Antique? No. Previous attempts in archaeology had shown the limitations of its influence. The Renaissance? We have already bitten into that Dead-Sea fruit. The eighteenth century, which had, in fact, seen the growth of a semi-original native art? Again no; it offered too narrow a basis. We agreed that mediæval art would best serve for the foundation of our enterprise. Not that all of the members of the Arts and Crafts Society are exclusively devoted to the Middle Ages, or that we confine our ambition to the revival of archaic forms. Certainly not. But in our opinion a return to the art of that period is a return to the purest fount of English tradition, a reversion to logical principles of construction and genuine workmanship." This is what gives to most of the work exhibited by the "Arts and Crafts" an unmistakable Gothic stamp.



THE TRIUMPH.

(By Gilbert Bayes.)



(Drawn by Gertrude Evans.)

**The Society of Illustrators.**

THE prospectus issued by the committee of this new society is strange reading. It declares no distinct policy, but appeals for one to its members on various points. *First*—It desires to establish a “definite agreement” between publisher and artist as to time of delivery, copyright, &c., of drawings. But we have always considered that an understanding, tantamount to a definite agreement, has hitherto been in force in all such transactions. Without such an understanding, indeed, no business could be effected. Is it intended that a fresh “printed form” shall be signed and exchanged with each drawing commissioned?

“vague,” but a scandal and a disgrace to the Statute Book, which many of us, including powerful corporations, are trying, and have for years been trying, to remedy. The co-operation of the Society of Illustrators is, of course, gratifying; but the committee hardly seem to be aware either of the difficulties or even of the details of the task. *Third*—The “Cliché Question,” being “of immense importance, must be dealt with gradually.” This is a commercial question, doubtless within the legitimate scope of the Society: but we are vouchsafed no suggestion of how the matter is to be dealt with at all, nor with what machinery a great established trade is to be gradually revolutionised.



MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

(Designed and Engraved by George G. Adams.)

This seems to us as unnecessary as that a new contract should be entered into between journalist and editor for every article sent in, with the result that an end would soon be put to all confidence between the parties. *Second*—The “vagueness” of the Copyright Law is deplored, and the Society would take action in order to “see it clearly defined.” The Copyright Law is not only

*Fourth*—We are told that “the wholesale reproduction of exhibited works in illustrated numbers has become a nuisance.” To this we would venture to make two observations—(1) that the matter of the reproduction of oil-pictures and sculptures in the publications referred to is wholly outside the field of a society of *illustrators*; and (2) that the best proof that the illustrated numbers are not

"a nuisance" is proved by the fact that they are all quickly bought up by the public who demand them. Or is it only meant that they are a nuisance to the committee of the Society of Illustrators? If so, it is difficult to understand its next statement, that there should be "but one such publication, and let it be issued through the Society of Illustrators, the Society disposing of the right of reproduction." It is, therefore, only a nuisance so long as the idea is not worked for the profit of the authors of the prospectus and their fellow-members: "The proceeds might go partially to the artists contributing, and partially towards the support of the Society." But is the Society prepared to pay down to each artist contributing to the volume a certain substantial sum for each work reproduced? to guarantee that no other publication shall

a strike, and would dictate terms without the ability to enforce them. "At present the committee can but advise;" its ability to act will rest upon the efforts of individual members. But in other societies it is usually the committee which acts, leaving the advising department to the members. We have every sympathy with the Society of Illustrators, the formation of which we have advocated for years; but we can confess little admiration for the admittedly commercial tone of its programme, or for the effectiveness of the manifesto of its committee. Until an assumedly "artistic" society thinks of something more than making profits by a proposed publication entirely outside its scope—a work with which not a single illustrator, *quâ* illustrator, has anything whatever to do, and in which not a single "illustration" appears—and until it claims to do some-

thing, however little, towards the dignity of its art, it will fail to attract the men who profess its craft; while those who are already members, after paying one or two annual subscriptions, without obtaining any result either for themselves or their art, will probably detach themselves from a "society" which can do nothing, and which professes to do nothing, except interfere with more or less justification with a couple of trades. This, after all the labour of organising and founding the Society of Illustrators, would be the greatest possible pity; and we trust that, before it is too late, the committee will forth put a more reasonable programme, in which the advancement of their art will take unmistakable precedence over common considerations of the cliché business. At present we are offered the spectacle of an impotent trade-union



SIR E. LANDSEER'S HOUSE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD.

(Recently demolished. Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

reproduce it without his written permission? to prosecute pirates, and to protect the artist's rights? That is what is done under the conditions existing at the present day. Moreover, will the Society undertake the production—costly and laborious as it is—and bring it out to date while the public is ready to buy it? As in the case of the Copyright Law, the committee does not seem to realise the difficulties and responsibilities it courts. If the Society thinks it can do all these things without editorial, commercial, and publishing training, and can succeed where the Royal Academy itself has egregiously failed, the present organisation of the scheme would probably offer no opposition, no resistance; but, having once yielded up the publication, would certainly not be induced to take it up again. *Fifth*—"One-man" exhibitions and processes are to be considered. This is altogether praiseworthy, if inconclusive. And, *Sixth*—The Society would lend artists the weight of its influence as well as legal assistance in cases of dispute. But "everything will depend entirely upon the Society's numerical strength"—in other words, upon its financial resources. Now, it is extremely doubtful whether a membership, however extensive, would bring sufficient financial support to the Society to permit of its carrying out its half-suggested programme. The Society, in fact, aims at being a trade-union, but without a trade-union's power to establish

masquerading as an artistic society—powerless because its objects were ill-considered before its formation, and inherently weak because of its premature birth.

**Exhibitions.** THE twenty-fourth annual autumn exhibition of modern works of art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, is an excellent one. The works shown number 1,367, which is considerably in excess of last year. The hanging, in which the Arts sub-committee of the Corporation was assisted by Mr. W. F. YEAMES, R.A., Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, and Mr. R. HARTLEY (for the Liverpool Academy), is very satisfactorily done. A special feature of interest is a room devoted to about fifty portraits of artists, including five by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., several by the late JOHN PETTIE, R.A., and canvases by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., Mr. W. HOLMAN HUNT, Mr. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., Mr. J. J. SHANNON, Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, Mr. J. S. SARGENT, A.R.A., and Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A. In the centre is Mr. BROCK's admirable bust of Sir Frederic Leighton, and the same sculptor's newly completed marble bust of the late Earl of Derby is also in the exhibition. As usual, one room is devoted to a "Grosvenor hang," arranged by Mr. RATHBONE. Here are many gems of the collection, including "The Child Enthroned," by Mr. T. C. GOTCH; Mr. ROBERT FOWLER's "Eve: The Voices;" and two interesting Japanese compositions by Mr. W. F. CADBY.



Places of honour are given in the larger galleries to "Psyche before the Throne of Venus," by Mrs. NORMAND; Mr. WATTS's "Eve;" "The Sea Maiden," by Mr. H. J. DRAPER; "The Ordeal of Purity," by Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.; Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN's "Cottage Girl;" "A Sunlit Harbour," by Mr. A. EAST, R.I.; "Ophelia," by Mr. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.; Mr. R. CATON WOODVILLE's "Badajos;" Mr. F. HALL's "Moonrise;" the Hon. JOHN COLLIER's "Decoy;" "The Finding of the Infant St. George," by Mr. C. M. GERE (selected for purchase by the Corporation); Miss JESSIE MACGREGOR's "Arrested;" "A

Versailles," by Mr. VAL PRINSEP, R.A.; "Disillusioned," by Mr. T. B. KENNINGTON; and "Beyond Man's Footsteps," by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. The water-colour section is, as usual, one of marked excellence, and local painters are well to the front. The numerous works of sculpture are of a quality to add greatly to the charm of the exhibition; they include "The Mower," by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.; Mr. ALFRED DRURY's admirable "Circe;" and "The Spinning Girl," by Mr. P. R. MONTFORD. There are numerous interesting

examples of the work produced at the new "Della Robbia" pottery, at which Mr. CONRAD DRESSLER and Mr. HAROLD RATHBONE propose to emulate the masterpieces of mediæval Florence.

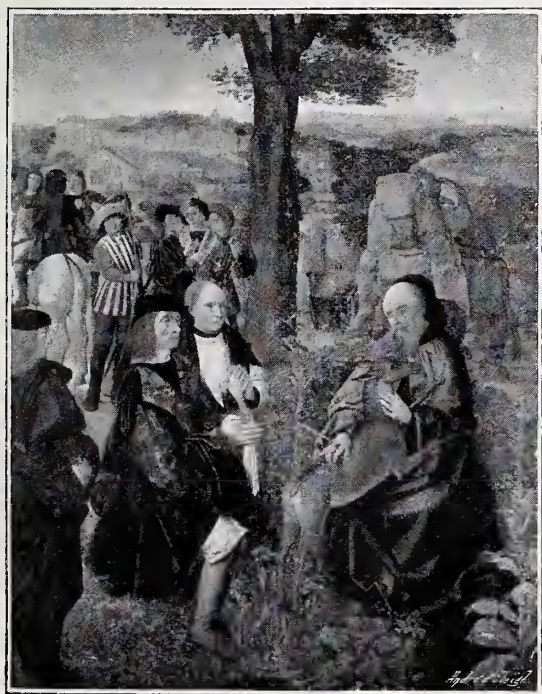
In the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts there has been held during the past few months an exhibition illustrating the history and progress of Glasgow from the earliest times recorded by trustworthy annalists until about the middle of this century. Portraits, views, relics, furniture, books, and manuscripts were all there to show that Glasgow was no mere accident of yesterday, but the

outcome of the slow evolution of centuries. In the exhibition there were some five hundred and fifty portraits of old citizens of credit and renown—not by any means all good works of art, but all likenesses. Among them were, too, some splendid works of art: Sir JOHN WATSON GORDON's portrait of Henry Houldsworth, keen in character, manly in technique; Sir DANIEL MACNEE's portrait of Rev. Dr. Wardlaw; RAE BURN's portrait of Mrs. Campbell, gracious, refined, truly womanly. These are only three we could mention to show that the Scottish portrait-



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS, AND THE DEAD CHRIST.

(By Ercole di Roberti. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



THE LEGEND OF ST. GILES.

(Flemish School. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



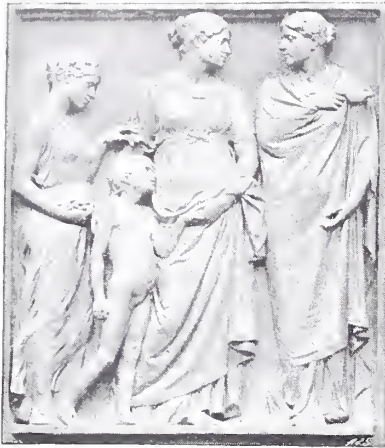
THE HOLY FAMILY.

(By Eustace Le Sueur. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

painters of this very present day have something yet to learn—or have wilfully forgotten much. The views of Old Glasgow and its neighbourhood displayed all the wonderful transmutations of the district: the sylvan streams where there are now sewers, the brooks where there are now rivers, the green fields where there are now stony streets. The exhibits of Foulis printing, and the multiform collection of old books and journals—all emanating from Glasgow—demonstrated that even in its most struggling

best-known artists represented are M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT with a "Portrait of M. Blowitz;" M. JOSÉ FRAPPA, by whom there are three works, the best being "Saint Francis of Assisi;" MM. E. DUEZ, L. BÉROUD, and BESNARD.

Messrs. Dent and Co. recently exhibited at the Royal Institute Galleries a large number of black-and-white drawings executed for their various works. There were some dainty landscapes by Mr. WILLIAM HYDE, and some interesting designs by Mr. J. D. BATTEN; but the drawings



*Joy follows the growth of Justice, led by  
Conscience, directed by Wisdom.*



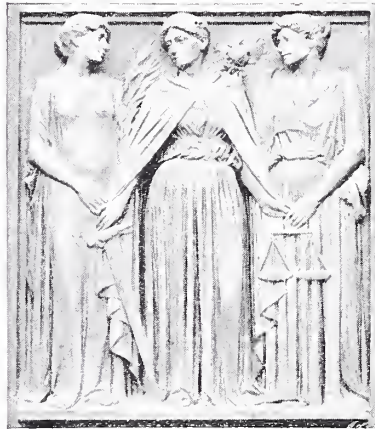
*Justice in her purity refuses to be diverted from  
the straight path by Wealth and Fame.*



*Justice able to stand alone administers by  
the sword.*



*Justice having attained maturity upholds the  
world, supported by Knowledge and Truth.*



*Justice relieved of her sword by Virtue and  
of her scales by Concord.*



*Justice receives the kiss of Righteousness  
and the crown of Immortality.*

#### THE ATTRIBUTES AND RESULTS OF JUSTICE.

(Panels by T. Stirling Lee, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool.)

industrial days the best life of the city was not entirely given over to the acquisition of "the wealth that endureth but for a season." Why should not every town in the kingdom endeavour, through a similar exhibition, to make its people understand that they are not the mere mushroom spawn of yesterday, but the long result of ages?

The advance of photography is well shown by the exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, known as the Photographic Salon; but while there is much to admire, there are some exhibits which plainly show that the limits of photography are being overstrained. The works of Messrs. J. GALE, D. J. CAMERON, and J. CRAIG ANNAN are worthy of special mention.

At the Continental Gallery there has been the usual exhibition of pictures from the Paris Salons. Among the

by Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY for the "Mort d'Arthur" prove—if proof were wanted—that his peculiar style is totally unsuited for a work of this kind. Beside the drawings there was a goodly show of bookbindings, among the number being some in Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish linens, which were particularly noticeable by their delicacy and refinement of design.

WE welcomed a short while ago the new *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures in the Louvre, by MESSRS. LAFENESTRE and RICHTEBERGER. We have now received the English translation by Professor GAUSSEON, which has been issued by Dean and Son, with one hundred illustrations of the chief works in the gallery from the photographs of Braun. These blocks, reproduced by typographe, although they cannot compare

with the collotypes such as are to be found in the catalogue of the Munich Pinakothek, serve their purpose well as a means of identification. This admirable catalogue—a handy volume of nearly four hundred pages—



TERRACE SCENE WITH FIGURES.

(By Jan Steen. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

is never likely to be superseded, so that we should have preferred to see a little more independence in the criticism, to say nothing of a date upon the title-page. The volume is the first of a scheme which, under the comprehensive title of "Painting in Europe," is intended to be entirely exhaustive so far as the public galleries are concerned. The whole is to be completed in about twelve or fourteen volumes, uniform in treatment, and distinguished by that accuracy which alone can recommend them to the student and the connoisseur.

The exquisite little series of volumes printed and issued in various sizes by M. EDOUARD GUILLAUME, of Paris, for various leading publishers, and generally known under the name of the "Collection Guillaume," is put forth at so low a price as to attract buyers all over Europe. Perfect as regards typography, engraving, printing, and paper, these little books are a delight, and by their artistic charm are creating, as well they may, a great stir in the book-selling world of France through their prodigious circulation. M. Guillaume now sends us his *Carillon*, an independent monthly literary review, which he issues free, and in which he naturally draws particular attention to his own publications; but so delightful is this miniature magazine, so admirable in taste and production, that although it is frankly an advertisement, we admit its claim to notice and to cordial welcome in these pages. We observe the announcement that this collection, which embraces the literature of all countries at less than two shillings a volume, includes works of Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Swift, Sterne, Byron, and Goldsmith.

"*Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran*," by GEORGE MILNER (Longmans, Green and Co., London), is merely a journal of an uneventful holiday in the Isle of Arran. The book is illustrated by several photogravure reproductions from drawings by W. NOEL JOHNSON, and some light sketches by the same artist dealing with views and types of Arran.

**Miscellanea.** THE Town Hall of Verdun, which contained many valuable works of art, has been recently burnt down.

The Marquess of Lansdowne and Sir Charles Tennant are the new trustees of the National Gallery, in the place of the late Viscount Hardinge and Sir A. Layard.

The portrait of Professor Fred Brown in last month's number was drawn not by Mr. Walter Sickert, but by Mr. P. WILSON STEER.

The original sketches for KENNY MEADOWS' illustrations to Shakespeare are still in existence, in his daughter's possession. They should surely be acquired for the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-upon-Avon.

The house designed by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., and occupied by him for many years, has recently been demolished.

There were many traces of the great painter, one room bearing on its panels a pictorial chronicle of the Queen's visit in 1863. The house has been pulled down to meet the requirements of the new railway.

The editorships of *The Studio* and of *The Artist* have changed hands; the former having been relinquished by Mr. Gleeson White, and the latter resumed by Mr. Wallace L. Crowdy. The last-named change can only be for the better; the tone recently adopted in the pages of the journal having been ill-assorted to its scope and mission. It has added "Photographer and Decorator" to its title.



VIEW IN HAARLEM.

(By Berkheyden. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

Whether it is the art or the fleet of England that most interests the German Emperor we are not concerned to inquire; but the fact that he has subscribed for Mr. THOMAS DAVIDSON'S "Nelson's Last Signal at Trafalgar" has given satisfaction in both circles. In his museum at Kiel the Emperor has already collected engravings of the pictures of nearly every naval engagement in which the British fleet has been concerned, from the commencement of our naval power.

Referring to the example of bookbinding by Messrs. Morrell which appears on page 377 of our last volume, Mr. LEWIS DAY writes to point out to us (1) that "Messrs." never do design, the actual artist's name being all that is necessary; and that (2) the design on one of the sides has been annexed in every line from one of his own text-books—"Nature in Ornament." Mr. Day does not know whence the pattern on the other side, which is inharmonious, has been annexed.

We reproduce on page 35 the medal which the Corporation of London has had struck to commemorate the marriage of the Duke of York. It is the work of Mr. GEORGE G. ADAMS. Mr. Adams is a pupil of the late William Wyon, R.A., to whom he was articled at the age of sixteen. After six years spent in the Mint, he studied under Pistrucci, and then went to Rome. On his return he gained the Academy gold medal for sculpture. Mr. Adams's design for the exhibition medal of 1851 was accepted from among one hundred and thirty competitors, and awarded the £100 prize.

The National Gallery has been largely added to within the last few months. We reproduce six recent acquisitions. "The Adoration of the Shepherds and The Dead Christ" (No. 1,411), the work of ERCOLE DE ROBERTI, is hung in Room V. A good specimen of the Flemish school may be seen in "The Legend of St. Giles" (No. 1,419), under the dome; "The Holy Family," by EUSTACHE LE SUEUR (No. 1,422), has been presented by Mr. F. Palgrave. The new JAN STEEN (No. 1,421), "A Terrace Scene with Figures," was purchased from the Adrian Hope collection. No. 1,420, "A View in Haarlem," by BERKHEYDEN, still further enlarges the Dutch section, and to the Italian is added "A Virgin and Child," by BORGOGNONE (No. 1,410).

The Trustees of the National Gallery have decided to undertake the management of Mr. Tate's National Gallery of British Art, and have accepted sixty-one out of sixty-three pictures which Mr. Tate placed at their disposal. It is to be deplored that they have thus established a

standard lower than there was any necessity for, which cannot be held to be typical of the best that English art can show. Thus from the beginning the "English Luxembourg" stands at a disadvantage, and unless some of the pictures are weeded out will, to a certain extent, be misleading to the public, and not wholly a credit to English art. It is noticeable that the much vaunted Constable, doubts about which were hinted in these pages, is not included in the list.

The important question of the adequate decoration

of the exterior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has been advanced a stage. In 1882 the then Town Council gave a commission to Mr. T. STIRLING LEE to sculpture twenty-eight panels, his designs being considered greatly superior to those of thirty-eight other competitors. Mr. Lee first took in hand a series of six panels illustrating "The Attributes and Results of Justice;" and when the first panel was placed, considerable opposition resulted from "the child Justice" being represented without clothing! This was intensified when "the girl Justice" in the second panel was found to be also nude, and eventually the commission was cancelled. Mr. P. H. Rathbone, who is always to the front in all that concerns the advancement of art in Liverpool, fought manfully, but without effect, until six years ago he went the length of offering to defray the cost of the four panels required to complete the series, provided they were left undisturbed for two years before judgment was passed upon



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

(By Borgognone. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

them, which proposal was accepted. The sculptures, each of which measures six feet by five feet one inch, harmonise admirably with the building, and emphasise the desirableness of proceeding with its due adornment. It remains to be seen whether Liverpool will appreciate the importance of going on with the worthy decoration of one of the finest buildings in the country.

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred at Oberandorf of the Bavarian artist, EDUARD UNGAR. Born at Hofheim in 1853, he studied at Munich under Strahuber and Seitz. He has been for some years past engaged in illustrative work, principally for children's books.

We have also to record the deaths of JAN VROLYK, the Dutch landscape-painter, who has recently died at the age of forty-eight; of M. PAUL CAUSÉRE, the French sculptor; of GUSTAVE LÉVY, the well-known French engraver, at the age of sixty-five; the Dutch painter, CHARLES ROCHUS-SON; and the French artist, M. JACQUES-LÉON DU SAUTOY.



WATCHING THE CATTLE.

(From the Painting by Pierre Billet.)

## PRIVATE PICTURE COLLECTIONS IN GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND.

### MR. A. J. KIRKPATRICK'S COLLECTION.

By ROBERT WALKER.



**M**R. A. J. KIRKPATRICK is Chairman of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, and has for years taken an active interest in all art matters in the West of Scotland. It may be noted here that, with two or three exceptions, every amateur in Glasgow whose opinion on art questions is worthy of a moment's consideration has passed through the mill of the Institute, and has served his time as a member on its council.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's collection is varied and interesting. The first example I have to notice is "The Hay Cart," by John Milne Donald. Donald is an artist whose name is practically unknown in England. Those who have studied the evolution of Scottish art will, however, admit that he is an important factor in the history of art in the West of Scotland. Some fifty or sixty years ago, art had rather a precarious hold upon the attention and

affections of the people of Glasgow. The impetus given to the study of painting by the establishment of the Foulis Academy, and by the teaching of the two famous brothers, had long spent itself. From the middle of last century, as I have already pointed out, the struggles, the vicissitudes, and the triumphs connected with the marvellous industrial development of the city had absorbed men's minds and energies, and left them scant leisure or inclination to devote themselves to the study of what the *douce* commercial mind regarded doubtless as vanities, frivolous indeed as compared with the realities of West Indian trade. Since 1820, however, there had been a gradual broadening of the public intelligence in regard to art matters. The annual exhibitions of the Dilettanti Society, beginning in 1828, and of the West of Scotland Academy, beginning in 1841—themselves an outcome of the improving taste of the community—did in turn much to stimulate and educate that

taste. This was in great part the natural result of the increasing wealth of the citizens. Among the artists resident in Glasgow who had acquired before 1840 somewhat of a reputation, Graham Gilbert, Horatio Macculloch, and Daniel Macnee are those most widely known to general fame. To these men fell the prizes of the profession, such as they were at that time. Prices were then on

rhubarb, to keep him from wearying while the family fed. We have changed all that now!

It was in those days, when the Philistines ruled in the land, and art and artists received but cold encouragement, that Milne Donald chiefly lived and wrought. He fought a good fight, for his spirit was brave and his artistic instincts strong and true. He was born in 1819 at Nairn, in the



THE PEACOCK'S FEATHER.

(From the Painting by James Maris.)

a scale that would not please the popular landscape and portrait painters of to-day. The smaller men—not very numerous, it is true, and yet some of them most deserving—had a tolerably hard struggle for existence, and had to “eke out” their income by other work than that of regular picture-painting. Macculloch and Macnee themselves made money in their younger days by decorating the lids of snuff-boxes. The average painter was frequently pretty much of a Bohemian, living from hand to mouth, and glad to clear off a tradesman’s bill by painting the portraits of the worthy shopkeeper and his wife. One of our best known artists tells how on one occasion, in the long years ago, when he was engaged at a sitter’s house on the portraits of a successful dairyman and his family, the dinner-hour arrived. He was not considered “genteel” enough to be asked to take a place at the table, but the mistress of the house kindly sent him to the parlour, where he was working, a plate of stewed

North of Scotland, educated at Hamilton, and began active life in Glasgow as an apprentice to a house-painter who rejoiced in the name of Claude Turner. Fortunately for the lad, Turner was, in a small way, a picture-dealer. Noticing that his apprentice had a well-marked artistic bent, he set him to copy pictures; and these copies he sold, probably most of them as originals. Picture-dealers have been known to do such things. Donald took great delight in the work, and resolved to become an artist. The opportunities for study and training in Glasgow were then few, and of the most meagre kind; but, with characteristic enthusiasm, Donald made the most of the chances that came in his way. He devoted himself to landscape-painting, and worked most assiduously out-of-doors. His first exhibited picture was one in the tenth exhibition (1837) of the Glasgow Dilettanti Society. The prices he obtained for his canvases were small, and he supported himself in great part by painting landscape panels for

the decoration of the saloons of steamers plying on the Clyde. In 1840 he spent two months in Paris, copying at the Louvre. Later, he migrated to London, where he found employment in the shop of a picture-restorer. While he was in London, the sisters of Samuel Rogers, the poet, were among his patrons. He finally settled in Glasgow, became a member of the now extinct West of Scotland Academy, and contributed regularly to all the local exhibitions. It was mainly the scenery that lay close to his hand that he delighted to paint—the wooded valley of the Kelvin, the hills and waters of the Holy Loch and Loch Eck district, brawling Highland burns, and lonely moorland roads. He died in 1866, after a trying experience of broken health, and, mayhap, of disappointed hopes. An irascible, kindly-hearted, cheerful little man, he seems to have been loved of his brother artists, straight in all his dealings, strong in both his likes and dislikes. Greater painters in abundance there have been, but never one who had a purer love of nature than Milne Donald. His work was always fresh and truthful with a fine feeling about it of the open air. He may have followed, in some respects, conventional methods, but he followed them in his own way; and his sweet colour, his detestation of affectation, his deft handling, and a certain quiet grace and dignity in his style, give distinction to his most



THE SHRIMPER.

(From the Painting by W. Collins, R.A.)

characteristic works. He may occasionally lack robustness and daring, but never sanity, refinement, and respect for nature. His example has told well, and in some directions not suspected, on the practice of his successors in what is sometimes called "The Scottish School of Landscape Painters." "The Hay Cart," reproduced here, is an example of Donald's harmonious colour, of his simplicity of treatment, and of his skill in dealing with atmospheric effects and cloud-forms.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's "Don Saltero's Walk, Old Chelsea," by Cecil Lawson, was reproduced on page 65 of THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1894. It is one of Lawson's early works, and yet shows no evidence of immaturity of handling or youthfulness of outlook. If it lacks the grandeur of his later pictures of rolling, piled-up clouds and far extending heaths, it is strongly characteristic of Lawson's fine composition and just sense of colour. The tone is rich throughout; the scene is full of life—active, but not boisterous; the barge moves, and the river is liquid and restless. The feeling of last-century ways

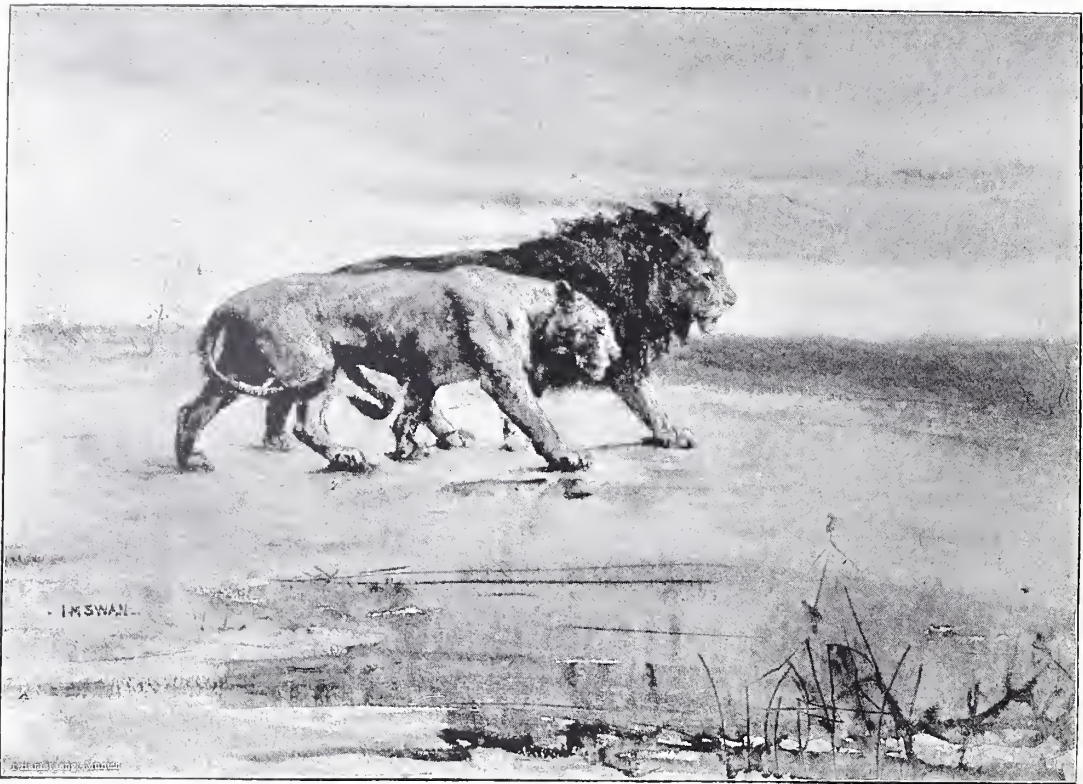


THE HAY CART.

(From the Painting by J. Milne Donald)

and environment is rendered with the insight and clear vision of a true artist, rather than with the careful minuteness of a mere antiquary. Lawson has re-created for us a bit of the past. Speculations as to "what might have been if—" are always idle, even when they are not absolutely hurtful. Still, we may be pardoned if sometimes we vaguely wonder how the course of art in England would

patrick's collection is a beautiful little picture by James Maris, entitled "The Peacock's Feather." The attitude of the child is exceedingly graceful, and graceful chiefly from its utter lack of affectation. Here we have no photographer's posing, no straining after effect, no attempt to look "pleasant and genteel." The child is absolutely natural in its unstudied ease and simple uncon-



LION AND LIONESS.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by J. M. Swan, A.R.A.)

have been affected had Lawson's bright brave spirit not been so early quenched.

"Lion and Lioness" is a characteristic water-colour by John M. Swan, A.R.A. (For notice of Mr. Swan and his splendid work, see *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, March, 1894.) This water-colour shows Mr. Swan's admirable knowledge of animal forms, acquired by patient study, and a thorough sympathy with his subjects. The stealthy tread and sinewy motions of the king and his consort are rendered so as to convey in a very subtle way the impression of self-contained power and reserve energy.

In the West of Scotland our picture-lovers have always had a warm appreciation of the excellencies of the later Dutch painters. Maris and Israels, Blommers and Mesdag, are familiar names among us. Examples of works by James and Matthew Maris have already appeared in the course of this series of articles, and included in Mr. Kirk-

sciousness of all neighbouring eyes. We see at a glance the mighty difference between the artist and the mere photographer. In this little portrait, if I may call it so, by James Maris, we have all the conditions of art fulfilled—grace, suggestion, distinction, sweet colour, and deft handling.

"The Trial Trip" is one of Josef Israels' pleasant pictures of child-life. As I have already pointed out, Israels has sympathy with the joys as well as the sorrows of human existence. The careless hours of childhood have for him a strong attraction, but generally he depicts their innocent pleasures with a subtle and sometimes almost undefinable suggestion, in the surroundings or the sentiment, that however bright the morning may shine, the clouds of evening have to be reckoned with. In all his quaint little Dutch people there is a touch—not harsh or forbidding—of seriousness and gravity.





A GIPSY GIRL.

(From the Painting by Alexis Harlamoff. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)



Mesdag is pre-eminently a painter of the sea, and, pre-eminently further, a painter of the Northern sea that washes the low-lying sandy

commanding genius, but he was earnest, unaffected, and most industrious. His colour is pure, and although he was "cabined and confined" by the con-

ventions of his time, he had a genuine love of nature and considerable facility in expressing himself on canvas. His rustic subjects secured his widespread popularity, but he painted many views on the English coast, particularly about Norfolk and Suffolk. In "The Shrimper," although the work is slight, the result is effective and the colour most agreeable.

Among the many other pictures possessed by Mr. Kirkpatrick which the



WINTER ON THE SHORE.  
(From the Painting by H. W. Mesdag.)

shores of his own native Holland. A man with natural artistic tastes and sympathies, he paints from sheer love of the work, and the results are strong, vigorous, and informed with knowledge. Mr. Kirkpatrick possesses two Mesdags — one, a moonlight scene, with harbour - mouth and beacon; and the other, which we reproduce, "Winter on the Shore," a scene at Schevevingen.

Alexis Harlamoff, a Russian artist long resident in Paris, has gained his fame chiefly by his pictures of children and young girls, and these he paints with grace and tenderness. "A Gipsy Girl" is a very good example of his skill. His colour is rich, and his modelling free and correct.

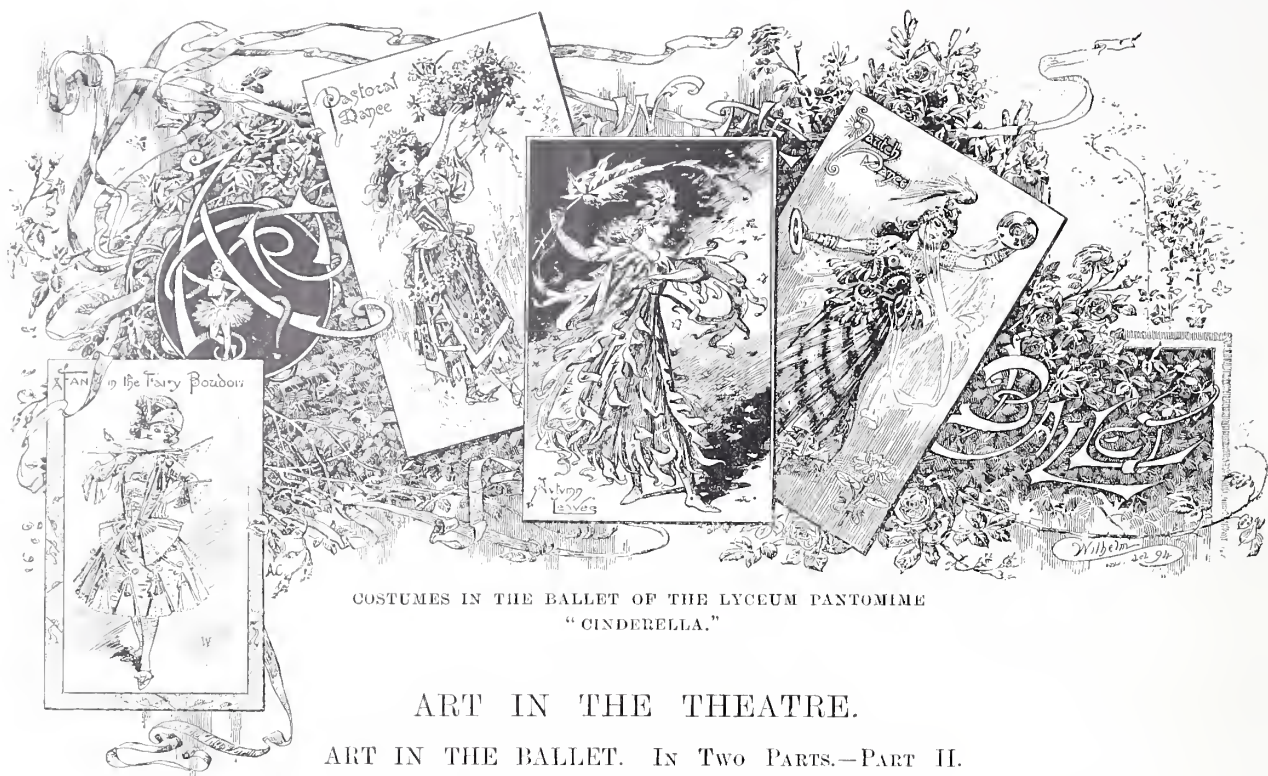
The charm of the best known works of William Collins, R.A., lies in their simplicity. He was not a

exigencies of space prevent me from noticing at length are "Bathers," by Daumier, two or three characteristic examples of Pierre Billet—one of



THE TRIAL TRIP.  
(From the Painting by Josef Israels.)

which is reproduced—and works by Frère, Jacquet, Lance, Old Crome, and Mr. M'Taggart.



COSTUMES IN THE BALLET OF THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME  
"CINDERELLA."

## ART IN THE THEATRE.

### ART IN THE BALLET. IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY C. WILHELM. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE influence of the costume designer—and here I come to an opinion which I hold very strongly—is exercised in many channels altogether unsuspected by the public. Bearing in mind the magnitude and extent of this influence, I have always considered it unfortunate that he is not, through the nature of his handiwork, in a position to make a more personal appeal to the audience who sit in judgment on the outcome of his efforts.

The development of the designer's work, its translation from a creation of the brain into fabric and fact by more or less able and willing hands, of widely differing skill and perception, and by workers in many branches of industry, is a far more complicated and delicate business than many might imagine. It involves an amount of personal supervision only limited by one's conscientiousness, and the degree to which one is sensitive to a perfect (in so far as may be) accomplishment of one's ideal. I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity of placing the reader in possession of facts bearing on the actual responsibilities of the one person who, I trust I may be allowed to assert without being accused of undue arrogance, is certainly the most important factor in any theatrical production of artistic pictorial pretensions. Managers resort to the costume designer—at least I have found it so—for suggestions which, if adopted, are often bound to affect some other pre-conceived plan; or, again, such a plan, if adhered to, requires at the designer's hands so much modification to fit it for the stage, and to avoid a repetition of effect, that the original is scarcely to be recog-

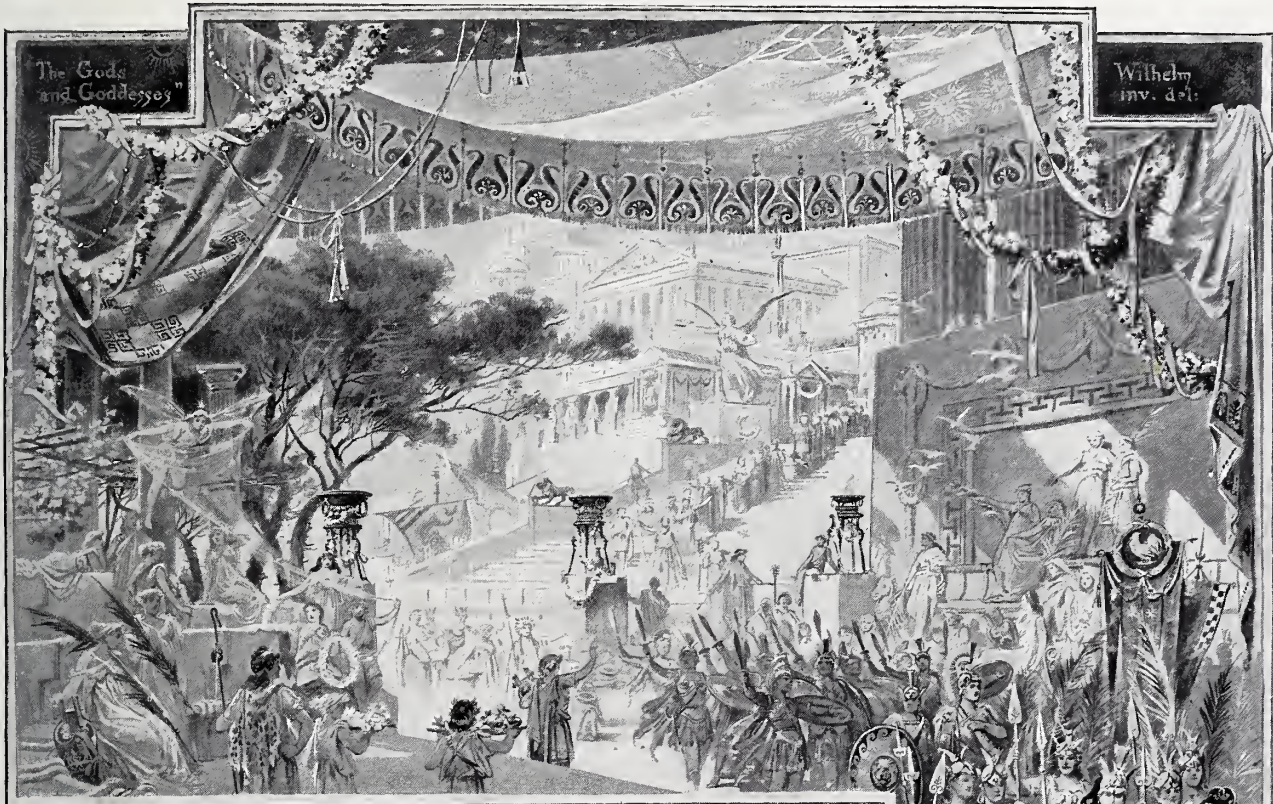
nised. Yet, so long as there is a shred left as an excuse, it is the author who receives the credit of the amended scheme, and not the artist, who has practically "licked it into shape" and given it life. As an offset to this view of the matter, the designer has often the mortification of seeing a pet scheme, in which he has every faith, spoilt for present and future use, through being attacked in a half-hearted way that denies him the necessary sole control of its setting to ensure its best fulfilment, and through a short-sighted policy refusing him the support of managerial authority on certain points where he himself is powerless to make terms.

Where, however, the work of a costume designer of proved experience and well-tested resource is recognised, as it should be, as of paramount importance in the staging of any spectacle dependent for effect on the judicious employment of masses of people, then I maintain that his requirements should be the first consulted, and his judgment be accepted as final; every consideration being, of course, on both sides accorded to the practical aspect of the subject and to the advisability (only this is of minor importance, so long as the result is successful) of amicable collaboration. It cannot, however, be too distinctly set on record that the success of the stage picture—grouping and background—depends on its initial conception *as a whole*; and this must undoubtedly emanate from one brain. It will be allowed that, in a ballet or spectacle, the play of colour in the dresses constitutes the dominant feature. If the scene

itself be but moderately good, it can be largely assisted by well-chosen dresses and groupings; or again, however fine the scene, it may be entirely wasted if the costumes are ineffective and inharmonious. Unfortunately the converse is to some extent equally true; and I have known a scheme of costumes, costing months of labour in detail and research, and quite a fortune in expense, utterly ruined by a discordant and pretentious "set," determined at all risks to assert itself as anything

ments of all kinds: not excepting an exhaustive scheme of action and processional sequence.

But granted that one's designs emerge from the studio on to the stage correct in colour, and carried out with a due observance of the relative proportion of their component parts, which is by no means an easy thing to arrive at, they are then at the mercy of wearers who either cannot, or will not, carry them properly. They incline to a little decoration on their own account—"dress sprays" ("the dull



A MYTHOLOGICAL SPECTACLE DESIGNED FOR A DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

rather than as an appropriate background to the dresses of the people who constituted in themselves the very *raison d'être* of the scene.

I have already appealed at second-hand to the readers of this Magazine in an illustration to Sir Augustus Harris's views on spectacle. For the "Silver Wedding" scene of the Drury Lane Pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, there depicted, I am glad to remember I was entirely responsible. A later spectacular achievement on the same boards was the *cortège* of the Divinities of Greek Mythology; a subject—here depicted—appealing powerfully to my sympathies, and beguiling me into a quite unprecedented expenditure of time, labour, and symbolic fancy on the designs, over two hundred in number, *mise-en-scène* (frankly imitative in parts of Tadema's "Sappho"), the costumes and appoint-

ment of ignorant hands"), ropes of pearl, strings of aggressively cerulean beads, and knots of velvet and ribbon. And if these drawbacks crop up, even under the advantages of individual supervision, and the exercise of an argus-eyed pertinacity which no offender can hope to evade, what can one expect but that one's artistic reputation is likely to suffer when one's sketches travel far afield to be interpreted beyond the possibility of personal control?



Let me not, in this connection, withhold my testimony to the patience and skill I have known devoted to my designs, at various times, by such experts as Alias, Auguste, and notably by Miss Fisher, whose enterprise in carrying out daring suggestions, involving the actual fabrication of material in sundry experiments, has deserved all the acknowledgment that can be implied in these lines. With the best intentions in the world, however, a costumier will sometimes fail to grasp the full scope of one's idea, so that one must always be prepared with a technical suggestion for the practical solution of some artistic problem: such as simulating in a hanging sleeve of silk the enfolding undulations of a lily-of-the-valley leaf, or casting about for the best method of representing, on an extended scale, the gossamer plumage of the bird of paradise; this latter was a poser for a time—in a Drury Lane Pantomime scene, "the Kingdom of Birds," which some of my readers may recall—until it occurred to me to try the effect of a mass of strips of fine ivory silk gauze, deepening to yellow, as in the real feathers, and I was rewarded by a complete success: the effect, seen across the footlights, of the floating filmy fabric being remarkable in its absolute identity of resemblance. For the humming birds in the same scene, played by children, I found specially-made spangles an excellent substitute for the iridescent lustre of these feathered gems. Such subtleties of contrivance and invention quicken one's interest in design and give an added zest to the realisation. On one occasion I was desirous of imitating, in some costumes for a ballet, the colour-effect of the wild hyacinth; all attempts to obtain a material of the exact tint were fruitless (though I am convinced that the far-reaching inquiries I prosecuted caused the rage for "cornflower" blue, which set in the following season—an instance of demand creating supply). I could find nothing to answer my purpose, until I hit on the happy idea, as it fell out, of going direct to Nature for inspiration; and there found the flower not of a uniform colour, but a delicate blending of two or more distinct tones. Trial-trips in shot silks and fine stripes of these tones alike failed to convey the beautiful hue of the blossom, until absolute success crowned the veiling of a full sky-blue silk with an outer ample robe of lilac gauze; and I was satisfied, and the public applauded. I wonder how many of them gave a second thought, or even a first, to the evolution of a pleasing result!

Flowers are fascinating subjects for costume adaptation and full of suggestion; they are tricky, though, to tackle, and the effects that they tempt one to aim at reproducing are sadly elusive. The examples I have illustrated speak for themselves almost. The little "Daffodil" affords an instance of

the treatment of silken petals akin to the lily-of-the-valley leaf mentioned above; and the deep yellow underdress, with all its fulness arranged to fall into the ragged border, represented the flower very fairly. The "Lilac and Carnation" minuet dresses recall some work, remembered with pleasure, in which one's fancy could run riot in dainty device. A pleasance of maidenhair fern, carpeted with moss, where pale purple poppies slumbered; a Rose-Queen with rosebud pages in a dewy cobweb bower—a floral realm in which the Fantastic Fuchsia was the Court Fool and the White Lily Lord Chamberlain—where Gentlemen-at-arms swaggered in the guise of Scarlet Geraniums—whilst the Tea-flowers served fragrant Bohea to the assembled guests, the amorous plants interchanging their Forget-me-not missives, and Orange-blossoms trod a Spanish measure—the Monkshood figuring as flower-priest, with Violet acolytes who swung their perfumed censers. The colour scheme of the floral minuet I have depicted was a grateful one, suggesting the world of Watteau in its harmonies of delicate lilac and white; the exquisite contrast of the silver-grey-green of the Carnation with its Malmaison ruffles of palest salmon, the jabot of white Pink petals, and the note of rich colour in the deep crimson Clove forming the *chapeau-tricorne*. A lover of flowers is ever discovering fresh beauties in them, and I am never weary of laying them under contribution. The Thistle makes a capital "soldier," as I once exemplified in a wild-flower fantasy with Dandelion standard bearers and Wild Convolvulus trumpeters to bear him company.

Long before Professor Herkomer propounded his theories for the betterment of stage illusion, I had recognised the need and sighed for the accomplishment of such reforms as he has advocated. Not having been privileged to speak from experience of the now historic moon at Bushey, it might be out of place to question whether its realism excelled that of one of my earliest schoolboy memories—a desert scene by Beverly at Old Drury (in a version, I think, of the *Talisman*), an effect of moving clouds and a luminous atmosphere, which he repeated some years later in a scene of the Katskill Mountains in *Rip van Winkle*, on the smaller arena of the Comedy Theatre stage. I want to see a stage illuminated with a suggestion of real sunlight, with shadows from the figures in one direction only. In processions and big spectacles, the habit of reinforcing the fiery furnace of the footlights with enormous lime-boxes; and of supplementing these by others at the various entrances, is utterly destructive of light and shade; and drapery subjected to this searching glare loses all its beauty and meaning. Again, a partiality for the use of coloured

rays of light threatens to extinguish all colour in the dresses, and is greatly to be deplored. They are susceptible of effective employment, under certain rare conditions, to intensify the mystery or heighten the prominence of a group; but they should be used very sparingly and discreetly, and it is distinctly fatal to allow oneself to become a slave to their cheap and facile sway. One can imagine the artistic possibilities of a group lighted on the outskirts with an amethyst glow, which passes through gradations of sapphire and emerald until it touches a central figure with a golden radiance; and charming effects are obtainable where a golden gleam on one side of a dancer finds answering rays of purple or green on the other; though it does not follow that red and blue may be used together with equally happy results.

I think the "unities" should be observed in ballet that is not altogether "fancy-free," and a fair motive assigned for the treatment of any particular scene. For instance, in the carnival scene of "Venice," at Olympia, it was my aim to make the costumes reasonably suggest that they were burlesquing the types and modes of their own time; this gave the necessary touch of grotesqueness to the dresses without departing too far from the *vraisemblance* of the period and the situation; and without necessitating the introduction of pierrots and such folk—positively proposed by some, oblivious of the anachronisms they would have been importing into a fourteenth-century picture. In the Venetian fête of the final scene, the Masque (had it been carried out as I intended) should have represented the conquest of Day by Night, followed by the Heralds of Fame calling on Beauty and Wealth to surrender their mimic fortress, to which the troops of Love lay siege. The occupants were to defend the assault with showers of roses, and when forced to capitulate, were themselves the victors' reward. A mania for "a clear stage" shelved the fancy fortress, and the Masque, as presented with maimed rites, must certainly have appeared quite unintelligible to the spectators.

The ballet that most nearly approached my high-art standard, and in which I profited by an exceptional responsibility, was one which I devised

for the Empire Theatre three years ago, on the immortal legend of Orpheus and Eurydice; and never have my theories found ampler justification than in the scene I have endeavoured to illustrate at a particularly dramatic moment, where the revels of the nether world culminated in the disturbing element of Orfeo's music. Frenzied by an influence they recognised, but were powerless to cope with, their attempt to deprive the poet of his lyre resulted in a sullen peal of thunder, testifying to the protection of the superior deities; and the cowering denizens of Hades around the throne of Pluto in Mr. Telbin's fine scene composed an *ensemble* that was a most impressive picture. The artistic success of *Orfeo* justifies some degree of pardonable egotism, since its merits received generous recognition from many whose judgment cannot be questioned. Another, and perhaps, from a cynical point of view, a more convincing proof of its artistic superiority to many of its forerunners and successors was the unanswerable argument (from the managerial standpoint) that it failed, as compared with more up-to-date productions, to attract

the masses—who, it seems, are more inclined to swell the treasury when a *réchauffé* of popular airs and familiar scenes is dished up for their delectation. Personally speaking, I find it hard to reconcile this view with the admiration elicited from all classes by the ballet in question; and if a production be found to be somewhat "over the heads" of the general public, that to me is no excuse for withdrawing it; if a thing is intrinsically good, though its popularity be not broadly stamped on the surface, yet the public will appreciate it in the long run, if you only give them time. The vitality of *Orfeo* lay deep, and as it was not a thing of the hour, I live in hopes of its revival, when I predict that the managerial judgment will be reversed. To refer, for the moment, to a few of its salient features; I may recall the effective counterbalancing of the tender blues and bronzes, and the gold-and-white harmonised with pale apple green in the Areadian scene, with the more severe and gloomy colouring of the kingdom of Pluto. Here I found a scheme of fire colours very



A MERVEILLEUSE.

appropriate—flame, and sulphur, and dull Indian red, with the sentinels at the portals of Hades in smoke grey, and copper, and black, some few *coryphées* in scarlet, but the majority lustreless and phantom-like. The hymeneal dances in the opening scene, and the contrasted wild and weird movements in Hades, so skilfully arranged by that high-priestess of the ballet, Mme. Lanier; the superb impersonation of the Orfeo, by Signora Cavallazzi; M. Wenzel's poetically-conceived music; and Mr. Telbin's classic pictures, all make up a bouquet of recollections that one does not willingly let die, and may be pronounced to have appreciably enhanced the artistic repute of all concerned.

What pantomime in its highest expression is capable of, wedded with delightful music, we have had evidence of in the unforgettable *L'Enfant Prodigue*. What its mission may be in the future, allied to the added charm of changing colour and pictorial fancy, remains to be proved; but in such a development I see more than a hint of what the ballet might become. When one has seen what *can* be done by such art in pantomime, one grows all the more dissatisfied with the achievements in that line of the average ballet-artist, whose restricted gamut of expression is, candidly speaking, apt to pall in its familiar monotony. I

can recall many delightful impressions within recent years of poetic and significant dancing—what I may term “picture-dancing”—by individual artistes, and of those who have combined dancing and pantomime with unquestionably admirable results, and I may instance Charles Lauri, ever full of resource.

Perhaps the most original and fascinating form in which the Dance has appealed to us of late years has been in the poetic open-air ballets in the Crystal Palace grounds, where—without any great scenic aid, though with the indescribable charm of natural breezes stirring the leaves and accentuating the rhythmic flow of the dancers' draperies—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream* achieved a memorable triumph under the able direction of Mr. Oscar Barrett. This gentleman's artistic qualities have stood him in good stead in the more recent Lyceum success of *Cinderella*; and I have enlisted under his banner with cheery confidence and satisfaction, assured of an intelligent appreciation and a mutual sympathy in our aims. Our unanimity of opinion as to the preferable effect of long, clinging draperies for the dancers, indeed, elicited a controversy on the subject some time since that pervaded the columns of a contemporary for weeks. Such a dress found its latest expression in the ballet of *Autumn Leaves*, which I



A BURMESE PHANTASY.



have included in the illustration heading this "confession of faith," together with examples of other dancing dresses in the same fairy pantomime. The so-called "Blue Ballet," which may occur to some of my readers, was also devised expressly for Mr. Barrett in a previous season; and in it I persuaded him to experiment with a monochromatic tableau. A gratifying faith in my advice resulted in the scene becoming town talk; and a similar effect in the costumes of the ball scene of *Cinderella* in the key of gold colour, was no less successful. The palest primrose, ranging to citron and bronze; mahogany, paling into apricot tones; symphonies of orange and lemon; maize colour, cinnamon, ivory—all were pressed into the service. Tiger lilies and Gloire de Dijon roses, sunflowers and narcissus; fawn and leopard skins; leather, and the sheen of gold, copper, and brass; rich embroideries, and every conceivable fabric, entered into the design. Sumptuous brocades were woven expressly, and the costumes of the leading characters being carefully chosen in heliotrope, faint sea green, and vieux rose, no jarring note was present. The scheme was most thoroughly worked out; nothing was left to chance, and no detail was too insignificant to be studied. The Pastoral and Nautch dancers I have sketched figured in this composition—a masque depicting the echronology of the dance, in which sections of the Prince's guests participated. The little figure of a "Fan" is illustrative of the fairy boudoir scene earlier in *Cinderella*, which was planned and peopled in the style of Boucher, in palest turquoise, coral, white, and silver, affording a complete contrast to the other scene. Colour, however, is emphatically the life-blood of my work; and to one accustomed to *think*, as it were, *in colour*, it is a little cramping to be restricted here to the colder expression of black and white.

A very recent Empire ballet—*La Frolique*—was of too hackneyed a description to afford one much scope for novelty of treatment, and the subject called for the employment of greater gaiety and variety of colour. A quaint effect was produced by a dance of eight *merveilleuses*, whose costumes ranged in turn from the palest lettuce green to the deepest myrtle, decorated inversely with tones of deep chestnut-brown passing through biscuit colour into ivory. For another ballet on the same stage I employed a sequence of varying hues, symbolising tropic blossoms, with excellent effect, in a fantastic Burmese setting, some of the *bizarre* devices for which are indicated in one of my drawings. In it successive lines of dancers merged almost imperceptibly from rhododendron mauve, through orchid and petunia peach tones, into a full azalea rose-pink, the coral of a begonia, and the pale

flame of the amaryllis lily; followed by the warm maize, the clear amber, and deep primrose of other exotics. One cannot do better than resort to Nature for suggestions, though it is only long practice that will teach one how best to use them. She has always something fresh and wonderful to offer those who have eyes to see; and I have reaped many harvests from her liberality.

The *fin-de-siècle* craze for putting forward as a ballet a spurious travesty of the well-worn personages and incidents of the typical Adelphi drama seems to threaten the extinction of all pictorial art and fancy in connection with the ballet; but we who believe in the higher possibilities of the latter may look for the very absurdity of such a substitute to defeat its own ends, and will hope that its phase of existence may be but ephemeral. The further removed the subject of a ballet is from the present day, the more susceptible is it of ideal treatment. The classic myths, interpreted in graceful movements and choral harmonies, are best fitted for the purpose, though excursions may be advantageously made into Fairydom and amongst the Old World legends of any country. But the spectacle of *eoryphée*, clad in the garb of up-to-date civilisation, employing pantomime and gesture, suggests a deaf-and-dumb conversation, and is scarcely exhilarating. No; the much-needed reform is not to be sought in a Terpsichorean travesty of conventional melodrama. This is not art, nor even actuality, save of a sadly crippled and distorted type.

It is, in fact, difficult to reconcile the ballet, as it stands, with the advance of taste in other forms of theatrical entertainment. What is wanted is a total reform. A further development of the tableaux so much patronised of late would be undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Beauty of line, grouping, and movement, wedded to a sensitive appreciation of the true value of colour and melody. Are these Utopian dreams of an ideal perfection? I hope not. One cannot go far wrong in aiming at the highest; and although one can scarcely expect to convert a management all at once to an implicit belief in the axiom enunciated by Lewis Morris—

". . . high failure overleaps the bound  
Of low successes"—

one may at least go on hoping for the best.

May we not picture the three graces of Melody, Movement, and Colour, animating an ideal world of beauty and fancy, in which the jaded nineteenth-century galley-slaves might find a respite from social and commercial wear and tear, and a stimulus to the imaginative faculty? Is this to be the ballet of the future? Time will show.

## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

DR. WILLIAMSON, the author of this splendid life of John Russell,\* has brought to his task all the enthusiasm and perseverance that might be expected in a descendant of the subject.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORGAN AND HER DAUGHTER.  
(By John Russell, R.A.)

His article in this Magazine of a year or two ago will be remembered; in fact, it forms the *point de départ* for this exhaustive compilation. Russell was trebly distinguished; he was one of the chief portrait-painters of the day and official "painter to the King and Prince of Wales, and also to the Duke of York;" he was practically the father of pastel-painting and portraiture in its highest development in England; and he was a religious zealot of such profound—and one might almost say, such distressing—enthusiasm, that he made his mark upon his times on those three grounds. It must, indeed,

\* "John Russell, R.A." By George C. Williamson, D.Lit. With an Introduction by Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. (London: George Bell and Sons. 1894.)

be admitted that the dullest of Dr. Williamson's pages are the prolonged transcripts of pious rhapsody of record from the painter's diary; but the book is otherwise so characteristic of his day, so beautifully printed and charmingly cared for, that the most impatient reader will be favourably impressed by the author's skill and thoroughness, and thank him for his remarkable contribution to the history and literature of art. As the life of Russell has so recently been dealt with in detail in these pages, it is not necessary either to repeat here its chief facts or to give an estimate of his art. All this is now in a fair way to be thoroughly known and properly appreciated. There is plenty of anecdote, too, within the volume, while the four-score illustrations, most of them highly successful, include the portraiture of a considerable proportion of the more interesting members of society in Russell's day; so that the book is not only an imposing artistic record for the lover of art, but a welcome volume for the lover of biography and the student of the last third of the eighteenth century. The exhaustive catalogues of Russell's work, of the pictures missing, and so forth, will be of interest; but we could have wished that a complete list—exhaustive as it could have been—of the engravings after Russell might have been added to the work. For the rest, the photogravures are extremely well reproduced; but it should be borne in mind that india-paper is not well adapted to the printing of process-blocks.

BY the lover of art gossip and artistic lore, few books are likely to be more welcome than Mr. Stacy Marks's autobiography.\* Written in the lightest strain, these volumes are constructed on no rigid plan, they make no pretence (as the author quietly admits) of supplying a long-felt want, and no more than his art—(again in Mr. Marks's own words)—do they aim at elevating the masses. But they reflect very accurately, very

\* "Pen and Pencil Sketches." By Henry Stacy Marks, R.A. (London: Chatto and Windus. 1894.)



H. STACY MARKS, R.A.  
(Drawn by J. D. Watson.)

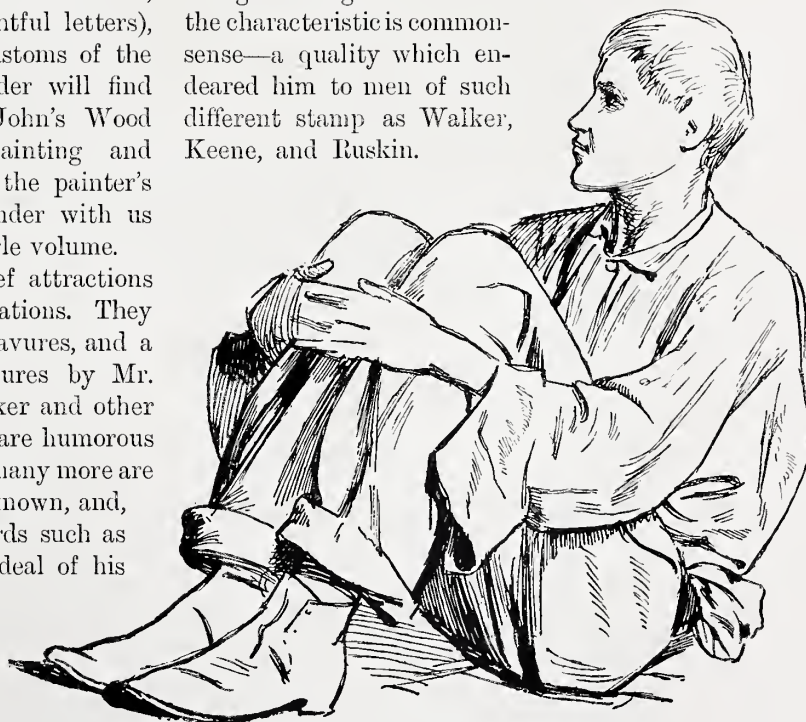
pleasantly, and for the most part very humorously, the artistic life of the painters of that rather narrow world in which he has lived—a world much smaller, of course, than that of his admirers. How Mr. Marks (like Mr. Seymour Lucas) broke away from carriage-building and devoted himself to art is, together with his early career as a student, told with considerable spirit. Nevertheless, the most valuable of his chapters are those on Fred Walker, on Mr. Ruskin (with a batch of delightful letters), Charles Keene, and the habits and customs of the Royal Academy; but the general reader will find pleasure in reading about the “St. John’s Wood Clique,” the descriptions of glass-painting and bronze-founding, and the exposition of the painter’s own work; but he will, doubtless, wonder with us why the work was not printed in a single volume.

As the title denotes, one of the chief attractions of the book is to be found in the illustrations. They consist of a small number of photogravures, and a great number of sketches and caricatures by Mr. Marks himself, and by Frederick Walker and other of the author’s friends. Of these, many are humorous trifles, simply drawn with the pen; but many more are serious studies for pictures now well known, and, more still, pen-and-ink drawings of birds such as have achieved for Mr. Marks a good deal of his reputation, and of a variety of designs.

Notwithstanding all that good-nature which has made Mr. Marks one of the most popular of all the Academicians, and all the genial fun that has proclaimed him the best of

good company, there is still a sub-acidulated quality in him that gives piquancy to his humour, and bars the darts he reserves for his *bêtes noires*. Of these the chief are dogs, journalists, and critics. On the latter he is a little hard—although years ago he acted himself as one of them on behalf of the *Spectator*—and he does not readily forgive mistakes. As he is himself so particular, it is perhaps desirable that some of his own slips should be set right. It is entirely incorrect to say that George Cruikshank “has never drawn a pretty female face;” he drew many, though such were certainly the exception. It is inaccurate to assert that “there was a Lady West;” for Benjamin West was never knighted. It is a mistake to refer to “the seven Presidents who have worn chains of office—(may it be long before an eighth is added to the list!)”—because Sir Frederic Leighton is himself the eighth. What La Rochefoucauld really

said was, “One can always bear the troubles of others;” and what Napoleon so nervously feared was not a mouse, but a cat. But we have indeed hardly the heart to touch on these matters at all, so pleasant—not to say jolly—is Mr. Marks’s temper. He is as much of a *raconteur* as he is of a painter, and his book is just what we expected from so jovial a writer. Yet in his serious moments he has thought thoughts of which the characteristic is common-sense—a quality which endeared him to men of such different stamp as Walker, Keene, and Ruskin.



A STUDY.  
(By H. Stacy Marks, R.A.)

FORGET NOT YET

FORGET not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant,  
My great travail so gladly spent—  
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life ye know since when  
The suit, the service, none tell can—  
Forget not yet.



Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways  
The painful patience in delays—

Forget not yet.

Forget not! O forget not this:  
How long ago hath been and is  
The mind that never meant amiss—

Forget not yet.

Forget not then thine own approved,  
The which so long hath thee so loved,  
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—

Forget not yet.



A STUDY FOR "CORIOLANUS."

(By Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I.)





(Drawn by T. Morris.)

BY SELWYN IMAGE. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. MCLACHLAN'S WORKS.



UNPATRIOTIC critics are never tired of girding at us English people for our lack of the artistic sense; we are Philistine, they tell us, to the backbone. Denunciations of this general character for the most part indicate a

certain wilfulness or a certain want of sensitiveness in the very persons who utter them; and the remarkable attention which a number of artists and connoisseurs in France and in Belgium, for instance, have begun lately to show in the methods and productions of English art may probably, in a little while, make us hear less of these unflattering criticisms. For, if the truth must be told, there is, after all, at bottom of them a good deal of affectation, an assumption of foreign airs at second-hand, that one may pose among the unwary and uninstructed as a man of distinction, a delicate kind of spirit superior to its surroundings. But the pose is beginning to show signs of having had its day—it is found out, and is growing a little discredited. Now that the foreigners themselves have come to smile at it—well, we may be driven back at last into an appreciation of, a faithfulness to, our English talent and traditions.

It is not, however, to be denied that those qualities in a work of art which one distinguishes as peculiarly artistic, are not the qualities which appeal, or, perhaps, are ever likely to appeal, to the public at large. Take one department of art, probably the most popular of any—the pictorial. Without the slightest affectation, we are nearly all of us interested in pictures. They give us a genuine and lively pleasure. But what is it, on the whole, that excites this interest? Generally it is one or other of these three things: The reputation of the artist, or some startling treatment of colour or design in his picture, or the

story told by it. A great name imposes itself upon us, and we have faith enough in the *consensus* of connoisseurs to enable us to see, or to imagine that we see, certain admirable points in this or that canvas which bears it. Again, few of us are unmoved by a sensational appeal: the villain of a melodrama, the hero of it in his final moment of triumph, if the characters are represented with passable ability, send through us a certain thrill, even in spite of our finer judgment. So, in a picture, a startling passage of colour, a startling gesture, move us somewhat in the same way—they at least arrest us. And then the incident of the piece—a humorous or pathetic or tender story expressed or suggested in it; how it strikes home on the average mind! Yes; on many minds, too, not quite fairly characterised as average, and a little ashamed, it may be, of their sentimentality.

But a picture which tells no story, a very quiet picture in its motive, colour, tone, with no famous name attached to it to lead or shame us into observation of the thing; well, it may be a singular piece of art, which those with the true sense in them will return to again and again, but the mass of us will pass it over, and that inevitably. In a public exhibition, at all events, our blindness to it is excusable, inevitable. It does not assert itself, it is damaged in its effect by companionship with so much that is violent, and has been made violent for the direct purpose of at once catching our eye. To the public at large—to any public, probably, at any time—this beautiful work will be ineffective till attention is called to it by something outside itself.

This sort of reflection is forced upon us as we think of the work, for instance, of such an artist as is the subject of our present article—Mr. Thomas Hope McLachlan. For many years now Mr. McLachlan has been painting, and

actually exhibiting in the Academy and elsewhere, beautiful pictures—landscapes which are among some of the rare things in that kind our generation has seen; and yet, comparatively, how little notice has he received at the hands of

larger than it yet is, if fortune will only give his pictures a fair chance. And the present moment is not an inopportune one for calling attention to this admirable artist, seeing that the Academicians this year accepted four of his



IDLENESS.

(In the Possession of W. G. Waters, Esq.)

our critics, and to how few of the crowd which flocks to Burlington House or the New Gallery is even his name familiar. You will find not a few artists, indeed, enthusiastic over his pictures; and those connoisseurs who have been wise or fortunate enough to buy works of his, guard them jealously as among the more choice of their possessions. To Mr. McLachlan himself, I have no doubt, this sort of appreciation is the most gratifying that could come to him: for every true artist would sooner have the acknowledgment of his fellows than all the commissions and applause of the multitude. Yet Mr. McLachlan's admirers cannot be content that a knowledge and appreciation of his work should be confined to a small group, however discerning and laudatory. Even supposing his work is, in the nature of it, such as can never appeal to "The Man in the Street," but must, indeed, always have a somewhat select following, it is certain that this following may be far

pictures, and were wise enough to hang three of them on the line.

It is important and interesting to note that Mr. McLachlan was not brought up with any idea of his becoming an artist. A very different career was intended for him, and actually entered upon. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, after being placed at the head of the Moral Science Tripos, he took his degree in 1868, he proceeded to the Bar as a member of Lincoln's Inn, and for some eight years or so practised in the Courts of Chancery. But the love of art, always strong in him, fortunately became at last irresistible; and the practice of it merely as an amateur in spare moments grew more and more unsatisfactory; till at last, yielding to the advice of his friends—amongst whom I believe the late Academician, Mr. Pettie, was not the least encouraging—and still more to the increasingly urgent prompting of his own genius, he relinquished



the law altogether, and devoted himself to painting. At the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the New Gallery, Mr. McLachlan has, from the time of that wise decision, been a regular exhibitor; and three or four years ago he was elected a member of the New English Art Club, though he has since withdrawn from that body; while more recently he has been elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours. It is, indeed, in the medium of oils that Mr. McLachlan has hitherto worked almost exclusively; though those of us who lately saw an important water-colour drawing of his exhibited in Piccadilly, distinguished by great breadth of treatment and a singular individuality of handling, cannot but hope that he may see his way to giving us some more work in that kind. For the delicacy of this method of painting is in many ways peculiarly suited to by no means the least of this artist's characteristics—his power of rendering effects of vapour rising over the earth, and vast stretches of sky with masses of heavy cloud moving rapidly across it.

This mention of Mr. McLachlan's University career at Cambridge, and of his subsequent abandonment of one profession for another, is of significance, certainly, not only in respect of him and his work, but in respect of a very notable change that has come over our English ideas of art generally in this latter part of the century. Thirty years ago, or even much less than that, what parent sending his son to Oxford or Cambridge ever would have dreamed of an artistic career, in any branch of the fine arts, as a career possible for him? Let us put the matter plainly to ourselves without wincing: A gentleman of those days—days actually so little removed from ours, but in numberless matters of sentiment so far removed

—would have considered that his son, in electing to become professionally a painter, a musician, an actor, was behaving preposterously, was casting all the advantages and obligations of his education and birth to the winds, was insanely unclassing himself. Nowadays, as we all know, the pendulum has swung clean to the opposite side: it is part of our general reconsideration and rearrangement of things that this uncivilised prejudice against a professional devotion to art no longer, or scarcely any longer, exists; and perhaps we may take it to our credit that our improved judgment in the matter has not been simply forced upon us by utilitarian considerations, by the increasingly hard struggle of life making it impossible for us to be too nice, but is actually the evidence of a wider and wiser mind. Apart, however, from the general influence of events and time, can we point to any influence, definitely artistic, which may account for this mental enlargement?



A WIND ON THE HILL.

I think we can. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, its scholarly championship by Mr. Ruskin, the personal and unique attraction of Rossetti, and the curious association of this movement and these men with the University of Oxford, un-

certain results of this which have not been altogether for the technical advantage of art.

The technical training of an artist cannot be begun too early; and such training is sadly interfered with by the ordinary education of a gentleman, ending in his course at the University; nor can it easily be made up for after that course is over, at two- or three- and - twenty years of age, even by the most assiduous labour. Yet against this undeniable disadvantage it is only fair to set an advantage not less undeniable. If we have to regret the lack of a certain technical assurance, the presence of something that is weak and much that is tentative in the execution of men who, in one sense, have started on their career too late; it is not merely fanciful and prejudiced, I think, to recognise some characteristics in their work, as well as in their general attitude towards the aims and interests of art, which are signs to us how all that protracted scholastic discipline, with its circumstances and traditions, has not been quite so much loss, but has enlarged and refined their sympathies and intelligence.



ST. GENEVIÈVE DE PARIS.

(In the Possession of Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.)

questionably had much to do not only with changing people's ideas respecting the methods and aims of art, but also with changing their ideas as to the social position of an artist. Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. William Morris, to take two notable instances out of several that occur to one, were a kind of first fruits, as you may say, of this new order of things; and the new order once established and emphasised, as it were, by the action of these distinguished men was of no ephemeral character, but is still, after all this while, in possession and effectual. It is easy, no doubt, to lay one's finger on

If it is impossible for an artist to begin his technical training too early, it is impossible also for him to be too well educated. I acknowledge the practical difficulty one here finds oneself in, and I frankly confess that I do not altogether see my way out of it. How are we to combine this early technical training with the exigent requirements of the finest possible education? Yes, that is the problem; and if to-day we are unable to solve it, yet it is something if it arrests our attention; if we feel how bad a thing it is for art when the body of professional artists, as it once was, is cut off from the



BATHERS.

main drift of the best possible culture to be had at the time. But now let us return from this digression, which, however, has been in no sense irrelevant, to the particular subject of our article.

There is no artist so original as to owe nothing to his predecessors, and to any attentive observer Mr. McLachlan's paintings show that he has looked steadily at Mason, at Cecil



AN OCTOBER STORM.  
(In the Possession of Miss Kempe.)

Lawson, at Millet. Nothing, however, could be less critical than to speak of him as an imitator of these men; they have been much to him, no doubt, but only as influences by the way, elements which he has assimilated and made to subserve the purposes of his own genius: for every picture Mr. McLachlan gives us has the unmistakable seal on it of a singularly individual treatment and sentiment.

or "Idleness," and I think you will feel the truth and pertinency of this remark. I should like, finally, to call attention to Mr. McLachlan's tree drawing; for there are few landscape-painters that have his mastery in this matter, his felicity in catching the essential form, the growth and very life of trees, their character and dignity. Of course, every capable landscapist can draw us a tree capably, but it is



NEAR THE SEA.

(In the Possession of Lady Sutton.)

Among the illustrations published with this notice "A Wind on the Hill," "An October Storm," and "Near the Sea," will give some notion of what I have already called attention to as one of this artist's characteristics—his fondness for and power of depicting large spaces of sky, especially when heavy masses of cloud move swiftly across. Along with this ability to render the effects of airiness and movement in the sky, Mr. McLachlan also has the gift (it is no very common one) of conveying to us a sense of solidity, of actual physical weight, in the earth beneath it, and in the figures so carefully designed to be a very integral part of the scene into which they are introduced. Look at the earth, at the figures, for instance, in the "St. Geneviève de Paris"

only one here and there who can give us, if I may so say, the fine portraiture of a tree, the vitality and impressiveness of it.

Of the charm and subtlety of Mr. McLachlan's colour and tone, of a singular freedom observable always in his touch and handling, I make no more than this passing mention; for these are things of which the illustrations in the nature of the case can give but little or no record. The object of this notice, however, is attained if I have been able to call attention to and awaken proper interest in an artist whose works are replete with poetical feeling and the most delicate artistic qualities; whose artistic individuality, indeed, is of a rare order; and whose recognition, though fate may delay it yet for a while, I cannot but believe is finally secure.



Sir J.E. Millais Bart., R.A. pinxt.

H. Macbeth-Raeburn, sculpt.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

*(By permission of the Committee of the City Art Gallery, Manchester.)*





DESIGN FOR A TEMPLET.

(By E. Ingram Taylor.)

## ENGLISH "ARTS AND CRAFTS" FROM A FRENCHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW. IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY VICTOR CHAMPIEZ.

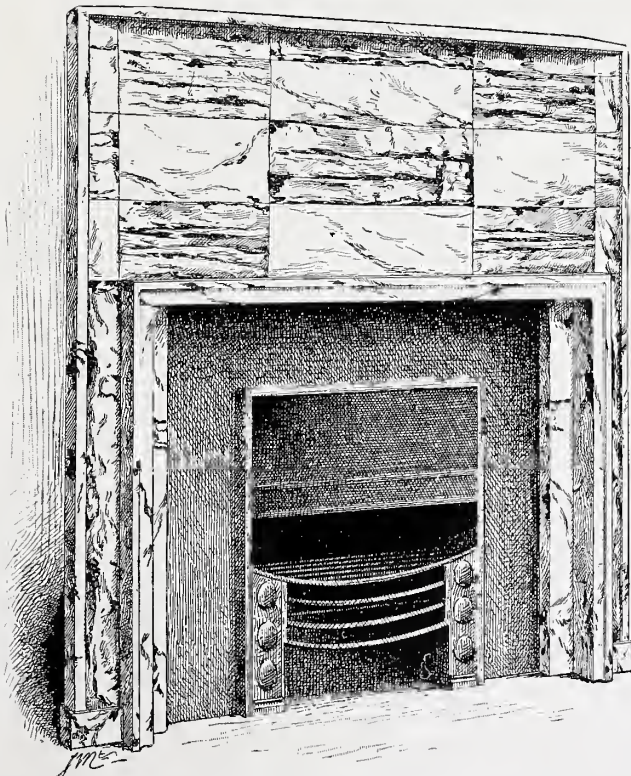
IN my first paper I stated in the briefest possible form the principles laid down by Messrs. Morris, Walter Crane, Lewis Day, and others of the Arts and Crafts Society. And I may now proceed to say that all the members devote themselves with exemplary zeal and talent to the support of these theories, in their writings, lectures, and works of art of every description. The last exhibition included five or six hundred objects. They were not restricted to work recently produced, for among them were compositions by D. G. Rossetti, and designs for windows and tapestry by Sir E. Burne-Jones and Mr. William Morris produced more than five-and-twenty years ago.

One room was wholly devoted to designs for the illustration of books. Here we were at once aware of the peculiar phase of feeling which now inspires so many English artists. Whether the matter in hand be woodcuts for modern tales, for children's books, or for more or less famous writers of the past, the effect always betrays a subtle archaic tendency, remotely suggested by the illuminated miniatures of the fifteenth century. There is an intentional simplicity, with a curious infusion of mysticism, that generally has

not its source in the subject, and which is therefore conventional and artificial. It is but fair to make special exception of Rossetti's drawings for the *Legend of the Sangreal*, the *Love of Dante*, the *Saint Cecilia*. These are really masterly works, full of deep poetry, admirably rendered, and of genuine and passionate feeling. The composition designed for Tennyson's poems, 1857, in which Saint Cecilia sits at the organ, her eyes modestly downcast, while a genius, in the form of a youth, kisses her brow, is a marvel of beauty. In another drawing we see her on her knees. What eager and thrilling fervour is revealed in the pretty movement of her figure under

the folds of the long draperies! Rossetti was an artist of the highest rank, and it is a pity that he should be so little known in France. But he was an exceptional being, and of the romantic period.

To return to contemporary English illustrators; their affected archaism is tainted with mannerism. For instance, Mr. Lewis Day exhibited six learned and highly-finished designs for tail-pieces and book-covers in a very pleasing Renaissance style: why, when called upon to compose a title-page for the catalogue of the British section at the Chicago Exhibition, did he adopt a



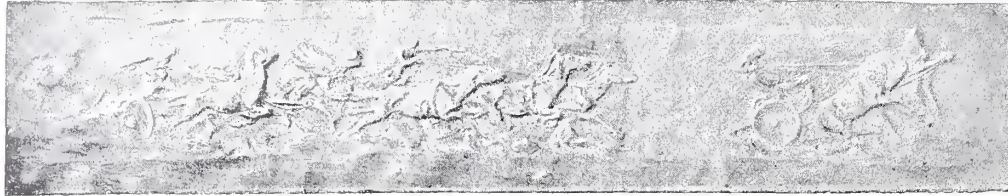
MARBLE CHIMNEYPIECE.

(Designed by W. R. Lethaby.)

in perfect harmony with the execution, and the science and technical skill of Mr. Morris are conspicuous in this great work. Among designs for stuffs, Mr. Lewis Day's are the most noteworthy; his individuality stamps everything he does.

English artists have, for the most part, a very

the most commonplace religious subjects, by their exquisite embodiment in the type of figures he has made his own. Can one ever forget, for instance—after having once seen—his three angels, Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael? Three impressive forms, full alike of all that is characteristic of English



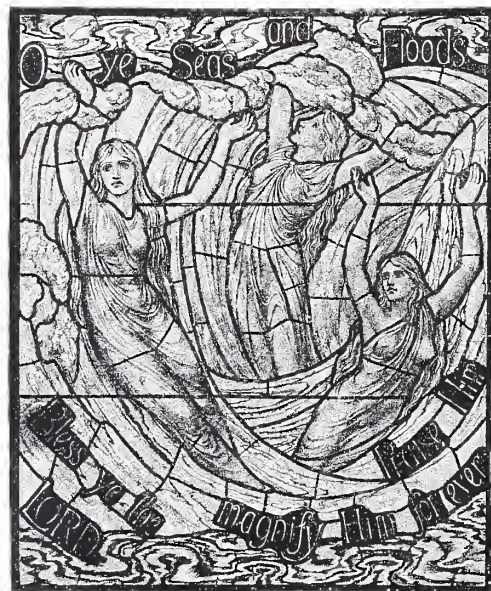
THE GOAL.

(By Gilbert Bayes.)

high opinion of their own work in glass window painting. They even believe in all sincerity that no nation can compete with them in this branch of art. It is certain that they display in it some very remarkable qualities and conspicuous feeling for the decorative treatment and use of coloured glass, though their use of it is generally a little monotonous and cold. In this branch of art the palm must undoubtedly be awarded to Sir E. Burne-Jones, who exhibited no less than seven or eight vast compositions—"The Martyrdom of Saint Stephen," "The Burning Bush," "The Arch-

art in its subtlest and most refined mood and of the witchery of Sir E. Burne-Jones's genius, which clothes all his creations with an exquisite grace—poignant, almost painful, so keenly does its expression pierce to the depths of our soul. It is, in fact, the mixture of the concrete with poetry, of human reality with the airiest conceptions, that is one of the conspicuous characteristics of English art.

As compared with the designs of Sir E. Burne-Jones, the other cartoons for glass were of minor interest. Some there were of high merit: those of Mr. Henry Holliday; "The Creation," for the Church



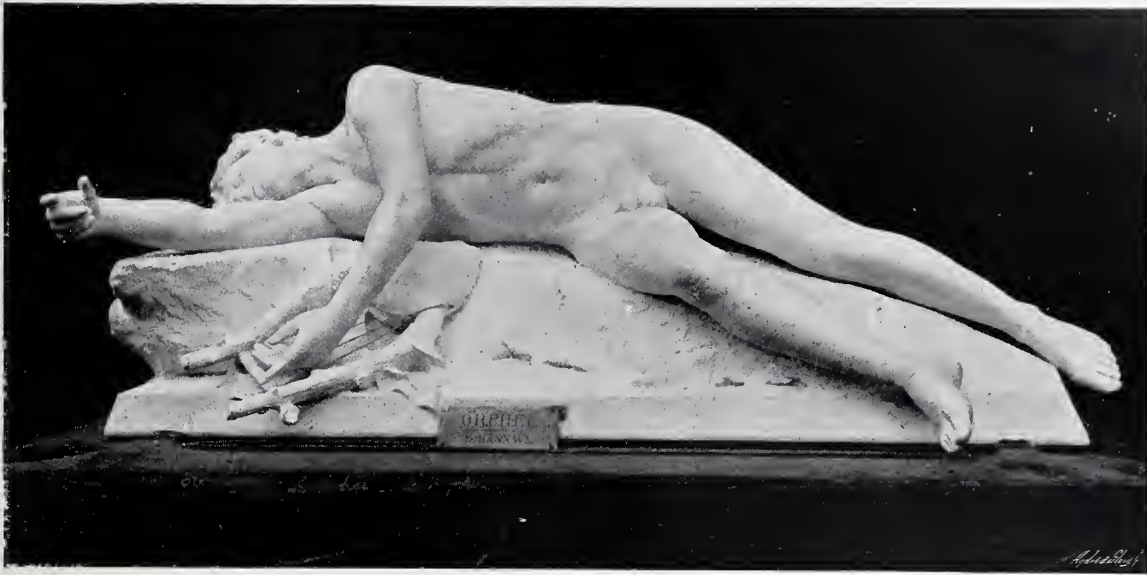
DESIGNS FOR STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.

(By Henry Holliday.)

angels Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael," "St. Paul at Athens," "Christ Blessing Little Children," in which this great artist, skilled in expressing the rarest subtleties of a poet's dream, gives new vitality to

of the Holy Saviour, of Mr. Walter Crane; "Christ Baptising Saint Peter," and "Christ and the Widow," of Mr. Selwyn Image, who has designed some windows for private houses of excellent effect.





ORPHEUS.

(By E. Hannaux. Champs Élysées Salon. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

## SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



THE exhibition of the Royal Academy this year sculpture represented an unusually imposing appearance, although the exhibits were fewer in number than usual. It would be unsafe, however, to infer from this that there was in 1894 an advance in the artistic standard corresponding to the excellence of the display as a whole, since a good number of the best works were old friends, and appeared now in their definitive shape, after having been brought forward on previous occasions in their preliminary plaster form. In some quarters there is a tendency to cry out against the arrangement which renders possible a second exhibition of works once seen already, but to me the practice seems an excellent one. In the first place, it often affords the artist an opportunity for further elaborating his conceptions, for giving a fuller realisation to what may have been merely sketched or loosely put together. In the second, it shows whether in the model, of which the plaster cast is in the

first place exhibited, the sculptor has duly had in view the all-important question of material, or has left it to chance and the purchaser to decide whether his work shall find its final expression in bronze or marble. The *statuarius*, or worker in bronze, appears to be getting the upper hand of the sculptor or worker in marble, and his advantage will probably go on increasing, until a system of modified polychromy akin to that of the Greeks of the golden period be adopted. The "white sugar-loaf" marble statue or bust, except as part of a vast scheme of monumental decoration, is becoming more and more difficult to place in a decorative *ensemble*, unless it be discreetly tinted like Gibson's "Tinted Venus," or delicately toned like Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful "Bust of a Girl" presently to be mentioned. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Mower" dates back some years now, but it acquires renewed interest now that it obtains its final expression as a bronze. Mr. Thornycroft was one of the first to see the element of sculptural classicity in the peasant types of Jean-François Millet, and this noble figure is the outcome of his sympathy with the art of the great French painter. A Belgian sculptor of great eminence, M. Meunier, has developed his art on the same basis, and fashions the labourer, the puddler, the artisan with a generalised yet forceful realism which does not exclude the finest rhythm, and a genuine classicity—in the better and wider sense of the word. In Mr. Thornycroft's "Mower," the dry, archaistic treatment of

the nude is as apparent as ever. Nevertheless it is of its kind a noble and complete performance of a type not too common in English art. The same epithets are, at least, as well deserved by this artist's admirable bronze statuette "Edward I," which, even in its actual reduced dimensions, has a repose, a monumental dignity, such as to cause us to regret more than ever that the fates have combined against its being carried out on a colossal scale.

With all its brilliancy, with all its inventiveness, Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Sketch-model of the Tomb of H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence" is not to me wholly satisfying. With its luxuriant beauty of detail, with its decorative and picturesque rather than monumental aspect, it lacks seriousness and concentration. It is not that the detail is everywhere profuse and splendid; for the Florentine, the Venetian, the Burgundian tombs of the fifteenth century are among the most elaborate monuments of the sculptor's as of the architect's skill. It is that the central idea does not sufficiently dominate the ornamentation with which it is overlaid, as it does in the best designs of the late Gothic and early Renaissance periods. There is great beauty in the bold sweeping movement of the angel who holds, poised over the head of the recumbent figure, a crown of the most sumptuous design, but it is beauty of the picturesque and momentary rather than the truly sculptural order. Wondrous and truly Gilbertian is the elaboration of the metal *grille*, or railing, which surrounds the tomb. The style appears here to be a mixture of Burgundian Gothic and early Renaissance, but on a closer examination it proves to be not exactly the one or the other, but more properly an assimilation of both, with an approach in some instances to natural rather than genuinely architectural forms.

Mr. Onslow Ford has rarely done better than this year, although his contributions may somewhat less than usual attract the eye of the casual observer. The least personal, the least successful thing he

sent is the full-length, "The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P.;" but then in such a work as this the formula is fixed beforehand, and success under the conditions imposed becomes difficult, if not impossible. The two bronze busts, "Walter Armstrong, Esq., Director of the Dublin National Gallery," and "Arthur Hacker, Esq., A.R.A.," are brilliant examples of realistic, living portraiture carried far, yet not too far. But the labour of love has evidently been the marble "Study of a Head," avowedly executed in the style of the Florentine *Quattrocento*, though far too living and true to be a slavish imitation of the fifteenth-century formula. In a performance so exquisitely subtle and reticent as this, and yet so virile and vibrating with life, the sculptor has evidently worked to satisfy himself rather than his public. Failing any present place in a metropolitan museum for a production of this exceptional quality, one should like to see it included in the collection of the Luxembourg, where English art is just now in the ascendant.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(By E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Royal Academy.)

The great group, "Perseus Rescuing Andromeda," by Mr. Henry C. Fehr, makes much the same indefinite impression in the bronze as it did in the plaster. The artist certainly displays some command over the technique of his art, but his design, with its superposition of the dragon on Andromeda, and of Perseus on the dragon, is, in my opinion, an unfortunate one. Inharmonious, too, in its structure, wanting in the eurythmy that should never be absent in monumental sculpture of such high pretensions, is Mr. Adrian Jones's "Rape of the Sabines."

Mr. W. Goscombe John's more than life-size statue, "St. John the Baptist," is a fine, austere conception of the Precursor in manhood—such a one as shows Donatello and Michelozzo to have been in the artist's mind. The physical form is here appropriately meagre and emaciated, but it might and should have been more suggestive of the suppleness which belongs to the living organism; while the

anatomy in certain passages requires explanation. The same artist's beautiful and now familiar "Morpheus" suffers, as now translated into bronze,



OBLIVION.

(By A. C. Lucchesi. *New Gallery.*)

year. Its attempt to give back what, if anything, is a dream-vision—one, however, which I shall not attempt to unravel—in all too human shapes of a studied naturalism, recalls the fantastic, half-realistic, half-idealistic French art of to-day, which has for the moment taken the place of realism pure and simple. Some passages of modelling show an increased familiarity with the difficult art of bas-relief, but the composition as a whole is too disjointed, too little expressive, while the facility shown is rather that of the modeller in clay than of the sculptor dealing with the more enduring and less tractable material. Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., in his daintily fashioned bust, "Dorothy, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Freeman," has given so undue a preponderance and weight to the luxuriant hair of his model as to crush and almost obliterate her delicate features. In the life-size statue, "Perseus Returning Victorious to the Gods," Mr. Charles Allen has not got far beyond an academic conventionality based on good Greek models. His "Design for a Door-Knocker—Fortuna" is an exquisite piece of decoration, based, no doubt, on the Venetian and

from a certain vagueness of modelling in some passages. Mr. A. Drury's group, "Circe," looks even better as a bronze than it did in plaster, and is certainly one of the most harmonious, one of the best balanced pieces of sculptural decoration produced of late years by an Englishman.

The strange upright bas-relief, "My Thoughts are my Children," by Mr. George J. Frampton, A.R.A., is a more definite expression of that pseudo-mysticism which coloured the "Mysteriarch" which he sent to the Academy last

Bolognese models of the sixteenth century, but thorough in workmanship, and charming in its perfect balance of line. In his two pendent statuettes, "Torchbearers," Mr. George Wade rebels against all preconceived notions of decorative art, even those which obtain with artists of the Rodin-Dalou school. The modelling of the unpleasantly protuberant little figures is excellent, but their fitness for purely decorative purposes remains unproved. The bronze and marble group, "Satan," by Countess Feodora Gleichen, is a clever effort for an artist who has been so short a time before the public. The seated figure of Lucifer, winged and clad in complete armour, even though it suggests somewhat the "Pensiero" of Michelangelo, is impressive; the little devil-amorini beneath his throne are an original invention; but the work as a whole is confused and spoilt by the speckled green marble chair, which is as ugly in colour, in relation to the rest, as it is unfortunate in design. There were not many more refined pieces of modelling in the Royal Academy this year than Mr. G. Nathorp's nude female bronze figure entitled "Knuckle-bones."

We have learnt by this time not to look for great things in the way of sculpture at the

New Gallery, though we cannot cease to regret that its charming atrium should be as scantily garnished as it generally is. A post of honour in the centre was this year occupied by Mr. George Frampton's



CIRCE.

(By Alfred Drury. *Royal Academy.*)

"Caprice," already exhibited in 1891 at the Royal Academy. The conception is a charming one, the



GODDESS GERD—THE NORTHERN AURORA.

(By George Simonds. *New Gallery.*)

slight nude figure which so appropriately embodies Caprice is so lightly poised on its feet as almost to float in the air; but in metal the by no means captivating personal characteristics of the model and the summary character of the modelling are more than ever apparent. Mr. A. C. Lucchesi's nude female figure, "Oblivion," has elegance and a certain happy unconventionality of pose; it is not, however, in other respects of any special significance. Mr. George Simonds's "Goddess Gerd—the Northern Aurora," shows him abandoning, to a certain extent, the neo-classic style which marked his earlier efforts, and approaching to the quasi-Florentine realism of the Gilbert and Onslow Ford school. A halo of luxuriant, radiating tresses surrounds the head of the northern goddess and appropriately symbolises her part in nature; the delicate form is finely realised, yet with a nearer approach to individualised nature than is necessary under the circumstances.

Hardly ever in recent years has the collection of sculpture in the Salon of the Champs Élysées been so conspicuously wanting in interest as on this last occasion. Hardly ever has the consummate execution, which is the rule rather than the exception in the French studios, so thinly veiled the emptiness, the absence of true underlying motive which marks nine-tenths of the clever productions destined to furnish forth the winter-garden of the Palais de l'Industrie. The modelling of the nude figure, both male and female, is so con-

summate, that success in this all-important branch of the sculptor's art does not any longer serve by itself to distinguish the artist from his fellows—at any rate in France. The higher success, the power to embody sculpturally a motive which shall impress itself as something distinctive and personal, not less on the mind than on the material vision of the spectator, appears in the great majority of instances to be denied to-day to the French sculptor of the more orthodox school. Something is to be attributed to the fact that the masters whose reputation is no longer in question take no particular pains to show their best at the Champs Élysées; much, also, to the vast quantity of sculpture and decorative work in the round that is annually put forth; much, again, to the split between the two bodies of French artists, which has transferred many workers eccentric, but new and vigorous, to the Champ de Mars.



ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

Carès. Champs Élysées Salon. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

Brilliantly successful is the full-length "Portrait de Meissonnier," by that most versatile of artists,

M. Frémiet, showing the physically little, great painter erect and vigorous in his studio clothes, holding the implements of his art. Nothing truer or more picturesque than this perfectly unexaggerated piece of modern realism need be desired. The great group "Au Champ d'Honneur," by M. Antonin Carlès, belongs to the type of the "Gloria Victis" and "Quand Môme," with which M. Merié has won so much popularity, but is less virile, less inspiring than these. M. Carlès forces his agreeable talent in such



J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

(By E. Frémiet. Champs Élysées Salon. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

subjects as this; he is at home when he has to express what is delicate and refined, but far less so when he strives to give form to the heroic in spirit and the colossal in dimensions. By far the most beautiful piece of sculpture in the Old Salon was M. Denis Puech's large marble high-relief "Nymphé de la Seine." The reproduction on p. 72 renders a detailed description of this captivating work unnecessary. Here, at least, we have consummate technique displayed, not, as in so many other instances, for its own sake, but to express a vivid and personal conception, and to express it as sculpturally as do the similar reliefs of the Louis Quatorze school and period, but less conventionally than these, and with just such a seasoning of modernity as to give piquancy and novelty to a well-worn subject. The laughing nymph is the Seine at Paris, and not at any other place in her course; her *espèglerie*, her elegance, cannot by any possibility typify the Seine of Rouen or Havre. Indeed, the low-relief background of Paris, with its domes and towers, is hardly wanted to emphasise the artist's meaning. Another unconventional and yet quite sufficiently sculptural relief is M. Barrias's "Nubiens," the subject of which is a naked Nubian

of athletic form spearing a crocodile which has attacked a youth, the group being appropriately completed by the figure of an affrighted woman carrying two infant children. This will acquire added significance when, executed in bronze, it takes its place among the adornments of the museum in the Jardin des Plantes. The "Orphée" of M. Hannaux, showing the sweet singer prone and dead, when the Mænads have worked their will on him, is a good academic performance, like many which have preceded and many which will follow it, but there can hardly be claimed for it higher rank than this.

It is, above all, in the art of the medallist and engraver that France has of late years shown the way to the whole world, reviving the glories of Pisanello and his followers, and giving to the portrait-medal an artistic and iconographic importance such as it has not possessed since the palmy days of the fifteenth century. Neither M. Chaplain—the *chef-d'école*, to whom the name of the modern Pisanello might not unfitly be given—nor his almost equally accomplished if less powerful rival, M. Roty, was this year represented at the Champs Élysées. There has arisen around these two consummate artists, as was inevitable in France, a whole host of clever imitators, and among these none is an abler or more finished craftsman than M. Henri-Auguste Patey, who, like the two protagonists of the style, has received the honours of the Luxembourg. His ease of medals, medallions, and plaquettes was the best display of the kind made at the Salon.



MÉLUSINE AND RAYMONDIN.

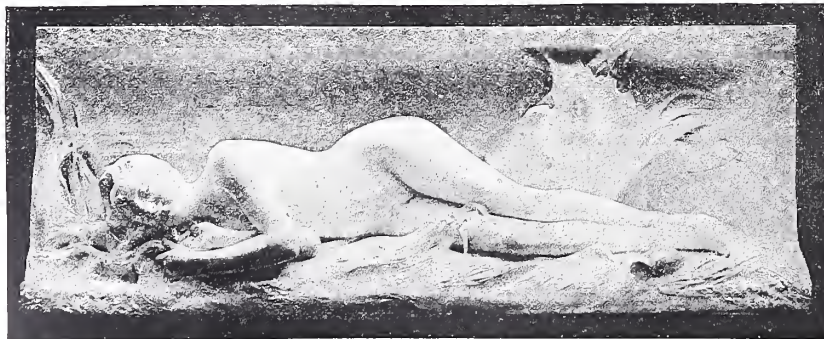
(By J. Dampé. Champ de Mars Salon. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

The extreme section of French sculpture has often been better represented than on this last occasion at the Champ de Mars. M. Rodin lurks

like Achilles in his tent, still working at his famous "Inferno Gates," his "Bourgeois de Calais," his "Victor Hugo" for the Panthéon. He is represented, or rather recalled, only in the wilful exaggerations by his imitators of a method which, least of all, will bear exaggeration. M. Dalou is Louis-Quatorzian, and not a little *banal* in the large relief "Le Progrès entraînant le Commerce." One feels somehow that he has not here cared to put forth his full strength and practised skill. Still his *banalité* is the case of the consummate artist, and it does not come amiss in monumental decoration of the ordinary type, such as this. M. Injalbert still continues to infuse a modern fury, a Rodinesque naturalism, into florid motives of the seventeenth century, based on the art of Bernini. One of his contributions was an "Esquisse d'un projet de monument à Molière;" another, a Bacchanalian relief, so brutally frank in the exposition of its motive, as to admit of no detailed description. Mr. Barnard, an American artist, evidently trained in France, shows singular power in the modelling, in bold and strained attitudes, of the nude male form. He has striven, by labelling his marble group with the pseudo-mystic title "Je sens deux hommes en moi," to impart to it, besides academic excellence, a certain esoteric significance. He convinces us of his skill as a craftsman, but not of his imaginative power. A thorough knowledge of the nude form, a powerful, virile style, are exhibited in the seated figure "L'Astronomie" of the Danish artist, M. Hansen-Jacobsen, which would have been more appropriately called "L'Astronome." The mystery, here again, lies in the quotation appended to the work, rather than in the conception of the work itself. That noblest of realists, M. Mennier, to whom—I have already said it—Jean-François Millet taught by example the place of modern man in art even of the highest order, was represented by the powerful high-relief in bronze, "L'Œuvre," with nearly life-

size figures of artisans and workers. This, though in one sense realistic, is, from another point of view, in virtue of its concentration and simplification, genuinely classical. M. Dampé is one of the most subtle and sensitive of the modern band gathered in the garden-gallery of the Champ de Mars. He pays his tribute occasionally, like the rest, to the rougher and more passionate side of modern realism, but can also show an almost feminine aspect of modernity, and even a vein of genuine romanticism. In this last mood he is seen in the beautiful little group, fashioned in steel, ivory, and gold, "La Fée Mélusine et le Chevalier Raymondin" (manuscript de Jehan d'Arras, 1387). Neither M. Saint-Marceaux, who was represented by his too voluptuous and hardly very significant nudity, "La Faute," nor M. Bartholomé, who sent several minor studies, was seen to such advantage as on some previous occasions. But by far the most original work produced by any French sculptor of the new school in 1894 is the scheme of decoration—destined apparently in its definitive shape to be carried out in carved wood—for the embellishment of a dining-room in the rustic style, by M. Jean Baffier. The chief feature of this is the fragment of a great chimney-piece with life-size supporting figures of modern peasants, male and female, and subordinate ornamentation which, while preserving unconventionalised natural forms of a corresponding character, approaches very nearly to the Gothic of the late fifteenth century.

It is in applied decorative sculpture such as this, and in the minor arts—if minor arts they be—of the medallist, the goldsmith and silversmith, the worker in glass, the enameller, the potter, that France is just now showing the *elan*, the vigorous effort to explore new ground, which in this moment of transition and pause is less evident in her contributions to sculpture pure and simple, and to monumental decoration in the round of the higher and more abstract order.



NYMPH OF THE SEINE.

(By Dennis Puech. *Champs Élysées Salon.* From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)



SERGEANT TANVIRAY.

“The Sergeant pressed the dead man’s hand, seized the flag and brought it back amidst the hail of bullets of which he was the target.”  
(From the *Printing* by Paul Grollman. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)







(Drawn by J. Walter West.)

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

**T**HE advance of Munich to the position of an art centre, second only to Paris upon the whole of the continent of Europe, is one of the remarkable art features of the day. The decline of Roman prestige was not more sudden than the rise of the Bavarian capital; and the position of Munich outvies that of Berlin and Düsseldorf in Germany as completely as Paris surpasses all other cities within the borders of France.

But this eminence of Munich, it must be understood, extends as yet only to her exhibitions; as a teaching university she has not yet risen to the height which may safely be predicted for her in the near future. The truth is, Munich—and Germany generally—is in a state of transition. She has awakened suddenly to the fact that sentimentality is not sentiment, nor prettiness beauty—that colour does not lie in colours, nor grace in softness. Just as action requires something more than attitude, character is not to be given by mannerism; and figure-painting that is made up of conventional grace, conventional flesh-painting, lighting, execution, and sentiment—land and seascape that speak only of the studio and the rule of thumb—could not fail in “this so-called nineteenth century” to prove their own absurdity, and work their own salvation.

The fact is that Germany, despite the extraordinary ability of several individual painters, had been playing the rôle of Rip Van Winkle. She had her 1830 just fifty years too late; and when she awoke in 1880 after a long æsthetic sleep, she found it necessary—as England had done before her—to call in the aid of French teaching to act as solvent to the petrification of her school. But French influence is often dangerous to the

artistic patient who is not strong enough to assimilate as he should the powerful tonic administered to him; and so Munich found it. The national vigour which had been hidden behind a paralysing, even though a national, conventionality, became not less enthralled within a casing of Gallic veneer and French polish. At length, with rare insight and rarer unanimity, the leaders of art realised whither their steps were tending, and moved thereto not a little by the example of independence of the English school, they, and their followers with them, determined to throw off all foreign influence and active affectation, and establish a school that should be worthy of their splendid ability and vindicate the national dignity. This may be said to have occurred half a dozen years ago. The change has been rapid, and it is now proceeding, rapidly and unerringly, towards the consummation of a great national school.

Were it not that the feeling for art is above “that peculiar form of meanness and selfishness called ‘patriotism,’” we might confess to no little pride at the part which English art has played in this German act of self-emancipation, as well as in the proofs of esteem frequently given by the artists and the authorities of Munich. In England, especially in Young England, do they see the great artistic nation of the immediate future; from their independence of spirit have they found, it seems to me, some encouragement and inspiration in their great act of renunciation and conversion. Their new Pinakothek gives proof of their esteem. Since Wilkie’s “Reading the Will” was hung in the gallery, no British work found entrance until, so to say, the other day; but within the last few years the municipality has spent considerable sums in acquiring characteristic pictures of such of our younger men whose work is in harmony with

their own artistic views. Amongst them Mr. G. F. Watts cannot strictly be included; but not even in his own country does our Grand Old Man of the art-world command greater admiration than he does in Bavaria, where his pictures are well known, and where his "Happy Warrior" remains to remind the people of the still greater works which they saw but a year ago. But here we find, too, Mr. Lavery's "Tennis Court," Mr. William Stott's "Bathing Place" and "Grandfather's Workshop," Mr. A. K. Brown's "Gareloch," and work by Mr. John R. Reid and Professor Herkomer; and this year Mr. Tuke's "Sailors Playing Cards" has been bought for the same destination. It was in 1890 that a Bill passed the Houses whereby a sum of £5,000 was to be annually applied to the purchase of pictures, foreign works not excluded, and thus it is that the English visitor is confronted by some of his latest friends. These pictures, it is true, sometimes find themselves in strange and incongruous company, for there seems to be no system whatever in the hanging of this National Gallery: but that they are there at all, and are valued and esteemed as powerful incentives to effort in the right direction, is the significant and gratifying fact.

But this is not the only, nor even the greatest, compliment offered to the art of England. The hospitality to the artists themselves is in the highest degree generous. In the two concurrent annual Salons at Munich (of which a word will be said later on), English works take an important part in the sum total of the exhibitions, both by reason of number and general tone of feeling. In the "Crystal Palace"—the old institution occupying towards the other body, the Secessionists, much the relative artistic position to be found in Paris between the Old Salon and the New—were no fewer than 150 oil-pictures and forty-three works in other mediums; while at the Secessionists' were forty-seven oil-pictures and fifty-five other works. The annual collection of works from our English artists in numbers such as these involves considerable trouble and expense. Herr Max Nomenbruch, an artist of distinction and of great popularity, gives up every spring three months of his time, without fee or reward (other than such formal recognition as he may receive from his Prince Regent), in order to secure the fair representation of English and Scottish artists, and provide for their proper display in Munich; and others are entrusted with a similar mission in France, in Holland, in Belgium, in Italy, and in Austro-Hungary. So far as the English section is concerned, between £600 and £700 are paid annually for carriage and insurance, for artists

are put to no expense; and in one year, out of a total of sales amounting to more than £60,000 in the whole exhibition, a large proportion was spent in the English section alone. In ordinary years about £2,000 worth of English pictures are purchased here every year. And for this service no other reward is asked than the favour of the artists' contributing next year as well—for the Society is rich, and makes no charge on the artist of any kind, looking to its 100,000 visitors for its main sustenance. And if—as in the great cholera year a short time since—unusual circumstances produce a deficit on the year's budget, the Prince Regent and the Municipality cover it at once without regret and without debate.

Although the Society and its exhibition are under the patronage of the Government, neither it nor the Royal Academy of Munich (the teaching body) has any concern in the management of the exhibition. Thus the Society, many of whose members are professors of the Academy, is entirely free from the responsibility of supporting schools: while, on the other hand, their works are all subject to the judgment of the jury, and are as liable to rejection as any outsider's. In the result, therefore, the British and other invited artists are accorded a privilege which their hosts themselves do not enjoy; and I myself have seen the works of well-known foreign artists, who had not received the favour of a special invitation, rejected with remorseless impartiality after they had been sent from distant countries at their owners' expense.

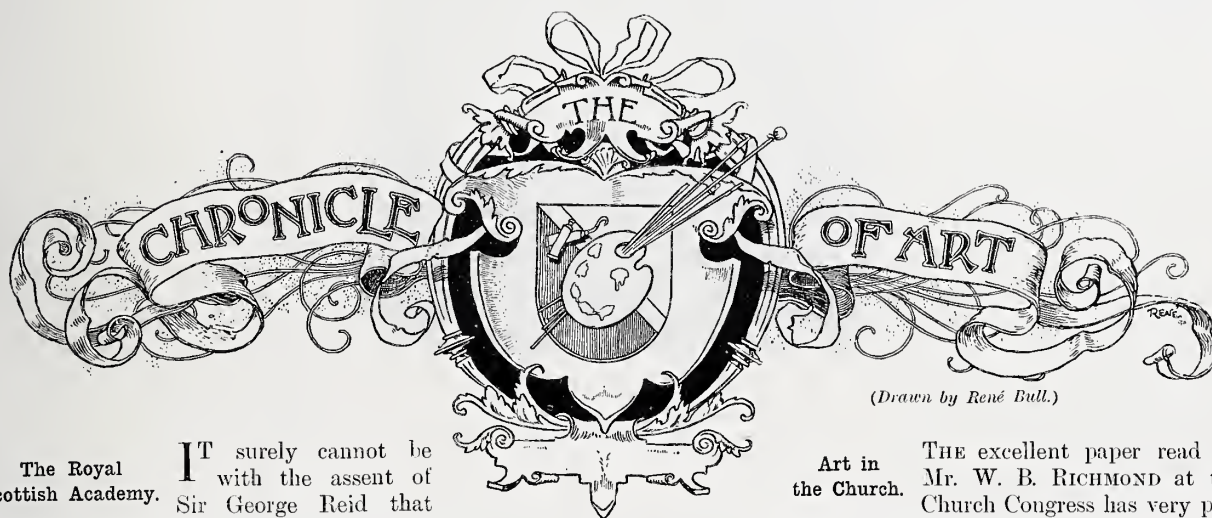
The circumstances of the great schism which split up the artistic community of artists into two sections need hardly be gone into now. There certainly was a little personal friction, yet it centred rather on a question of artistic policy. But as no commercial element ever entered into the question at all, and as the artistic difference of high policy has practically disappeared—for all that, canvases are received at the Secessionists' which would rather astonish even the members of the New English Art Club—it is hoped by the friends of both parties that, thanks to the all-round raising of the artistic standard, and through the elimination of personal feud, the two sections may ultimately become re-united. Meanwhile nothing, so far as a stranger can see, could exceed the friendliness and cordial relations of the enemies.

Into whichever building the visitor may wander, he will be immediately struck by the technical excellence of the hanging, and the splendid opportunities offered for the display of any talent in that direction which the committee may possess. Especially is this the case in the "Crystal Palace."

This building contains about as many works as may be seen in our Royal Academy, while its extent is probably four-fold at the very least. Large open courts, fountains playing among the sculpture, rooms with *velaria* so arranged that in some the light is strong, in others dim, according to the necessities of the pictures displayed—these are conditions that would be sufficiently appreciated by any ordinary London gallery-goer; but when to these advantages are added, in most rooms, a single line of pictures with plenty of space between each, and beyond, at his journey's end (when he has gone through the galleries, each properly accorded to the different countries as in an international exhibition), a restaurant, and a garden outside in which to rest his body and refresh his eyes—he is apt to return to his own country impressed with the superiority with which these things are ordered in Munich.

Of the native art itself, we have in a sense taken the measure. It is strongly on the upward grade, and must very soon "arrive." The superficial observer cannot help noticing how Prince Bismarck seems to pervade German art in all its sections; how coloured sculpture—coloured to represent life in a way to make the despair of Monsieur Tussaud—has not loosened its grip on the mind of the Bavarian modeller; and how the taste for painting in miniature in the manner of Seiler, and even of Gerard Dow, seems to govern a considerable section of the picture-market of Germany. But the more serious student will look deeper, and while gladly acknowledging the generosity of the men of Munich, will rejoice in the promise of a great revival.

[For illustrations of works by Munich artists, see the Continental Supplement to THE MAGAZINE OF ART, "European Pictures, 1894."—ED.]



(Drawn by René Bull.)

**The Royal Scottish Academy.** IT surely cannot be with the assent of Sir George Reid that the Royal Scottish Academy seeks in a supplementary charter to obtain powers whereby its members should forfeit their membership if they exhibit with any other body in the City of Edinburgh? It may doubtless be mortifying to a powerful society—distinguished as it is and venerable, too—to find its members contributing their best works under strange roofs; but the means proposed wherewith to combat the difficulty is reactionary in the extreme. The Royal Academy of London and other bodies long ago abandoned that policy as a weak, oppressive, and ineffective one; and the adoption of it cannot in the long run prove of service to any public body, nor stem the defection from which it is suffering. The Royal Scottish Academy has been passing through difficult times of late, and for that reason its friends are the more anxious that it should not make a false step.

whereby its which it was specially composed.



THE LATE CHARLES ROCHUSSEN.

**Art in the Church.** THE excellent paper read by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND at the Church Congress has very properly aroused attention in the quarter for to respectful consideration in this matter than he, by reason of the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice he has brought to his work in St. Paul's; and few more vigorous protests have in recent years been addressed to the general public. But as long as the minister of a church has supreme control he will turn for assistance from the architect to the "ecclesiastical firm," just as the poor turn from the doctor to the chemist; and so long as builders masquerade as architects, both in the press and in the profession, and impose themselves upon an ignorant public, so long will the degraded condition of so-called ecclesiastical art and decoration continue. In the matter of glass-painting alone, we need only point to Mr. STACY MARKS'S book for revelations as to the dodges employed.

**Exhibitions.** THE "Fair Women" Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery has enjoyed a length of existence and a prosperity greater than that of which any similar exhibition of the present day can boast. The promoters have, fortunately, been able to replace the important works which were withdrawn at the end of the summer season by others not less important, and at least as attractive. Thus a masterpiece by REMBRANDT, Lord Wantage's "Portrait of an Old Lady," now appears in the Octagon Room. It is erroneously described as a "Portrait of the Artist's Mother." Between this last and the famous "Femme à l'Eventail," from Buckingham Palace, appears (lent by Mrs. Ellice) a "Jewish Bride," attributed by many connoisseurs to Rembrandt, but failing in the dangerous vicinity of the two great pictures mentioned to vindicate its right to the name. It is a school replica of the originals at the Hermitage and in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. The superb "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" of Sir JOSHUA GRAYES graces the great Music Room, but is, somehow, not seen to the best advantage. Sir Charles Tennant lends an inferior version of the irresistible "Mrs. Jordan as the Country Girl," belonging to Baron F. de Rothschild, and "Lady Derby" (*sic*), also by ROMNEY. One of the most beautiful portrait-studies by this master is Lord de Grey's "Mrs. Willett," and another important canvas from the same brush, "Lady Paulett," is sent by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Fresh, brilliant, and a little crude, as are apt to be the LAWRENCEs of the earlier time, is the "Lady Castlereagh" lent by the Marquis of Londonderry. Another important Lawrence, later and much more mannered, is the group "Mrs. Macguire and Arthur Fitzjames." A charming HOPNER, making some amends for many which have been removed, is the half-length "Lady Cunliffe." Among the modern pictures we find the interesting and pathetic "Portrait of a Lady" by RICARD, "The Countess Deym" by that fashionable and conventional German portrait-painter, F. VON KAULBACH, "The Duchess of Westminster" by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, and several studies from the brush of Mr. WATTS, including the beautiful "Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford (Miss Duff Gordon)." Finally we have Mr. J. S. SARGENT's splendid "Lady Agnew," not the least masterly of the gifted Anglo-American's portraits, and certainly the one which has most taken the English public.

Manchester and Liverpool have shared between them this autumn all that was best at the London spring displays, the various works being seen at much greater advantage in the better-lighted and less-crowded walls of the provincial cities. To Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., was entrusted the hanging at Manchester, a duty of which he acquitted himself admirably. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the many names of works already discussed; but most important amongst the new pictures was a splendid marine picture by Mr. THOMAS SOMERSCALES, a

study, of course, of the sapphire plains of the open Pacific called "Opportunity for Letters"—a large iron barque with boat lowered, laying-to, whilst a frigate under full sail comes flying over the waves towards her. The surprise, perhaps, of the gallery was Mr. STANHOPE FORBES's "The Quarry Team," which, hung in a fine light in the post of honour, displays technical excellence and a unity of sentiment in figures, sky, and landscape which could only be suspected in London. Two romantic pictures by Mr. ALLAN STEWART, "Prince Charlie's Last Look at Scotland," and "Maclean of Duart and a Captain of the Armada," made us wish that this artist would oftener exhibit south of the Tweed. Of Continental art, which made so brave a show last year, there was no example.

At the Burlington Gallery Mr. E. M. JESSOR has been exhibiting a collection of silver-points illustrating "Royal Pets." The drawings are executed in a manner that leaves little to be desired, and as the subjects were sketched from life at Windsor and Sandringham, they serve as an interesting record of the pets of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. We reproduce one of the drawings on page 78.

WATANABE SEITEI, one of the last of the old school of artists of Japan, has, while allowing himself to be sensibly influenced by European sentiment and style, learned better than any other contemporary artist how to retain the vaporous grace and artistic impressionism of the Japanese tradition intact. Nothing has, perhaps, produced a more deplorable influence in the modern

art of Japan than the establishment in the capital of Japan of an art school under the direction of an extremely accomplished but somewhat vacillating chief, Mr. Okakura. The pictures selected to display the latest results of the teaching of the Uyenó School at the World's Fair at Chicago were distressingly and despairingly hideous. Among them, however, there stood out conspicuously two fine kake-monos by Watanabe Seitei, who has refused to be influenced by an art-system wholly foreign to the character and traditions of Japanese painting, and has made his chief concession to the demands of Europe by modifying the form and shape of his canvas, or, rather, his silk and paper, on which he paints. Mr. Larkin has been fortunate in securing a complete series of Watanabe's latest productions for his gallery. He has succeeded in more than one place in giving the effects of curved surfaces by delicate variations of tone. His "Cockerels" is perhaps the finest reproduction of the bird yet seen. In "Rocky Coast" he has gone beyond the ordinary limits of Japanese painting, which are rarely adequate to the delineation of a stormy sea; while impressionist study of form and colour could hardly go farther than in his dainty and fluffy feathering of the "Dove on a Bough." The whole series may be heartily commended as excellent specimens of a delicate art which is so inimitable it may well be hoped



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

(By Jan A. Van Ravesteyn. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

that it will not be sacrificed by the clumsy imitation of a European school which has nothing in common with it. The pictures of Kawason shown at the same exhibition are much more laboured and elaborate, but far less effective.

**Reviews.** Mr. RYAN, in his "*Egyptian Art: an Elementary Handbook for the Use of Students*" (Chapman and Hall), tells us that he has been "Head Master of the Ventnor School of Art," that is to say a member of a category of whom it has been sarcastically, as well as justly, said that immediately on his appointment everyone of its constituents glorifies himself and his function by setting to work to write a book. The subject of these labours is, so far as the majority of the writers is concerned, perspective. This fact accounts for the prodigious number of "handbooks," "easy-guides," and "treatises" about the little science which have appeared with the recent development of that system of popular education which includes, under the name of "art," mere drawing of the crudest and most rudimentary kind. According to this, every little boy and girl who attempts to delineate pot-hooks and hangers is called a "student," and counts for at least one in securing grants of money out of the purses of middle-class taxpayers. It is not perspective alone which has occupied the leisure of the gentlemen who take themselves thus seriously; some affect the production of drawing copies, which, being generally bad, do infinite harm to the unlucky "students" who copy them; while others burst forth in lectures, essays, and histories of art. To the last-named category Mr. Ryan belongs, and, by publishing the book before us, proves himself to be by no means the least courageous of his class, while he is certainly one of the most unlucky of that host whose attempts, manifesting themselves in literary forms, it has been our lot to read. Mr. Ryan begins by saying that, as what he calls the general public needs instruction, he proposes to place before teachers, professors, and

schoolmasters a digest of art-knowledge, to be imparted in lectures to their pupils. As a model for lectures of this sort, which, by the way, are the worst means of imparting sound knowledge, the "Head-Master" issued the book



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

(By A. Elsheimer. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

before us, and, to that end, selected what he comprehensively names "the Egyptian style." By this phrase, as he says but little of the style as such, he evidently means the history of Egyptian art at large. Had he been competent, Mr. Ryan might have added one more to the series of popular handbooks which, for many years past, the authorities of South Kensington have issued, the works of able and experienced artists and antiquaries. The case, however, is otherwise. Following a condescending account of his views in respect to the preparation and use of handbooks such as this, Mr. Ryan, whose courage is his forte, proceeds to deal with the Pyramids, which he describes as the work of a people who are "supposed by some to have been particularly serious." The fact is, let us say, that the relics of the Egyptians affirm them to have been one of the gayest, most energetic and brilliant races, in many respects not unlike the French of the eighteenth century. The compiled account before us of the Pyramids is accurate enough, so far as it goes, but the compiler surely nodded when he omitted to tell us of what material those stupendous monuments were constructed, albeit a lecturer, to say nothing of the Head Master of a School of Art, ought surely to have pointed out how much architecture and sculpture depend upon the materials upon which they are exercised. Elsewhere Mr. Ryan is confused and confusing about the use of the word "stone," which he seems to apply to granite, greenstone, basalt, and limestone indefinitely, although nothing can be plainer than the fact that what is good art in limestone is bad art in granite, worse in basalt, and worst in the hardly workable greenstone and syenite. The author (p. 23) does not



ST. JOHN LEADING THE VIRGIN FROM THE TOMB.

(By W. Dyce, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

we are left uncertain how much Mr. Ryan knows of this part of his subject. That he fails to understand its importance in art, not less than in regard to the political, social, and religious life of the Egyptians, a phase of which their art is the best, if not the sole exponent and record, is manifest to all who read this text.

The West Highlands Railway Co. recently sent an artist up into the Highlands with a roving commission to make drawings; and in a book under the title of "*Mountains, Moor, and Loch,*" his work is brought together and, with descriptive text, is published by Sir Joseph Causton and Sons. Though only an advertisement, it is a book that might lie on any table, and be read with interest by any intending traveller to far Lochabar. One would like to know the name of the artist who made the illustrations, but, with scant fairness to him, his identity is entirely suppressed.

The appearance of "*Lika Joko*" is an event of considerable importance in the world of black-and-white, quite apart from those of journalism and humour. The most striking feature, apart from its excellent printing, is the extraordinary versatility Mr. FURNISS has revealed in its pages—he is not only himself, but Mr. Whistler, Mr. Phil May, Richard Doyle, and the chap-book illustrator of the last century. His vigour, imagination, and facility as a cartoonist of the front rank, justify the venture on which he has embarked.

The catalogue of the "Old Glasgow" Exhibition, which has been held recently in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, is a bulky volume of nearly 500 pages, which is in reality a summary of the city's history. The compilation of such a work must have involved incalculable labour, and reflects no mean credit on the Secretary of the Institute, Mr. ROBERT WALKER, who has borne the brunt of the burden. Besides a list of portraits of Glasgow worthies, views of the city, objects of interest, MSS., the catalogue includes a list of books which have been printed in Glasgow from the seventeenth century to the beginning of the present, and Glasgow periodicals and newspapers. Copious indices at the end of the book add greatly to its value.

**New Engravings.** Messrs. Aitken, Dott and Son, of Edinburgh, have recently published a photo-

seem to understand why, dealing with the more intractable of these materials, the Egyptians affected what he, by hardly a happy term, calls "sunk-reliefs." The decorations, inscriptions and what-not which are cut in *intaglio* on the surfaces of the temples, their façades and columns, seem to be indicated where he says "this sunk method was preferred in the great Theban time, greatly to the loss of the style." He ought to have known that the Egyptians preferred this method because to carve in *cameo*, or relief, the hard materials which were at their hands, by cutting away the backgrounds from the decorations, would have added prodigiously to the labour of the artisans, while, by executing these ornaments in *intaglio*, that labour was not half so much, and, at the same time, the all-prevailing sun himself, casting his shadows into the sunk spaces, made such enrichments at once clearer and more effective than reliefs would have been, and left almost unbroken those huge and smooth wall spaces, whose grand simplicity is the glory of Egyptian architecture. It is difficult to understand what the author means (p. 21) when, writing of the "smaller tombs," *i.e.* those less vast than the Pyramids, and mentioning a "well" (by which we presume excavated shaft is intended), he tells us, "The well is often hidden under the side walls; the pyramid being only a development of the well." In the next page or two a few sentences are given which indicate, without illustrating or expounding it, the existence of that wonderful phase of Egyptian art which, preceding the hieratic and intensely conventionalised style most readers know as "Egyptian" *per se*, affirmed that, long before the rigid, architectonic, and symbolic mode was enforced by custom, if not by law, a highly vitalised, naturalistic, and free mode obtained with results which are as different as may be imagined from those of the hieratic types. The fact is,



"COCKIE."

(From the *Silver-point* by Ernest M. Jessop in his Collection of "Royal Pets.")



THE CHALLENGE.

(By Watanabe Seitai. Exhibited at Mr. Larkin's Gallery.)

graveure of a water-colour drawing by HENRY KERR, A.R.S.A., entitled "The Minister's Man." It is a subject which will interest those acquainted with kirk life, and is treated in a strong manner; but the plate is far too large for what, after all, is an unimportant work.

We congratulate the Art Union of London on their plate this year—the best they have issued for several seasons past. The picture selected is the extraordinarily popular picture—"The Silver Dart," by Mr. CLAYTON ADAMS; and this has been brilliantly etched by Mr. DAVID LAW in a manner equal to anything that has come from his hand. Mr. Law's method is well known; he uses his needle to produce the effect of a burin, and by adroit stopping-out and re-biting he has placed before us what has much the appearance of an elaborate steel line-engraving. Whether or not this is legitimate, we need not again enquire; it is at least as legitimate as the work of certain French etchers who obtain the effect of stipple-engraving and of mezzotint by sole aid of needle and aquafortis. In any case, this plate of Mr. Law's (in which, by the way, he appears purposely to have sacrificed some of the transparency of the picture—and with advantage) will certainly tend to restore much of the popularity of the Art Union.

**Miscellanea.** A MONUMENT has been erected to JULES DUPRÉ at L'Isle Adam, where the artist resided for fifty years.

Mr. HOLMAN HUNT has been appointed Romanes Lecturer at Oxford for 1895.

The recent acquisitions of the New South Wales Fine Arts Society include four works of the English school and eleven foreign.

Sir JOHN GILBERT has presented his two paintings, "The Baggage Waggon" and "Keston Common, Kent," to the Blackburn Corporation Gallery.

The memory of Shelley has been further honoured by the erection of a monument on the shore at Viareggio. The bust which crowns the work is by the Florentine sculptor, Professor LUCCHESI.

The statement which has appeared in many papers to the effect that M. DE MUNKACSY's famous ceiling-painting of "Arpad," executed for the Hungarian Parliament House, had been rejected on account of antiquarian blunders, is entirely untrue.

The famous Government prosecution of the Prince Sciarra for having sold certain of his pictures out of Italy has come to a conclusion. The court holds that no indemnity is due from him to the State, and has fined him the paltry sum of £72.

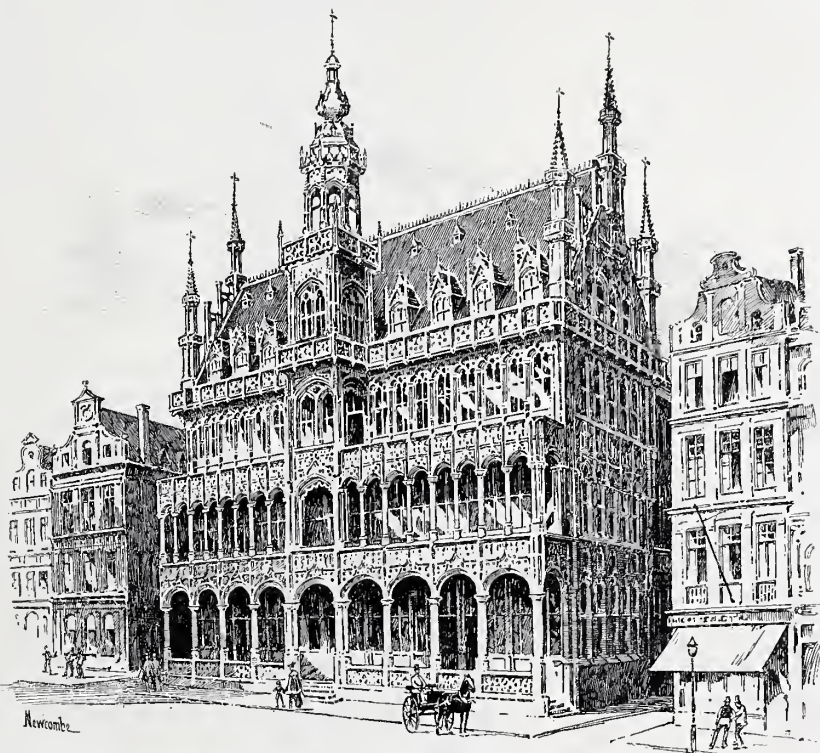
Great efforts are being made to render the International Art Exhibition of Venice a success. Though we are sceptical as to any substantial benefit likely to accrue to English artists, it is to be hoped that for the credit of the national art they will respond to the appeal of the promoters.

We gladly recognise the public spirit of Mr. J. L. Thorneycroft in wishing to raise to the memory of Boadicea a group by the late Mr. THOMAS THORNEYCROFT (who must

not be confounded with the distinguished Royal Academician); but we should have preferred to see a little more vigour and harmony in the composition. We are not enamoured of the scheme.

An Exhibition of Arts and Crafts is announced to be held in April next, at the City Art Gallery, Manchester. The exhibition will include specimens of all kinds of decorative and applied arts, and the committee invite the co-operation of employers, trade guilds, and all interested in furthering the improvement of artistic industries. Prospectuses of the exhibition can be obtained from the curator of the gallery.

We regret to learn that Mr. E. BACH and Miss HEWETT



THE MAISON DU ROI, BRUSSELS, AS RESTORED.

(From a Photograph belonging to M. Piquet, President of the Société Centrale d'Architecture de Belgique. Drawn by A. E. Newcombe.)

consider that the remarks on pp. xlv and xlvi of our issue of October last (in reference to artists' "ghosts") to be pointed at them; and they give an emphatic denial to the truth of the assertions therein contained, so far as they are concerned. We accept their disclaimer the more readily as we had no intention whatever of referring to them, and no knowledge that they were painting in the gallery. None the less do we sincerely regret any annoyance they may have suffered in consequence of the paragraph in question.

The awards to English artists at the Antwerp Exhibition are as follows:—The *diplôme d'honneur* (the highest award) is bestowed upon Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., who exhibited "The Last Rose of Summer," and a landscape; Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., and Mr. W. W. OULESS, R.A. The former was represented by his "Corner of Sir F. Leighton's Studio" and the portrait of "Dr. Joachim," and the latter by his well-known "Portrait of Cardinal Manning." To Sir E. BURNE-JONES, MESSRS. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., and HENRY MOORE, R.A., are awarded first-class medals. From all the reports, however, which we have received, we find that it is Sir Edward and Mr. Moore who have made the greatest impression.

We reproduce on this page one of a pair of silver vases which have been presented to the Marquis of Breadalbane by his tenantry on the occasion of his investiture with the Order of the Garter. They were designed by Mr. DAVID MACGREGOR, of Perth, and executed by Messrs. Wakely and Wheeler, of London. Each stands 25 inches in height, and is mounted on a granite pedestal. They are richly engraved with bands of oak-leaves and acorns, and have four panels representing "Taymouth Castle," "The Royal Flotilla on Loch Tay in 1842," "Kilchurn Castle," and "Loch Tulla House," and are good specimens of modern silver-smiths' work.

In THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1893 (p. 106) we published an illustration of the ancient Maison du Roi, Brussels, as it stood for many years, and we now have pleasure in reproducing a photograph of the building as it has been restored under the direction of M. JAMAER, the city architect. The building was erected originally between 1515 and 1525, the architect being Henri Van Pede, the *hôtels de villes* at Oudenarde, Louvain, and Furnes being of the same style—flamboyant Gothic—and period. The Maison du Roi which stands in the Grande Place, Brussels, has now been restored to somewhat of its pristine beauty, and well repays the eighteen years' patient labour which the work of restoration has demanded.

We reproduce several pictures which have recently been hung in the National Gallery. The "Portrait of a Lady," by JAN A. VAN RAVESTIJEN, was presented by Mr. A. Fowell Buxton, and hangs in Room 12 (No. 1,423). The example of A. ELSHEIMER, "Tobias and the Angel" (No. 1,424), was bequeathed by Mr. Samuel Sandars. No. 1,426 is a splendid work by Mr. DYCE, R.A., entitled "St. John Leading the Virgin from the Tomb;" it was presented to the Gallery by someone who prefers to remain unknown, and hangs in Room 19. In addition to these are two works presented by Miss Ellen Sansom, which have been hung in Room 20—"A Portrait of Mr. Sansom," by Sir T. LAWRENCE (No. 1,413), and a portrait of Mr. Sansom as a child, the work of R. WESTALL, R.A. (No. 1,414). The Earl of Northbrook has lent a "Holy Family" by SEBASTIANO LUCIANI, which is hung in Room 7.

The gentleman who edits the trade-paper called the *Builder* (a paper which also deals in a manner with architecture) writes emotionally in respect to our having noted that the architectural press, usually alive to any printed word bearing upon this profession, had maintained silence on the subject of the revelations published in this Magazine on the subject of architectural "ghosts." In the course of remarks expressed with more than ordinary offensiveness,

the editor admits the gist of our charge and explains that, in point of fact, his views agree with our own. We are glad to have this assurance, but regret to see that, although "the rise of designing and drawing by proxy has been a constant subject of comment in this journal for years," that journal has succeeded in exercising so little influence among its readers. He suggests, too, that "the more serious vice of signing a *design* made by another man belongs more to the old than to the new generation." First remarking that the signing of another man's design is no more "serious" than adopting it unsigned (for whether a man forges your name for ten pounds or steals it from you in another way he is equally a thief), we may state that from assurances received by some of the leading architects upon this very subject, it is obvious that the *Builder's* assertion is incorrect.

**Obituary.** The death has occurred suddenly, at Paris, of M. NORBERT GENEUTE, painter and engraver. Born in 1854, he attracted attention first in 1876 with his two works, "En Classe" and "Le Boulevard de Clichy par la Neige." He painted principally pictures taken from Parisian life and views in suburbs of Paris, and was engaged on a picture for the next Salon when seized with his fatal illness. He leaves a large number of engravings upon which he has been engaged for many years.

ALFRED ALEXANDRE DELAUNEY, the well-known

French etcher, has recently died at Nanteuil-sur-Marne in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born at Gonville (Manche) in 1830. He commenced work at twelve years of age in his uncle's shop, and at twenty began his artistic career. In 1870 he exhibited at the Salon his first etching of importance, a view of St. Peter's Church, Caen, for which he was awarded the *première médaille*. After this he executed a series of etchings of forty other churches, which included Notre Dame, Paris, and Westminster Abbey, besides many views of Old Paris.

CHARLES ROCHUSSEN, who recently died at the age of eighty, was one of the most eminent of modern Dutch artists. He devoted himself mostly to painting pictures of great historical events of his own country. Among his most important works are—"The Water-Beggars of 1874," "The Battle of Castricum," and "The Battle of Malplaquet." He also illustrated successfully a series of volumes of Dutch poets.

We have also to record the deaths of Madame RICARD-CORDINGLEY, the young French marine painter, and of the Dutch painter, M. GERRIT POSTMA.

At the moment of going to press we hear with regret of the death of Mr. P. G. HAMERTON.



THE BREADALBANE PRESENTATION VASE.  
(Designed by David Macgregor, Perth.)



## ALFRED EAST, R.I.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG.

IN his volume on the Barbizon School of Painters, Mr. Thomson quotes a letter from Corot to Mr. G. Graham, in which he describes the feelings of a landscape-painter at work. "It is charming," he writes, "the day of the landscapist. He rises early, at three in the morning, before the sun; he sits down at the foot of a tree and looks and waits. He does not see much at first. Nature is like a white table-cloth, where he can hardly trace the profiles of the masses. Everything is scented, everything trembles with the fresh breeze of the dawn—Boum! The sun shoots above the horizon, but the mist which hides the valley, the fields, the distant hills, has yet to be dispersed. The night vapours still float like clouds over the benumbed grass. Boum! Boum! A first ray from the sun—



ALFRED EAST, R.I.

(From a Portrait by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.)

and a second. The little flowers awake joyously. Each has its dewdrop, which trembles, and their leaves shudder in the morning breeze. In the trees the invisible birds are chirping . . . as yet he sees nothing, but everything is. The landscape is quite hidden, although it is there, behind the transparent veil of mist which rises—rises continually—absorbed by the sun, and at last lets him see the river, like a blade of silver, with the fields, the trees, the cottages, the distance flying from him. He distinguishes at last all that he had guessed before," and then, when the day grows to its full, we have the thoughts which glance through the mind as he works. "The sun has risen—a peasant crosses the end of the field with his cart drawn by two oxen—that is the tinkle of the bell-wether—everything glistens brilliantly in the purple light.

The simple lines and harmonious tones of the background are lost in the infinite expanse of sky, are bathed in a breezy and azure air. The flowers

hold up their heads, the birds fly hither and thither; a countryman on a white horse is soon lost among the trees—the small round willows mark the windings of the river. It is all adorable, and then one paints—paints! Oh! the beautiful chestnut cow, steeped to the belly in the marshy grass! I will paint her—crack! There she is—splendid! I wonder what this peasant will say to her, who stands watching, but is too shy to approach? 'I say, there, Simon!' Good, here is Simon, coming to look. 'Well, Simon, what do you think of that?' 'Oh, really, monsieur, it is very beautiful.' 'And do you see what I mean

it for?' 'I think so, monsieur; you have just put in a big yellow rock!'

"Boum! Mid-day; the sun burns the earth—everything becomes heavy and grave. The flowers hang their heads, the birds are quiet, the noises in the village reach us where we sit. Let us go in. There is no more to see. Let us go to the farm and lunch off bread, fresh butter, eggs, cream, and ham. After lunch I will dream my picture, and later on will paint it."

Could the genesis of a natural landscape be more vividly described? The painter lying in wait for Nature, accepting the impressions she gives, digesting them, and then sallying forth to realise his dream, with the fact before him to prevent the dream from becoming too dreamlike. Here we have art and nature each fulfilling its true function,

impression co-operating with expression to produce an organic thing. Mr. Alfred East's strength as a painter lies in the taste and judgment with which he carries out these same procedures. He will not quarrel with me if I refrain from putting him on the same level as Corot, whose sympathy with certain aspects of nature was so profound that he might have been trusted to create a world. But in his best pictures Mr. East shows a taste in selection,

he paints a tree he models it as carefully as if it were to be cast in bronze. You can walk round it, you can go under it, and look up into its labyrinth of branches. On the other hand, we have all those whose original impetus springs from Claude. The Lorrainer was the first man to use the vapours which shield the earth from the over-abrupt surprises of the sun as a vital element in landscape. Among the Dutch *genre* painters, notably in the case



THE DARK ISLAND.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I.)

a power of design, and a final gift of harmony which give him a right to a place among the first of those who have profited by the French master's example.

I do not know whether it sounds fanciful, but I always classify landscape-painters in my own mind as idealists or materialists. Among the latter I put all those, and many of the finest artists are among them, who devote their attention to the build of things, to the definite forms, contours, substances, strengths, and fragilities of the objects they depict. Hobbema, Constable, and Rousseau are, perhaps, the chief members of the class. In their pictures exactness in statement, tangibility of edge, oneness of colour, solidity of earth, flexibility of boughs, and so on, are obviously kept in view. It is characteristic of them all that they seldom, if ever, deal in such effects as those due to the veiling qualities in atmosphere. Even Rousseau, who so often painted twilights, sunsets, and so on, shows little real sympathy with the mysterious side of nature. When

of Wouwerman, you will find, indeed, distances in which veiling mistinesses are used with extraordinary effect. The picture in the Peel collection at the National Gallery which used to be known as "La Belle Laitière"—why do we not preserve these traditional titles?—affords a remarkable example of what I mean. There you will see foreground figures relieved with perfect truth against a distance in which multitudinous detail is half shown, half concealed by morning vapour. Although Wouwerman was nearly twenty years younger than Claude, in all probability he never saw one of his pictures, so that he also deserves some part of the credit which here belongs to originality. Claude, then, was the true father of all those who overlay the material with the spiritual element in landscape. He it was who first insisted upon and gave a legitimate exaggeration to the exquisite, mysterious, intellectually stimulating constituents of natural beauty. Compared to Corot, Claude had a stolid fancy and a

heavy brush. His pictures were essentially of the seventeenth century. The demand made by our more sensitive age that airy conceptions shall be realised with an airy hand did not press upon him, and so, if we compare such a thing as the little "Annunciation" of the National Gallery to one of those feathery twilights of Corot, in which a company of irresponsible nymphs *dansent en rond* in the shadow of some tall, distinguished ash, they look almost as if their author should be classed with the materialists.

The two classes into which I venture to divide all landscapes seem to answer to essential artistic differences, and to mark the eternal distinction between the Platonic and the Aristotelian bents of mind. Mr. Ruskin's division into "Classical," "Heroic," "Pastoral," and "Contemplative," is purely empirical. The pictorial conception underlying a heroic landscape may easily be identical with that on which a pastoral or contemplative one is built. In fact, pictures may be so divided, but not picture-makers; and so the division is based rather on varying accidents than upon essential and unchanging differences. Turner painted landscapes in all four of these categories; but Turner the artist never changed. Once arrived at the full possession of his powers, he remained an idealist to the end.

To some it may no doubt seem absurd to affiliate any modern painter directly upon Claude. Probably enough neither Mr. East nor even Corot himself ever put the Lorrainer's work before him as an example to be followed. But, nevertheless, he is the head of their line. Corot is Claude stripped of his dross, Claude etherialised and sublimated, Claude coached into a finer harmony than his own. To compare Mr. East's work with Claude's in this direct way may have a certain appearance of audacity; but, surely, between a picture like that mentioned above, or the "Death of Procris," or the "Claude's Mill" of the Doria Gallery, and the "Dawn," there is a great deal in common; surely, too, in many of their common features the superiority does not lie with the Roman master? Again, the letter quoted at the beginning of this paper might have been written as an introduction to Mr. East's picture, while this might have been painted to illustrate the letter. In any case it embodies the Claudesque notions of design and a symmetry which is almost human, while it clothes them, after the example of Corot,

in the diaphanous but softening robe provided by Nature at her tenderest. The two naked poles, which drive the distance back on our right, would have been too frank, too brutal an expedient for



MY COTTAGE AT HAKONE, JAPAN.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred East, R.I.)

Claude; but to the painter of "L'arbre brisé," they would have given no offence. In other ways it is impossible to avoid seeing how vividly Corot's example stood up before Mr. East when he conceived his picture, and, indeed, Mr. East proclaims that his true starting-point in the art he follows was the example set by the most romantic of the French Romanticists. But a painter who devotes so much care to design need not be so afraid of comparisons as some. A changed design is a new design. You may take your general notions of how a picture should look from someone else, but unless your work is literally traced from theirs, you must make a design for yourself which will stand or fall by its own coherence.

Mr. East's "Dawn" is lovely in form. A fine instinct for modulation governs it. Even from such slight matters as the varying density of the bed of

reeds in the foreground, the succession of darks and lights in the reflections in the water, and the placing of the one bit of animal life in the scuttering moorhen, exactly the right support to the general scheme

and his friends. In spite of these unmistakable finger-posts, however, his parents chose a different walk in life for their son, and had not circumstances taken him to Glasgow, where he first made the acquaintance of artists, he might never have become a painter. In Glasgow he attended the Government School of Art, as well as the night class conducted by Mr. Greenlees. Here he worked steadily through the different stages up to the life class. Paris succeeded Glasgow, and M. Tony Fleury and M. Bouguereau, Mr. Greenlees. The first picture Mr. East sent to the Academy was painted at Barbizon, and at Barbizon he accepted, once for all, the implied theory of the French Romanticists, and, for that matter, of all decent artists, that landscape should not be a copy of nature, but an exposure of the artist's preferences among natural phenomena and their relations.

On his return from Paris, Mr. East re-established himself in Glasgow, where he was affected to some extent by the young school of colourists, although his work never took on any characteristic Scottish aspect. After some years in Glasgow he migrated to London, where at first he was much discouraged to find materialistic rather than ideal landscape holding the town. This caused no change, however, in his aims, neither did it prevent him from winning a place in the front rank of our younger painters of landscapes as every reader knows for himself.

Painters' lives are not often eventful, and Mr. East's has been no exception to the rule. The chief incident in it so far

is a visit to Japan. There he spent some six months, not on the beaten tracks, but among the country people, painting what seemed pictorial in their customs and surroundings, and unconsciously importing a new vividness and alertness into his own method. After his return to England his studies were exhibited at the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, where they made a very strong impression by their fine colour and the quick, frank way in which things had been seen and set down. I confess that every collection of pictures from Japan has left a certain feeling of disappointment in myself. Writers on the Mikado's country convey a sense of intrinsic difference which I do not find echoed by the painters. The Japan of pictures is a bright, flowery place, peopled by little figures dressed unlike ourselves, who walk in and



FUJI, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.  
(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred East, R.I.)

is won. It is dawn, after a short night. The world has not had time to cool. The mists have not been heavy, nor the trees too sound asleep. So the vapours lie lightly on the plain, and the sun, which is just about to spring above the low cumuli on the horizon, will devour them so fast that our instincts clothe the scene in a momentariness which adds to its charm.

Mr. East was born at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. He tells me that his childhood was marked by the propensities usual in those who afterwards take to art seriously. He could draw before he could talk, and actually used to teach drawing to his schoolfellows while he was still in pinafores. At the age of ten he got his first commission, which was to enlarge pictures for a travelling lecturer, who paid him in tickets for himself



THE LAND BETWEEN THE LOCKS.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter. Reprinted from 'The Magazine of Art' for 1887.)



out of houses which look as if a shower of rain would reduce them to pulp. But there the differ- sponding, for example, to that suggested by “Madame Chrysanthème,” or a hundred more re-



TEA-HOUSE AT KIOTO, JAPAN.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred East, R.I.)

ence ends. From no picture that I have seen do we get an idea of a fantastic civilisation corre- sponsible accounts “in print.” To put it in a very material way indeed, Japanese draperies have their



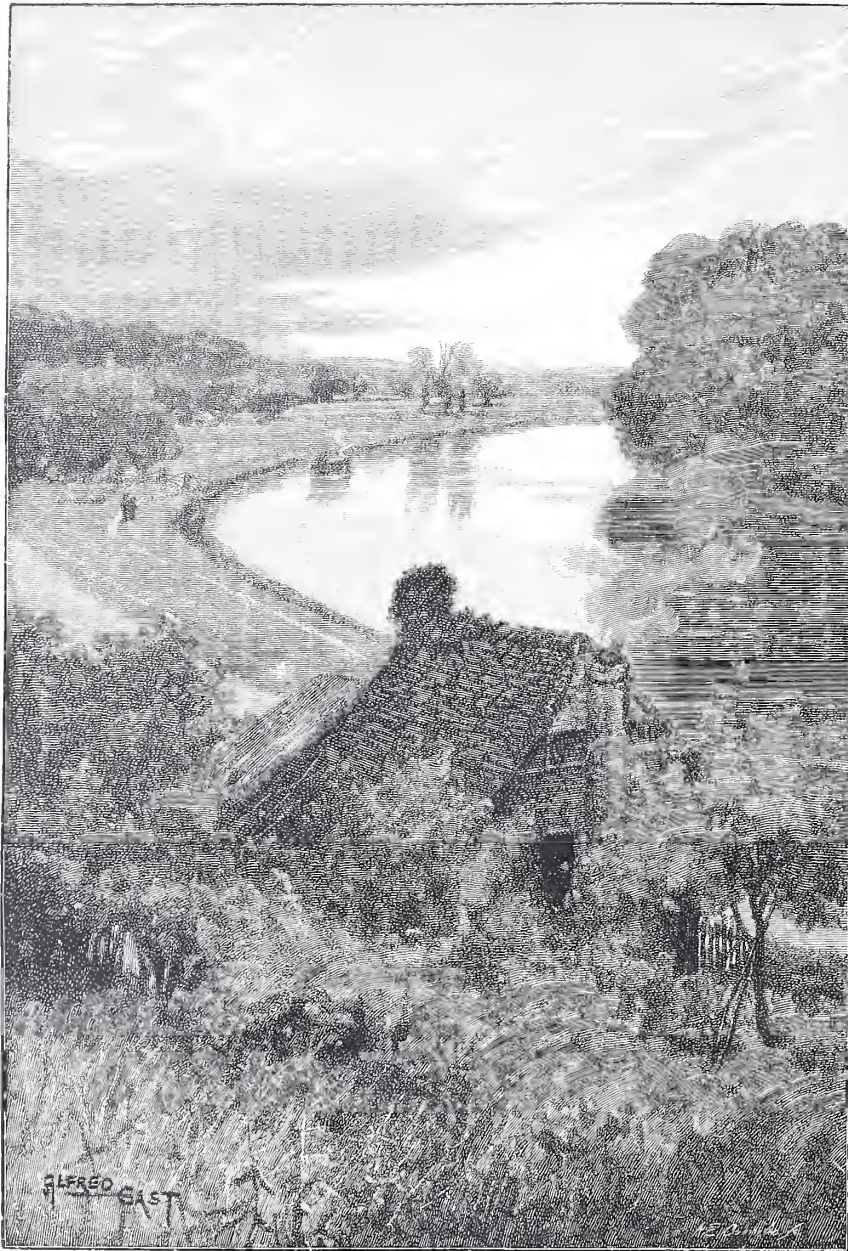
A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I.)

own possibilities. *Kimonos* and *obis*, and the rest of it, have characteristic forms and textures which would repay the trouble of a Stevens or a Tadema

to choose some scene which appealed to himself, and then to clothe it in the envelope he prefers. That envelope depends partly upon design, which involves the selection and the shifting of features, as well as the modulation of their contours and masses; partly, and mainly, on the treatment of atmosphere and sky. I do not know any English painter who excels him in the rendering of those delicate, scarcely perceptible vapours which do for a landscape what a fine veil does for a woman. It would be tedious for the reader to name a number of pictures which cannot be at once referred to, but I must instance "October Glow," exhibited at the Academy in 1890; "A Dewy Evening," which was at the Institute in 1891; "An Autumn Afternoon," from 1892, and the "Dawn," as remarkable instances of what I mean. The characteristic atmosphere of London on a January afternoon is not exactly one of those veils which beautify, but Mr. East used it, too, to fine effect in the picture to which he owed the gold medal he won in Paris in 1889. It is called "A New Neighbourhood." The picture was, in fact, the view from Mr. East's own back windows in Adamson Road, where he then had his studio.

It is not to be gainsaid that Mr. East stands a little aside from the general tendency of English art at the moment. The painting of "bits"—the short stories of art—is not in his line. He is only at his best when he has a well-



TRANQUIL WATERS.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I. Engraved by A. E. Coombe. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art" for 1886.)

just as richly as the dress of a French *mouline* or a Roman *domina*. Why does no one go to Japan and paint its life from this point of view?

But this sounds like criticism of Mr. East, which is not my present business. I have rather to point out what he has done, than what he has left for others to do. From first to last his way has been

constructed plot, to continue the metaphor, on which to hang his execution. But, unlike most of those who have felt the same need, he is not in the least conventional. His eye sees frankly, his hand is governed by the conditions under which he works, and his pictures are as full of truth as they are of that order in modulation which leads to beauty.





Amor  
1871

Amor-ABDallah

Bambar  
(Du pays de Bambar)  
Egypte. (بنبار)

A STUDY.  
(By J. L. Gérôme.)





# Glimpses of Artist-Life.

THE *PUNCH* DINNER.—THE DINERS AND THEIR LABOURS.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

**I**N the earliest weeks of *Punch's* existence Kenny Meadows had been the Nestor of the feast, but when Jerrold joined the Staff three months later, he took by force of character and wit, and power of lung, a leading position on the paper and at the table—a position which he never resigned. It was he who grumbled concerning Sir John Gilbert (when the latter made a few tentative appearances in *Punch*, and had drawn the title-page, which for years was used as the cover to the monthly edition of the journal), "We don't want Rubens on a comic paper!"—and Gilbert had to go. Thackeray, we all know, was free enough himself in his criticisms of his own features, and his many sketches of his dear old broken nose are familiar to every lover of the man. Yet he was not best pleased when he entered the dining-room a little late and apologising for his impunctuality through having been detained at a christening where he had stood sponsor to his friend's boy, and was met with Jerrold's pungent exclamation—"Good Lord, Thackeray! I hope you didn't present the child with your own mug!" And still less, when he heard that, on its being reported in the *Punch* office that he was "turning Roman," simply because he defended Doyle's secession, Jerrold tartly remarked that "he'd best begin with his nose." And was it not Jerrold, when the men met at the New Ship at Brighton (Hodder incorrectly says it was Thackeray), who in his detestation of all affectation asked Angus B. Reach—the proper pronunciation of which name, its owner insisted, was Re-ack—when dessert-time came round, to pass him a "pe-ack"? and did he not silence Albert Smith—whose obtrusive foible it was to call his acquaintances by their abbreviated Christian names—by loudly asking across the table, "I say, Leech, how long is it necessary for a man to know you before he can call you 'Jaek'?" Yet

it was not Jerrold's primary object to make his victims winee. There is no doubt that the "little wine" that so stimulated him to witty and brilliant conversation full of flash and repartee, sometimes turned sour upon his lips, and changed the kindness that was in his heart into a semblance of gall. But "great wits," as Sterne reminds us, "will jump." Mr. Sidney Cooper has gravely set it on record how on leaving the *Punch* dinner Jerrold would tie a label with his name and address upon it round his neck, so that should he in his homeward course be tempted to stray into the path of undue conviviality, he might sooner or later be safely delivered at his ultimate destination. Although the statement is in a measure confirmed in the memoirs of Hodder and of Blanchard Jerrold himself, one cannot help being struck at the conflict between it and the story of Jerrold's reply to the drunken young sparks who met him in the street at midnight, and asked him the way to the entertainment known as "Judge and Jury"—"Straight on, straight on as you are going, young gentlemen—you can't miss them!" He was himself pleased with his milder witticisms, and, it is said, chuckled complacently at the neatness of his paradox when toasting Mr. Punch, at one of the Wednesday dinners, in which he declared that "he would never require spirit while he had such good Lemon-aid." Jerrold, who, with Leech, was to a great extent "*Punch* himself," and was undoubtedly believed to be the editor by a great section of the public, and was universally identified with the paper, loved it as few others loved it, and very, very rarely missed the weekly gathering, attending it, indeed, up to within a week or so of his death.

Not less scrupulous in his attendance was Gilbert Abbot à Beckett, who, when residing at holiday-times at Boulogne, would regularly come up to town for the Cabinet Council; and if ill-chance unavoidably prevented his wished-for presence, he

would write—after the custom adopted by many of his colleagues—a full explanation and apology. But the necessity very seldom arose. True son of his father, Gilbert à Beckett was equally faithful to the table, and in spite of the paralysis of the legs from which he suffered (and for which he was duly chaffed by the advice of Percival Leigh, lest there might be hysteria about the disease) he attended the Wednesday gatherings to within a fortnight before he died. Thackeray, too, for many years after he ceased writing for *Punch* would weekly join the Staff, and always received a cordial and affectionate welcome. The gentle Leech—who, according to Shirley Brooks, attended the dinner for more than twenty years without uttering an unkind or an angry word—was at the table within a few days of his death, but, in Brooks's words, "scarcely seemed to understand what was going on." And yet another member of the Old Guard, who stood by his post to the end, was "The Professor," Percival Leigh, whose sense of wit was dulled with age, but whose mind was otherwise as bright as ever. In connection with him I must tell a little story which demonstrates the kindness of spirit which has animated for so long the little coterie of humorists of Bouverie Street, and the generosity of the men for whom they work. For a long while before his death the Professor's "copy" had been useless to the editor; yet everything was done to spare him the pain of rejection. At the dinners, the genial, courteous old gentleman was always listened to with deference by his younger collaborators—

"Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he"—

but it was less easy to conceal the fact that his contributions could not be printed; and so for years it was the practice to set his "copy" up in type and to send him proofs, which he duly corrected and returned. But they rarely, very rarely appeared in the paper, nor was ever question asked or explanation offered. Did the old gentleman forget all about them? or was he hoping against hope that some day room might be found for him again in the journal to which he had contributed "Mr. Pips's Diary," the Songs in the Hampshire dialect, and many another of *Punch's* successes? or did he appreciate the real motive and kindly feeling of the editor and proprietors? Whatever was the cause, the Professor, who filled his seat at table to the last, maintained a pathetic silence to the end.

Another of *Punch's* favoured sons was Charles H. Bennett. His life was a hard and sad one, and his career was short, though not too short for fame,

and the last two years, during which he sat at "the table," were, perhaps, the happiest of them all. But his attendances, really owing to the illness which ultimately bore him down, were irregular. This irregularity, combined with his habit—then common enough among artists—of wearing his hair very long, brought him one day—so his son tells me—a letter from his friends and fellow-diners in the following terms:—

"*Punch*" Council, Oct. 24, 1866.

Present:—LEMON	W. H. BRADBURY
EVANS	G. DU MAURIER
HORACE MAYHEW	EVANS FILS
TOM TAYLOR	S. BROOKS
LEIGH	TENNIEL

"Resolved"—

- That this meeting deeply sympathises with C. H. Bennett on the state of his hair.
- That this meeting appreciates the feeling which detains the said Bennett from the Council until his hair shall have been cut.
- That this meeting deplores the impecuniosity which prevents the said Bennett from attending a Barber.
- That this meeting, anxious to receive the said Bennett to its bosom, once more organises a subscription to enable him to attend the said Barber.
- That this company having (limited) confidence in Mr. Mark Lemon, entrusts him with the following subscriptions in aid of the above object, and requests him to communicate with the aforesaid Bennett to the end that he may have his dam hair cut and rejoin the assembly of the brethren.

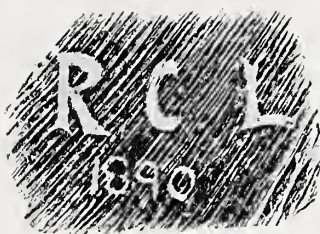
	£	s.	d.
(Signed) MARK LEMON ... ..	0	0	1
FREDERICK EVANS ... ..	0	0	1
PERCIVAL LEIGH ... ..	0	0	1
HORACE MAYHEW ... ..	0	0	1
TOM TAYLOR ... ..	0	0	1
W. H. BRADBURY ... ..	0	0	1
GEORGE DU MAURIER ... ..	0	0	1
F. M. EVANS ... ..	0	0	1
SHIRLEY BROOKS ... ..	0	0	1
J. TENNIEL ... ..	0	0	1
Stamps enclosed ... ..	£0	0	10

It was not surprising that Bennett was missed; his animal spirits and his bright good humour counted for a good deal at the table; and when he died his colleagues organised elaborate theatricals and collected a large sum for those whom he loved and left behind in the pinch of poverty.

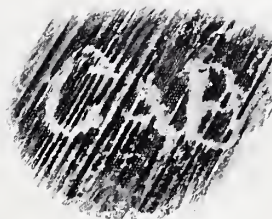
If for some time before his death Charles Keene deserted the dinner-table, it was, as he has himself confessed, in no slight measure from political motives which developed about the time of the Russo-Turkish war. Keene was what Tories call a patriot and Liberals a "Jingo;" and in his quiet way he felt so deeply that he thought it best to stay away—not that he loved *Punch* less, but he loved his convictions more. "I am sorry to say," he wrote, "*Punch* is 'Musco' to a man except C. K., so he keeps away from that Liberal lot at the present conjunction." He was not, as Mr. Layard has



HENRY SILVER.



R. C. LEHMANN.



GILBERT À BECKETT.



SHIRLEY BROOKS.



PERCIVAL LEIGH.



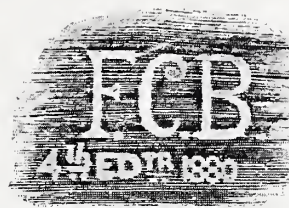
HENRY W. LUCY.



F. ANSTEY GUTHRIE.



F. C. BURNAND.



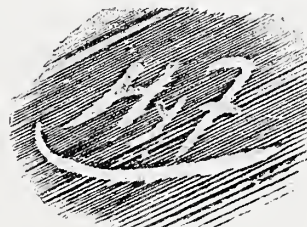
F. C. BURNAND, WHEN EDITOR.



E. J. MILLIKEN.



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.



HARRY FURNISS.



WILLIAM BRADBURY.



ARTHUR À BECKETT.



J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.



E. T. REED.



GEORGE DU MAURIER.

pointed out, of much use in suggestion at the business function of the dinner, and he looked less to his colleagues than to his friends outside for the jokes to which he drew his pictures; so that his presence was not a necessity. Nevertheless, he would attend, now and again, until age began to tell upon him; and his companions love to think of him, clutching his short-stemmed pipe to his mouth, puffing gravely, saying little, thinking much, quick at appreciating a joke, slow at telling one, with an eye full of humour, and its lid and corresponding corner of his mouth quickly responsive to any quip or crank that might let fly. Eclectic in his humour as in his art, disposed to condemn any cartoon-suggestion not thoroughly thought out as "d——n bad," he was in the weekly assembly at the table, like the 'cello in the orchestra—not much heard, yet when there, indispensable to the general effect and the general completeness, even though he only went "for company."

I have lingered, perhaps unduly, over the social side of the *Punch* dinner, for the company is of the best, and the subject an entertaining and a pleasant one. But serious business has to be discussed and transacted—and transacted it is for whatever jokes and ebullitions of *bonhomie* may form the running accompaniment to the work in hand. In Mark Lemon's time the dinner began at "six sharp," and in Shirley Brooks's and Tom Taylor's a half-an-hour later; but when Mr. F. C. Burnand took up the reins of power the hour was advanced to seven o'clock, and on its stroke the Staff are generally found in their places. From all parts they come, just as their predecessors used to speed from Boulogne, from Herne Hill, and from the Isle of Wight, so that their absence should not be felt nor their assistance lacking at the Meeting of the Clan. Sir John Tenniel comes from Maida Vale, most likely, or from some spot near to London—which he has hardly quitted for a fortnight together for the last forty years, save when, in 1878, he went to Venice with Mr. Henry Silver and left Charles Keene *malgré lui* as the cartoonist-in-chief. Mr. Sambourne arrives, perhaps, from a yachting expedition or from the moors; Mr. du Maurier from his beloved Whitby or from a lecturing tour; Mr. Lucy hurries in from the House of Commons; Mr. Furniss, up to his resignation, from some distant spot where he "entertained" last evening, and whence he would expect to be five hundred miles away on a similar errand to-morrow night. But not for some time past, it must be observed in passing, had either Mr. du Maurier or Mr. Furniss been so regular at the table as in more ancient and younger days.

Then when dinner is over and coffee finished,

the cloth removed and paper and pens brought in—at half-past eight, as near as may be—the cigars come on and the waiters go off (including at one time the crusted Burnap, an original worthy of "Robert" himself); and not more rigidly was the Press excluded from the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner in the good old times, than are Cabinet Ministers interdicted from the Dinner of Mr. Punch to-day. Then the editor, who has been presiding, invites ideas and discussion on the subject of the "big cut," as the cartoon is commonly called, and no two men listen more eagerly to the replies—suggestions that may be hazarded, or proposals dogmatically slapped down—than Mr. Burnand, who is responsible for the subject, and Sir John Tenniel (their beloved "Jackies"), whose duty it will be to realise the conception. The latter makes few remarks; he waits, reflects, and weighs, thinking not so much, perhaps, of the political or social, as of the artistic possibilities of the subjects as they are brought up, and other points that recommend themselves both to the artistic and literary members of the Staff. All the while, perhaps, the editor has a fine subject up his sleeve, and only brings it forth when the discussion has begun to wane. Or a proposal may be made at the first by one member of the Staff that is accepted at once with acclamation—an event of the utmost rarity; or, again, as is usually the case, the final decision may be gradually and almost painfully evolved from this symposium of professional wits and literary politicians. This is the time when the men are apt to lay bare their political beliefs (if any such they have) or their lack of them; and I wager that if poor Keene could once more be present at a *Punch* dinner he would no longer charge it against the Staff that it is "Musco' to a man."\*

Thus the subject of the cartoon is settled—often by the aid of the latest editions of the evening papers; and being once settled, is never again revived on any pretence whatever. On one occasion, however, when Mark Lemon was editor, and Shirley Brooks was recognised as the best suggester, an exceptional incident took place. The subject was duly decided upon and Brooks went home. After he was gone Charles Keene, *mirabile dictu!* made a suggestion in connection with the American War which was then being waged, that was immediately accepted as vastly superior to that which had previously been adopted; and the future

\* Indeed, *Punch* may be considered to represent the old Whig feeling. Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Guthrie, and Mr. Arthur à Beckett are credited with Tory bias; Mr. Milliken, Mr. H. W. Lucy, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and Mr. Reed are supposed to represent the Radicals; Mr. Sambourne is Unionist, and Mr. Burnand, as behoves him who holds the scales, confesses to no political sympathies or antipathies whatever.

editor was much astonished as he opened his paper on the following Tuesday and his eyes fell on a different and wholly unexpected cartoon. The big cut, then, being decided on, the question of a single-page or double-page engraving sometimes comes up, and then the legend has to be settled. This (irreverently known as "cackle" by those who produce it) is usually in the main the work of Mr. E. J. Milliken, who nowadays occupies a good deal of Shirley Brooks's old position of "suggestor," and who, like him, is living testimony of the truth of John Seddon's saying that "wit and wisdom are born with a man."\* Yet, though Brooks was practically the Suggestor-in-Chief, it would be unfair not to recognise at the same time the curious fitness of Leech's proposals. They were always marked with equal judgment and taste, and, as it was admitted, his suggestions invariably were "just right." The title and legend are written on a piece of paper, which, enclosed in an envelope, is then handed over to the cartoonist. It was at this moment that Shirley Brooks used to throw down his knife in order to "cut" any further discussion, and after that symbolic act a more desultory conversation on the other men's work would follow. Not on Leech's, however; for he was left greatly to himself—a piece of masterly inactivity and non-interference on the editor's part, which speaks volumes for Lemon's prudence and shrewd discernment.

Under Mr. Burnand's *régime* the course of events is a little altered. For even while Sir John has begun to think out the composition and the technical details of the subject which the Council has determined, and is scheming maybe in his own mind how best he may arrange his figures so that when he draws them on the wood-block the heads will not come across a join where its segments are screwed together; or, again, how so to arrange an exceptionally elaborate subject that Mr. Swain may still have it ready for engraving in good time on the Friday evening, the attention of the staff is now turned to the "Cartoon junior"—the second cartoon to which for some years Mr. Linley Sambourne has been giving some of the finest and most ingenious work of his life. This is discussed somewhat like the first, and often enough raises the draughtsman's interest in the work he has to

do to a point of genuine artistic enthusiasm. But there appears to be no finality about the second cartoon so far as the dinner is concerned, and it is no unusual thing in lively times for the subjects to be given at the last moment by telegram to Mr. Sambourne, and, from all that is said, his condition of mind during the Thursday following the dinner may not inaptly be compared to that of an anxious fireman waiting for a "call." The contributions of the rest of the artistic staff—Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. E. T. Reed—do not form the subject of Wednesday's meditation; nor is it true, as has publicly been stated, that when jokes fail it is customary to draw them from a pot into which, written on slips of paper, they have been deposited on the many occasions when Mr. Punch's cistern of wit has overflowed into the jar in question.

Such is the simple function of "the *Punch* dinner." The Editor presides—or, in his absence to-day, Mr. Arthur à Beckett, just as it was Douglas Jerrold and Shirley Brooks in Lemon's time, and Tom Taylor in Brooks's (the duty of vice- or assistant-editor never falling to an artist)—inviting suggestion, "drawing" his artists, and spurring his writers, with rare tact and art; and he challenges comparison with any of his predecessors, just as Sir Frederic Leighton excels all previous Presidents of the Royal Academy. Some of those who sit around the table, as I have already set forth, have attended for many years; and it is they who secure to *Punch* that quality of tradition and healthy sense of prestige which strengthen him against every assault, whether of man or of Time himself. To this traditional sense of ancient glory and present vigour Sir John Tenniel has of course contributed more than any other living man; not Leech, nor Thackeray, nor Jerrold, nor Doyle, served *Punch* more loyally or effectively, and he has secured that the dignified spirit of the paper has suffered no deterioration. To him it falls, also, to see that the subjects of cartoons are not repeated. The tenderness of the Staff for the honour, good name, and pre-eminence of *Punch* is delightful and touching to behold; the sentiment of a great past animates them all and kindles in them the hope and ambition for as great and as proud a future.

The exclusiveness of *Punch* notwithstanding, he has not always been as inhospitable (if that is the word to use of an essentially business meeting of a private nature) as some of his friends would have us suppose. There are many who claim the distinction of having dined at *Punch's* table, but few who can sustain their pretensions. Some, however, there are—a very few, it is true; but more than

\* For many years Mr. Milliken has suggested the greater number of the cartoons, and he is generally the first asked for a proposal for both Sir John Tenniel and Mr. Sambourne. He usually has half-a-dozen subjects, carefully considered and as carefully written out, in his pocket-book, and fitted with peculiarly felicitous quotations. He is also mainly responsible for the Almanack cartoons—subjects for both the great *Punch* satirists; but Mr. à Beckett and others share with him the duty and the credit of the difficult art of cartoon-suggesting.

have been officially recognised as *Punch* diners. Mr. Harry Furniss has publicly declared that his aunt, Mrs. Thompson, was one of these. As the lady, before she married Dr. Thompson, was originally engaged to Landells, the first *Punch* engraver, part originator and chief proprietor of the paper, this might well be; for about the time of the transfer of the property from him to Bradbury and Evans—and Landells did not give up the whole of his share till some time afterwards—the rules and regulations were not so stringent as they ultimately became. In any case, “Mr. F.’s Aunt” has in her time been as fruitful a subject of discussion at the *Punch* table as ever she was at the Finchings’. Then came Charles Dickens—whose presence, I believe, is not contested. Before his quarrel with Mark Lemon and Bradbury and Evans, because *Punch* declined to print a justification of himself in connection with his purely domestic circumstances, he was the guest of *Punch*’s publishers, who were his own publishers, who were also the publishers of the *Daily News*—upon the preparations for which Dickens, as first editor, was then engaged. Moreover, Dickens was an intimate friend of Douglas Jerrold, whose influence on *Punch* at that time was paramount, and the double circumstance is amply sufficient to account for Dickens’s presence at No. 10, Bouverie Street. Much the same considerations may be held to explain Sir Joseph Paxton’s frequent attendance. Not only was the great gardener—it was *Punch*, says Mr. Hatton, who christened his big exhibition building “The Crystal Palace”)—the intimate of Mark Lemon, and on the most cordial terms with the Staff (some of whom he would entertain in the Gardens of Chatsworth where he acted as the agent of the Duke of Devonshire, grandfather of the present Duke, and himself on the best of personal terms with Mr. Punch), but I have proof that he exerted all his influence in favour of Bradbury and Evans’s great new venture, through the intermediary of Charles Dickens. “Paxton,” writes Dickens in one of his letters bearing upon the subject that lie before me, dated October, 1845—a few months before the launching of the *Daily News*—“has the command of every railway and railway influence in England and abroad, except the Great Western; and he is in it heart and purse.” What more likely, then, that Dickens, at work at Whitefriars, should be invited by his friends, his publishers, to dine with his friends of the *Punch* Staff? and what more reasonable to value Paxton’s influence at the price of a graceful privilege, seeing that the *Daily News* thought it, in those early days, worth while to appoint a “Railway Editor” at a salary of £2,000 a year? Sir Joseph Paxton was, then, a constant and appreciative attendant at

the *Punch* table until the year 1865, the date of his death.

Mr. Peter Rackham, too, was another guest—the guest, again, and valued friend of the publishers—and well understood to have given financial assistance in respect to the founding of the *Daily News*. He was a highly esteemed friend both of Thackeray and of Dickens, and both novelists and their publishers would send him presentation copies of their new volumes. The former, by the way, presented him with a copy of his “*Virginians*” when it appeared, inscribing it to Mr. Rackham in this characteristic manner:—“In the U. States and in the Queen’s dominions All people have a right to their opinions And many don’t much relish The Virginians. Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it A little to your taste I hope you’ll bind it.” Mr. Rackham ceased his visits to the table in 1859, in which year, I understand, he died. Another visitor, as all the world now knows, was Dean Reynolds Hole, who has recorded in his “*Memories*” his impressions of that famous dinner of the 15th of February, 1860. To me, also, he has given an idea of the effect wrought upon him by the frolic of the meal—an impression certainly not dimmed by time nor faded in his imagination. He says: “There was such a clash and glitter of sharp-edged swords, cutting humour, and pointed wit (to say nothing of the knives and forks), the sallies of the combatants were so incessant and intermixed, the field of battle so enveloped in *smoke*, that there was only a kaleidoscopic confusion of brilliant colours in the vision of the spectator, when the signal was given to ‘cease firing.’” Who would not attend a *Punch* dinner after that?

A frequent visitor was Mr. Samuel Lucas—known to his fellow-workers as plain “Sam Lucas”—who was then editing the newly-founded *Once a Week* for Bradbury and Evans. His attendance, which was constant enough between the years 1860 and 1864, was doubtless a great convenience to all concerned, for most of the *Punch* artists and writers were also contributors to the more serious magazine, and arrangements could obviously be more quickly and effectively made at a single meeting than by a number of special interviews.

And, lastly, Sir John Millais—himself a contributor to *Punch*’s pages—was once a dinner-guest. “I certainly dined once,” he wrote to me a year or more ago, “at an hotel in Covent Garden [Bedford Hotel] when Mark Lemon was editor of *Punch*, and I have always been under the impression it was one of their dinners. The Staff only were present and Lemou was in the chair, and I sat beside Leech. There were ten or twelve dining beside myself, and it was on a Wednesday.”





Where the Bee Sucks.

*Where the bee sucks, there  
suck I:*

*In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do  
cry.*

*On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer, merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live  
now,*

*Under the blossom that hangs  
on the bough.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: ARIEL'S SONG FROM *THE TEMPEST* (ACT V., SCENE I.).

(Drawn by C. Ricketts.)

## MR. YERKES' COLLECTION AT CHICAGO: THE OLD MASTERS.—I.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

MR. C. F. YERKES—a leading resident in the huge city which almost as by magic has risen on the southern shore of Lake Michigan, and is

but seldom return to this side of the ocean. Mr. Yerkes' gallery is, even in the States, distinguished for the rapidity with which it has been formed, as well as on account of the number of good and renowned pieces it comprises. The former characteristic of its history is less remarkable in Chicago—where everything is recent, if not new, the very name of the city not occurring in the "English Cyclopædia of Geography," a standard work of its kind published in 1854—than in our country, where picture-collecting in the modern way dates from the time of Henry VIII. if not earlier, as, no doubt, it should do; and where the royal collection still contains examples which, long before America was discovered, were owned by the Crown.



THE HOLY FAMILY AND THE SPARROW.

(From the Painting by Raphael.)

practically in the very centre of the United States—has formed collections of works of art on what may truly be called a Transatlantic scale. In numbers and variety, at least, if not in their intrinsic value and renown, this gentleman's gatherings are, as we learn from photographs and otherwise, quite fit to rank with most of the larger European private collections where ancient and modern examples have been selected by means of taste, judgment, care, and great sums of money. These collections are capital examples of similar aggregates into which, as the art-amateurs of Europe have often heard with dismay, well-known and sometimes precious masterpieces of painting pass, and from which they

character by men of foreign renown, not one in ten of whom had previously been represented in this island, where Meissonier, Gérôme, and Bouguereau, Diaz, Dupré, and Daubigny, Rosa Bonheur, Knaus, and Frère, Jules Breton, Rousseau, Corot, and Troyon were practically unknown, and even Deceamps, the great Rembrandt of France, Delaroeche and Delacroix, the very poles of modern art, and Ingres, who was a sort of frozen Raphael, were hardly talked about and their works were seldom seen. Innocent Englishmen before then looked upon Louis Gallait and Ary Scheffer as great painters, and the "Woman taken in Adultery," of Signol, who had been a pupil of Gros and who won the Grand Prix in 1830, was, by

an engraving only, the best known modern French work of ambitious art.

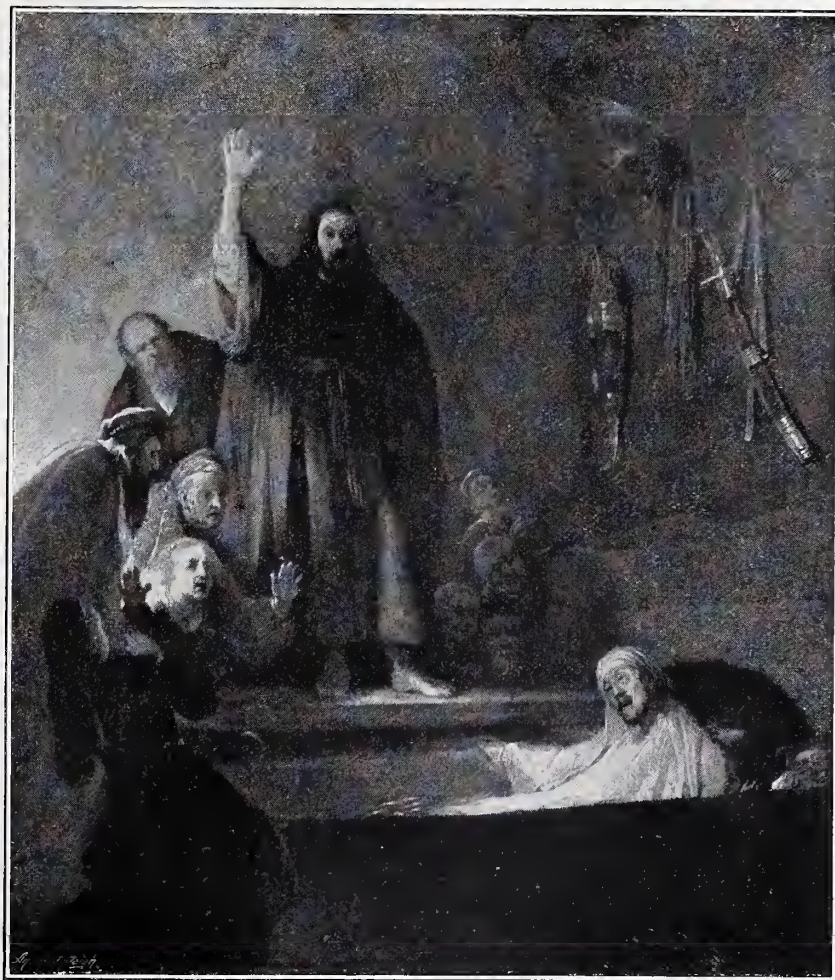
Until 1865, when he had three pictures in the French Gallery, Mr. Alma-Tadema, so far as Englishmen were concerned, was not. In the meantime, the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857 had contained by Troyon, Delaroche, Grauet, Vernet, Fichel, Chavet, Plassau, and Meissonier a picture apiece, which attracted comparatively little heed in that stupendous assemblage; and the International Exhibition of 1862, which comprised works of Breton, Corot, Henriette Brown, Ingres, Bouguereau, Delaroche, Gérôme, Meissonier, Diaz, Troyon, Decamps, and others, attested that growing interest of Britons in French art which has since developed with amazing force. As to the United States, the representatives of Mr. Gambart tell me that, even in 1864, after all the world had been to Hyde Park, that renowned dealer's agent had great difficulty in disposing of his cargo of Rosa Bonheurs, Meissoniers, and the like, which were not vamped up things and copies, such as are rife in Uncle Sam's country, but capital pieces and of the choicest art.

It is evident from the catalogues of Mr. Yerkes' and other Transatlantic gatherings, so rapidly has the taste for them spread, that in these treasuries exists a greater number of fine French and Belgian examples than even England can boast of. The best of these collections in the Western States is, I believe, that to which *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* has now, thanks to the courtesy of its founder, an opportunity for describing.

If, as is already shown, there was, till less than a generation since, difficulty in disposing even among the millionaires of the States of choice, brilliant, and authenticated modern instances of the sort, how much greater must have been the task of finding collectors of such recondite, easily questionable, and not always attractive things as pictures bearing the names of the greater masters of old, such as, on account of his success in bringing them together, distinguish the gallery of Mr. Yerkes? That

success, and the courage and judgment they affirm, entitle the owner to the thankful recognition of all art-lovers on the other side of the water. The catalogue informs us that the San Donato, Heytesbury, Woodburn, Soltikoff, Imperial Russian, Redleaf, Perière, Calonne, Demidoff, Kilmorey, Leigh Court, Royal Dutch, Smeeth van Alphen, Galitzin, and other less known galleries have furnished the Yerkes Collection with more or fewer of its examples. To that catalogue I am bound to refer as an authority for the names of the painters concerned in these pictures, as well as for the titles of the works themselves, and I do not always feel myself at liberty to accept these names and titles, although it is beyond question that the majority of each category are not open to challenge.

The collection contains but a few examples of the Italian schools, while among the most conspicuous of these, here engraved with Raphael's name, is the most important and the most beautiful. The original, which measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches, is the smallest instance, except perhaps the apocryphal



THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

(From the Painting by Rembrandt.)

"Two Mice," bearing the name of the Urbinate, The composition of the figures, at once fine, compact, and characteristic of the school to which the work undoubtedly belongs, reminds us how much all the members of that school owed to Fra Bartolommeo, while the execution, surface, and touch of the whole are, so far as a good and large photograph can show, strongly reminiscent of Perugino, and therefore of Raphael himself at the only period when it was possible for him to have painted such a work. Intrinsically, the charm of the design is great,

which states that it was formerly in the possession of the "Crossibili" family of Ferrara, are favourable. Neither Passavant nor Crowe and Cavalcaselle mention "The Holy Family with the Sparrow" in the catalogue of Raphael's works. If it is his, it must have been painted about 1504-6, and before the Bridgewater Madonna. Among other pictures by Italian masters in the Yerkes Collection, two of Guardi's "Views of Venice" may be named as commendable.

Turning now to the schools of the Low Countries,



VIEW IN WESTPHALIA.

(From the Painting by Hobbema.)

and it is due to the spirit, freshness, and grace of the Infant Saviour's action as, half surprised, he seems to shrink from the bird which St. John, who is supported by St. Anne, offers to Him. The title of the picture affirms that the bird is a sparrow, a fact which does not commend itself to our knowledge of the subject of the design, while there exist numberless examples, as in the "Solly Madonna," now at Berlin, and Raphael's "Madonna del Cardellino," which is now in the Uffizi, where a goldfinch, an emblem of sorrow, appropriately occurs. Some elements of the painting before us may induce critics to ascribe it to Garofalo, the Ferrarese master, whose typical St. Anne is very like that which obtains in this instance. In support of this ascription it has been urged that the unusual smallness of the work, and its history,

with pictures belonging to both of which this collection is numerous furnished, I find described in the catalogue not fewer than three Frank Halses, comprising "A Portrait of a Woman," which is dated "1635," when this admirable and original master was in his prime, and his aged sitter wore the costume of her youth, of black silk and a stiff white ruff, such as the master of Haarlem delighted to depict with an incomparable brush and magic touches. The second Hals shows, "The Violin Player," is a little boy wearing a fur cap and a black jacket, playing on a fiddle and singing with that extraordinary animation the artist always imparted to his pictures, which, by the way, are invariably portraits painted *ad vivum*. This work bears the usual "F. H." in a monogram, and is lozenge-shaped. The third instance is the companion of the second,

and represents "The Singing Girl," holding in her left hand a book from which she is chanting aloud while beating time with her disengaged hand. Few collections, even in England, where a large proportion of Hals's works are to be found, contain so many as three genuine specimens of his art. The history of this master is remarkable in illustrating the influence of fashion as to the commercial value of paintings. So highly appreciated in his own

Van Goyen, come next in chronological order in the collection at Chicago. They are both signed, and one of them is dated 1647, the other 1653, when the artist was at his best.

A remarkable picture in this collection is by Rembrandt—the "Philemon and Baucis," to which Dr. Bode, a first rate witness, gave his *imprimatur*, "Smith's No. 194." It is signed, and dated "1658," and represents the visit of Jupiter and Hermes to



BOORS REGALING.

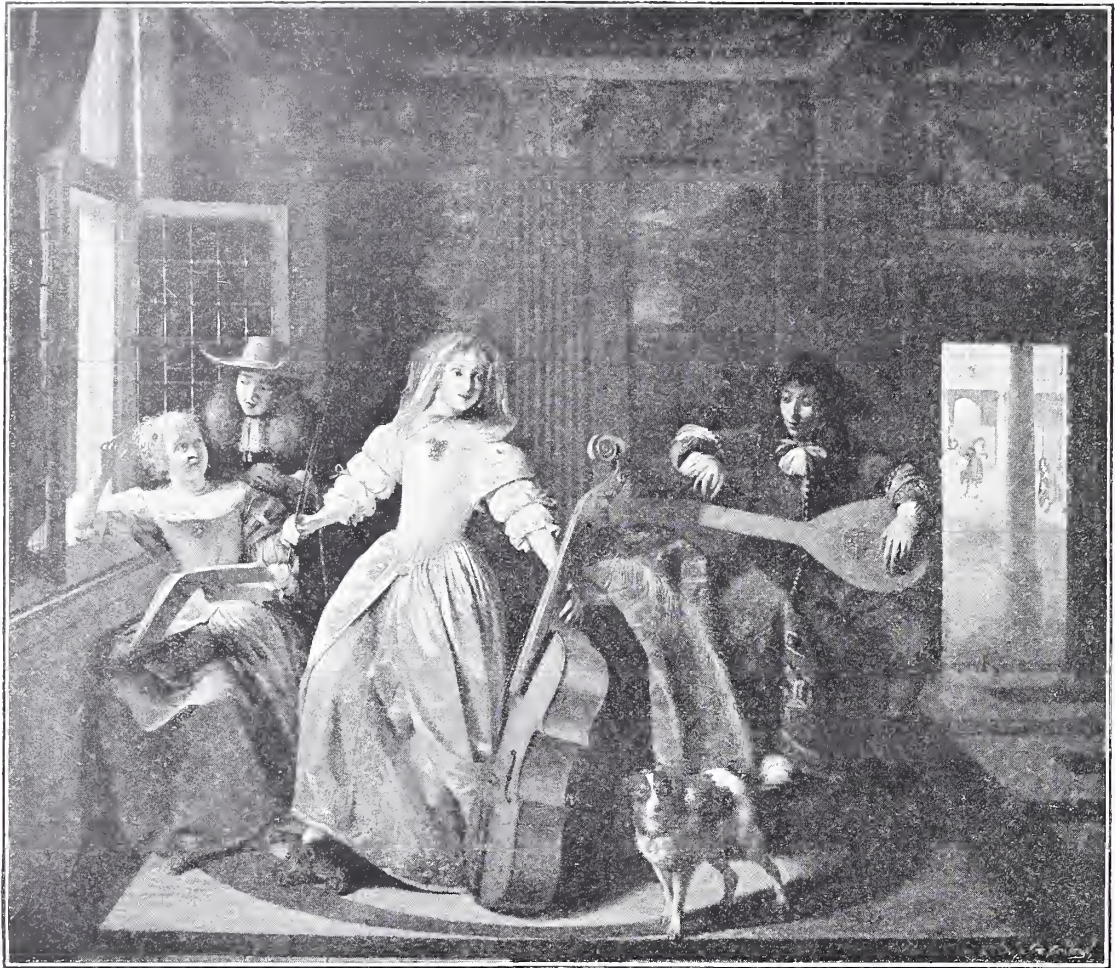
(From the Painting by Adriaan van Ostade.)

day was Hals that Vandyek himself, as the well-known anecdote attests, paid him a visit of admiration and inquiry, but his reputation declined so completely that in 1762 "A Music Conversation" of his, which belonged to Sir L. Schaub, fetched only £28, and in 1819 "A Lady's Portrait" obtained at the Besborough sale but £12. Up to 1870 no Hals is recorded as having realised £100, while I have seen a good specimen knocked down for £14 at Christie's. In 1885, so greatly had fashion changed, "A Portrait of a Gentleman," by the irresistible Frank, found a purchaser to give £1,008 for it. At present a much higher price might be looked for a similar example. Such are the vicissitudes of the auction rooms. Two river pieces, by Jan

the cottage of the aged and hospitable Phrygians to whom these gods granted the extraordinary boon that they should die at the same moment; the one became a linden tree, the other an oak. The print by T. Watson, 1772, has added to the reputation of this painting. The next important instance in question, and ascribed to Rembrandt, is here reproduced as "The Resurrection of Lazarus." The highly characteristic design of this piece reminds me of Jan Lievens's composition of the same subject, which is preserved in an etching of incomparable grandeur and energy, and most distinctly inspired by his great exemplar, the stupendous master of Amsterdam. The print before me illustrates the Rembrandt so completely, that it only requires

attention to be called to the quaintness of the arms and turban hanging on the wall above the grave which is yielding up its dead. No one but Rembrandt would have put them there, and none but

to the son of the latter. Vosmaer mentions it in his "Rembrandt," so says the catalogue of the Yerkes Collection; but I have not been able to find the reference in that capital book, while, on the other



THE MUSIC PARTY.

(From the Painting by Peter de Hooghe.)

he could have added them without making his picture look ridiculous. The turban is, probably, that which the master more than once painted on his own head, while the sword and quiver seem to have belonged to that amazing collection of "curiosities," which, as the sale catalogue of the unfortunate painter's goods affirms, it was his wont to gather in his workshops and to load his chests with. The other Rembrandts at Chicago are the "Portrait of a Rabbi," which belonged to the Demidoff and Leigh Court collections, and the very important "Portrait of Joris de Caulery," a Dutch sea captain, who is holding an arquebuss, and, to support his sword, wearing a baldric athwart his shoulder. Formerly in the collection of the King of Holland, and dated 1632, this capital piece was, according to the "Oud-Holland" of Dr. Brodrius, who found the captain's will, bequeathed in 1640

hand, I discover a cut of it in the "Rembrandt" of M. E. Michel, Paris, 1893, page 127, of which book the text tells us that Captain de Caulery seems to have had a mania for having his portrait painted, for which purpose he employed M. Uytenbroëck, J. Liévens, P. Levere, Vandlyek, and Rembrandt. As 1632 was the year of "The Anatomy Lesson," and the portraits of Coppenol, the Pellicornes, and the "Jewish Bride," to say nothing of the great etching of "The Raising of Lazarus," De Caulery's likeness belongs to one of the most important epochs in Rembrandt's life. The technique of the picture, being firm, clear, highly-finished, and soft, agrees exactly with that of the above-named masterpieces, affirms the originality of the piece; and being painted when Rembrandt was only twenty-six years of age, it attests that while flinching from no labour in finishing his work, he did not prepare himself for greatness

in the mode of some of our modern masters, who, affecting the slap-dash of Impressionism, never finish anything, and by beginning where Rembrandt left off, signalise their modesty and industry.

The influence of Rembrandt is strongly marked in the small pictures by Isaac Van Ostade (1621—1649), respectively named "Interior of a Stable" and "The Itinerant Musician," which, in the collection before us, come next in chronological order. While the subjects of each of these examples are such as the younger Van Ostade was never tired of painting, especially after he ceased to work in the mood of his brother Adriaan, he proved the extent of his resources by never repeating himself, nor allowing his art to become threadbare. What

only a little less scarce than those of A. Brouwer, another follower of Rembrandt, and, perhaps, the most admirable painter of subjects such as were affected by the brothers Van Ostade, of whom the senior lived to be seventy-five years old. Accordingly, as no man exceeded him in industry, the output of Adriaan was far more numerous than that of Isaac. It is well known that, despite the great differences between the works of the brothers, a number of the productions of the younger man have been given by dealers to the elder, who was always better known and more popular. Isaac's paintings almost invariably exceed in the brownness of their shadows, which are not quite in harmony with the paleness of the carnations, and, in these



THE MAN IN BLACK.

(From the Painting by David Teniers the Younger.)

may be called his standard piece, and as such fit to serve as a touchstone of the genuineness of works ascribed to him, is the famous "Village Scene," formerly in the Choiseul, Erard and Peel Collection, and now No. 847 in the National Gallery. Genuine paintings of Isaac Van Ostade are, owing to his short life, and despite his amazing industry, comparatively rare. Less excellent as a painter of colour and tone than his elder brother—who, by the way, was a pupil of F. Hals and the husband of Van Goyen's sister—Isaac's genuine works are

respects, they are inferior to the productions of Adriaan. Mr. Yerkes has a capital specimen of the latter master in his "Boors Regaling"—which is reproduced on p. 99. The collection of Mr. Yerkes comprises not fewer than three works ascribed to Adriaan Van Ostade; they are "The Old Toper," Smith's Supplement, No. 6, signed and dated 1651; the above-named "Boors Regaling," Smith's Supplement, No. 57; and "Dancing in the Barn," from the Demidoff Collection, signed and dated 1652.

## COLONEL GOFF'S ETCHINGS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE two contemporary etchers who interest me most, among those I have not had occasion yet to write of at any considerable length, are two men unlike, perhaps, in nearly everything but the essential quality of impulse—I mean the Frenchman, Monsieur P. Helleu, and our fellow-countryman, Colonel Goff.

No—when I said they were unlike in nearly

and keen enjoyment of those “effects” and combinations for which it is not etching that affords the readiest or most appropriate means of record. And accordingly we have from Monsieur Helleu, pastels; from Colonel Goff, water-colour, wash heightened with pen-work, or pencil drawings, marked sometimes with a strong accent, at others bloud and suave as silver-point itself.

Third-rate professional artists, and idle folk, or folk so busy that they have not had time to notice what good work has been done in Etching, and who it is that has done it, will at once discount Colonel Goff's labours because I call him “Colonel.” But when I declare that he is, in the character of his work and in the fidelity and enthusiasm with which for years he has pursued it, no more of an “amateur” than is Sir Seymour Haden, he will be, I trust, even by the most commonplace of judges, forgiven the accident of military rank—his greatest crime being, after all, only that of having served in the Cold-



NORFOLK BRIDGE, SHOREHAM.  
(From the Etching by Colonel Goff)

everything, that was clearly an exaggeration. Another thing they have in common besides impulsiveness and spontaneity—a love of beautiful and of free “line.” Goff will show that in his studies of the hillside, of the shore, of foliage, of the tall grasses of the water-meadow, and of the winding stream; Helleu will show it in his studies of the most modern humanity, of the “parisienne de Paris”—all that is most completely of the capital, refined, over-refined, subtle, it may be even debauched (but with how extenuating an elegance!)—or, now again, of the young grace of well-bred girlhood, as in “Profile de Jeune Fille,” with its wonderful union of Nineteenth-Century vividness with the grace of Reynolds or Gainsborough. And yet one other thing belongs to them in common—to these two men whose work presents, most certainly, in method as in subject, many a point of contrast. Both, being artists essentially, rather than merely skilled practitioners in a particular medium, swear no unbroken constancy to the art of the etcher—cannot avoid the keen perception

stream Guards. The offence may be condoned. Or, to speak seriously, I believe that military discipline, like the training of a surgeon bent on excellence in his own art, is, in truth, only an advantage. The strenuousness, the thoroughness, of good professional work, whether the work be accomplished in barrack or in hospital, in a city man's office or in the study of a writer, gives some guarantee of at all events the spirit in which the new work, the pictorial work, will be undertaken—a guarantee lacking in the case of the small professional painter, whose discipline in the arts of Life I must account to have been generally less complete. Yes, it is only fair to distinguish, when we talk about the “amateur”—and no one has less mercy or less tolerance for the feeble amateur than I have—it is necessary to distinguish between the mind of the dilettante, of the idler, of the wishy-washy person who, from the high realms of an unbroken self-satisfaction, condescends occasionally to an art, and the mind of the trained and exact, and therefore presumably of the strenuous.

Something like nine years of frequent “joyful



labour"—Maeduff's inestimable phrase—in the art of Etching have resulted in making Colonel Goff the author of some sixty or more plates, of which,

"Water-Meadow," work not proceeding to a conscious elaboration, yet not stopping short of the point at which even for the many it may be expressive. Its quality, however, good as it is, does not really give it a unique place in the list of Colonel Goff's labours; other plates—some that would be considered very humble ones—show virtues quite as valuable. Few etchers are Colonel Goff's equals, fewer still go beyond him, in composition of line, in arrangement of light and shade; and as he firmly possesses this science, it is natural that very many of his plates, and not only one or two of them, should satisfactorily display it. "Shoreham"—of which a repro-



THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.  
(From the Etching by Colonel Goff.)

to the outsider at least, the first characteristic will seem to be, the range and variety of their themes. The key to this lies in the sensitiveness of the artist, in his width of appreciation, in his reasonable enjoyment of scenes and subjects that have little in common, that present the piquancy of change. Only figure-subjects proper have been scarcely ever attempted by him; but in landscape, in marines, in town subjects, in subjects which involve now the expression of the passion of nature, now the frankest introduction of every kind of modern detail of construction that is supposed to be "ugly," and that the sentimental brush-man declares to be "unpaintable," Colonel Goff is thoroughly at home.

Next to mere prettiness or "strikingness," what the public likes best in landscape is not the record of its happy accident or of its intricate and balanced line, but the intelligible presentation of natural effects. This probably is why, among Colonel Goff's etchings, the "Summer Storm in the Itchen Valley"—first seen at the Society of Painter-Etchers about three years ago—has thus far been the most popular. And certainly the public choice in this instance lighted upon work that was admirable and accomplished, spontaneous and effective—work not a little akin to that in Seymour Haden's admirable

duction is given here—displays it delightfully. The unity of impression is complete; the grouping seems well-nigh faultless—there is the light arch of the Norfolk Bridge and the dark mass of clustered town behind it; church and houses and timbered sheds set amidst the winding of tidal waters; muddy shores, from above whose low sky-line there rises now and again the mast of a fishing smack.

In "Winchester"—a little plate of great simplicity and reticence—there is the note of a mood and of an hour as well as of a place. Behind the flat meadows and the nameless stream that small trees bend over, there is the long line of the cathedral; and one feels over all the quiet of Autumn. Then there is



THE LIGHTHOUSE, SHOREHAM.  
(From the Etching by Colonel Goff.)

the peace of "Itchen Abbas Bridge"—the little dry-point with the miller's house, the waving poplar, the granary, and the slow stream—in another plate there is the picturesqueness of the steep Lewes Street; in the "Ford, Shoreham," complex activity, fulness of theme. In the "South Cone," the great broad waves that swing about the base of Brighton Pier not only suggest what the title implies, but have a certain decorative quality, possible only when the process of "selection" has been just and the visible labour somewhat sternly simplified. "The Chain Pier, Brighton," combines in high degree the charm of elegance and the charm of mystery. See the foreshortening of the steep, high wall, the delicacy of the Chain Pier and little fleet of skiffs, the reticent, suggestive touch in those grouped houses by the Albion. "Charing Cross Bridge," by its exceedingly subtle arrangement, its most successful victory over difficult material—more even, than the "Newcastle" and the "Cannon Street," and the "Métropole," with the dark cliff of masonry and the lighted lamps along the Brighton "front"—is perhaps the best of all these several plates which are deliberately devoted to the treatment of such things as seem prosaic to the person whose poetry is conventional. As one other instance of variety, I ought to mention the wild dreariness of the "Peat Moss, Banavie."

Most of the plates give proof of thorough draughtsmanship, to the discerning; though nowhere is such draughtsmanship paraded or made obvious. In one most recent plate, however, devoted to a

subject of which the inartistic, unimagined mind, and the insensitive hand, would have made probably mere pattern—I mean the etching of the bare boughs of an apple tree, weird and old—the draughtsmanship is, of necessity, and happily, conspicuous. But the thing is not pattern at all, and though we follow with delight the intricate line, there is the charm of an impression as well as the fidelity of a record. There is accent about the etching, emphasis, vitality; an atmosphere plays, as it were, amongst the boughs; the tree is not the tree only, but a part of nature and the day.

Goethe said to that disciple to whom he most fully unveiled himself, "All my poems are 'occasional' poems." In that resided their freshness, and Goethe knew it well. "All my etchings are 'occasional' etchings," could be said by nearly every fine etcher, too wise to set forth upon the picturesque tour with the deliberate intention of perpetrating particular prints. For the art of etching, if it is to yield you its peculiar charm, must have been exercised only upon spontaneous promptings. There are very few exceptions. Méryon himself—that greatest genius perhaps, in original engraving, whom our Nineteenth Century has known—was not really an exception. Slow as his work must have been, the unity of impression preserved throughout so long a labour—the original impulse—was there, which the circumstance created. The spontaneity is essential. And few men better than Colonel Goff have executed spontaneous work with the resources of firmly-held knowledge.

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### "KILCHURN CASTLE."

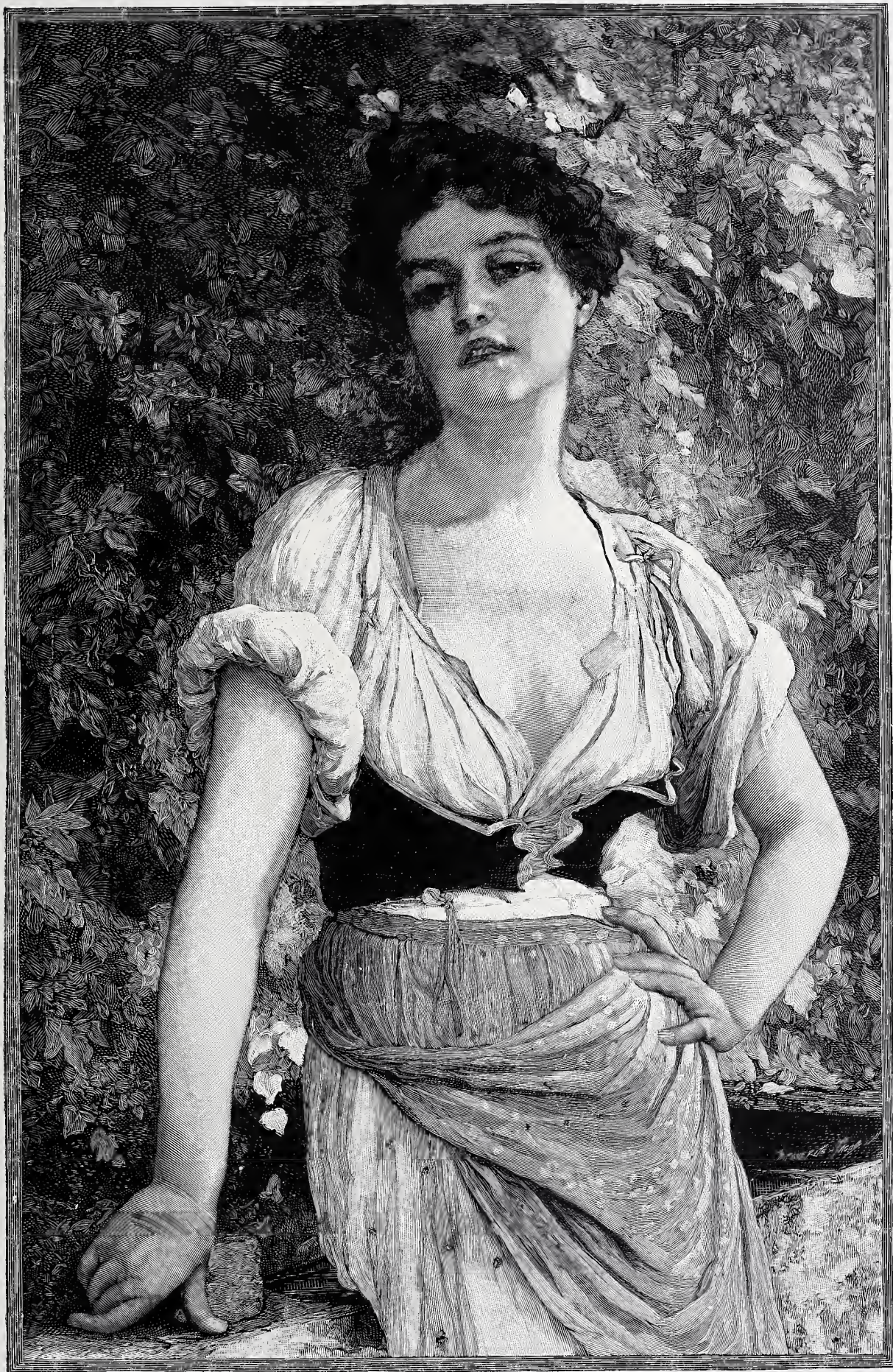
BY DAVID LAW, R.P.-E.

BARELY surpassed for beauty of situation by any other of Scotland's gem-like lakes, Loch Awe ranks only as second in point of size. Nestling among the mighty hills of Argyllshire at a height of about a hundred and twenty feet above the sea-level, it extends its waters for a distance of nearly twenty-four miles, reflecting in its depths the shadows of the wild and rugged mountains by which it is surrounded. Chief among these is Ben Cruachan, a giant among the giants, its rocky ridge soaring far above the crests of its neighbours. At the north-east end of the lake its waters are studded with numerous islets, several of which contain ruins of strongholds of bygone days. The principal of these, situated on a rocky peninsula at the north of the lake, its walls almost enshrouded in foliage, and standing out picturesquely against the background of the wild hills, is the subject

of Mr. Law's etching, Kilchurn Castle. For more than four hundred years it has withstood the onslaughts of men and time, for it was in 1440 that Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorehy built it as a stronghold for himself.

Mr. Law has succeeded with his usual ability in presenting his subject in its most picturesque aspect. The castle walls have lost their grimness, and rather add to, than detract from, the quiet peacefulness of the lake. The time-worn ruins present the contrast to the "everlasting hills," and, without competing in anywise with the beauties of nature around them, take their place in a picture which would seem to lack completeness were they omitted.

It may be of interest to recall the fact that it was on the Isle of Inishail, no great distance from Kilchurn Castle, that the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton established his "Painter's Camp" in 1857.



AN ITALIAN LAUNDRESS.

*(From the Painting by A. E. E. Hébert. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin. Copyright, 1894, Braun, Clément et Cie.)*





KILCHURN CASTLE,  
*(Original Etching by David Low, R.P.E.)*





THE PASSEGGIATA PUBBLICA, PERUGIA.

## PERUGIA: "A CITY SET ON AN HILL."

BY MRS. FRANK W. W. TOPHAM. ILLUSTRATED BY F. W. W. TOPHAM, R.I.

IT was in the late summer of 1870 that I first saw Perugia, after a prolonged sojourn in Venice; and although I have visited it since, again and again, I have never forgotten the delightful feeling of renewed strength its refreshing breezes brought to one tired out and jaded to death by the heat and closeness of the northern city.

Where Perugia stands, high upon the Apennines 1,200 feet above the valley of the Tiber, the air is so pure and fresh that a healthier spot could not be found throughout the kingdom, and filled, as is the whole city, to overflowing with every material of interest to artist, sculptor, or antiquary, it is matter for the utmost surprise how little about it is really known and how few of our countrymen have cared to make it their home. The history of nearly every city and every town throughout Italy has been written by its local historian, but there can be no place whose history has been more faithfully chronicled than that of Perugia. Hidden away amidst dust and darkness, there remain in the town library volume upon volume of records of its former life—records so full of thrilling interest that one cannot tire of reading them.

It was about forty years before the Christian era that Perugia, or Perusia (the Perosche of the Etruscans), one of the most important of the twelve

cities of Etruria, fell into the hands of the Romans after suffering all the horrors of a long siege; but one of the citizens, preferring to burn down his house rather than that it should fall into the hands of the enemy, set fire to it, and the flames spread to the neighbouring houses, so that the whole city was consumed. It was rebuilt by the Emperor Augustus, and the inscriptions which he placed upon two of the gates to commemorate the fact are still to be seen, engraved in beautiful letters.

The mediæval history of the city is one of continual strife and warfare, both from within and without its walls. Party spirit ran so high that brother rose against brother, and father against son, and many a time the whole of its narrow streets and wide piazzas have been one long battle-field. Fierce and warlike as were the men, the women were not far behind, for on one occasion, at least, when a successful foe had forced his way through the gates, the wives and sisters among the population threw down from their windows boiling water and live ashes upon the heads of the enemy and his followers. The vendetta, too, was rife. One writer tells a ghastly story of a father, who, in revenge for the death of his son, a simple shepherd lad, who had fallen a victim to a practical joke of his companions, seized on the boy who had caused his

death, and, killing him, invited his father to dinner. He fed him on part of his son's body, telling him after the meal upon "what" he had dined. The man, maddened by the thought, immediately stabbed the one who had played him so devilish a trick, and the widow of him who was killed rushed off and slew the slayer's wife, and thus one death so followed another that in less than a month thirty-six lives were lost in avenging the death of the young shepherd. Record after record tells such-like tales of murders and revenge, and it is a relief to leave these horrors and turning over the pages to read of the enthusiasm shown by the inhabitants in their religious life—to read, for example, of a certain friar from Assisi (the birthplace of the friars) preaching in the piazza to three thousand persons, denouncing, as Savonarola did years after in Florence, the vain ornaments and the lavish dress of his hearers, so that within a fortnight the women sent

their false hair, their rich jewels and ornaments, and the men their dice and cards and other vanities, and how these, being gathered in a great heap in the piazza between the bishop's palace and the fountain, were one Sunday, after the sermon, set on fire. And they made so huge a pile that the heat of the high-blazing fire became unbearable, and in trying to escape from it many men and women nearly lost their lives.

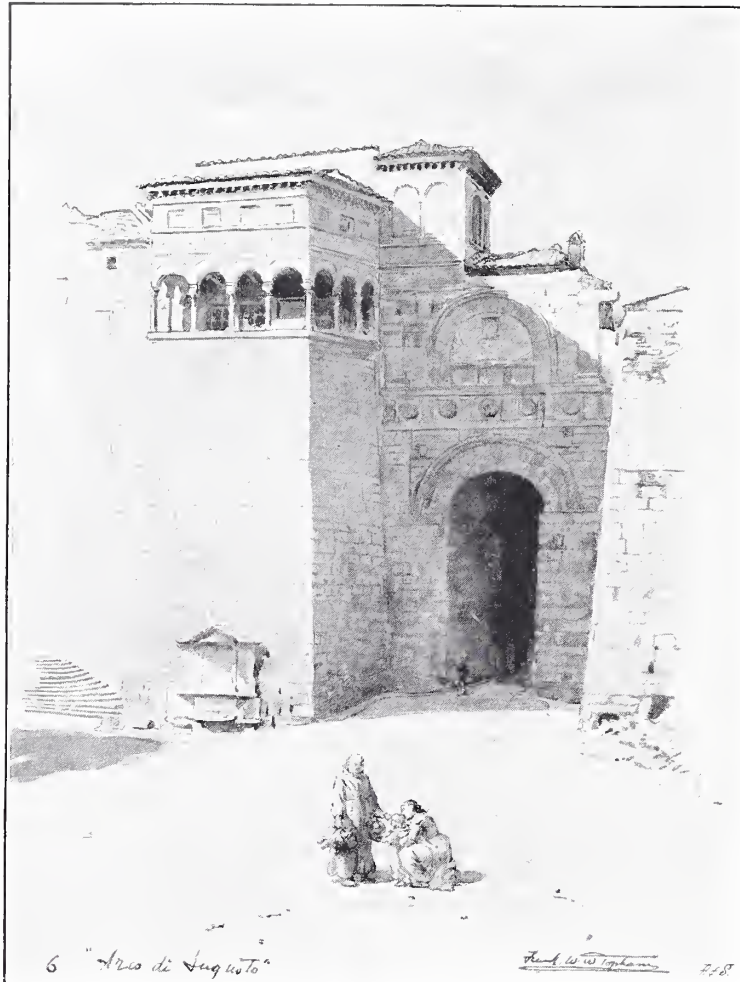
Another friar coming to Perugia to preach the Lenten sermons, organised a kind of miracle-play on the Crucifixion, and as we stand in that same old piazza it is easy to picture how it looked on that Good Friday nearly five hundred years ago—to see in imagination the broad staircase of the

Palazzo Pubblico, with its handsome balustrades, crowded by the spectators in the rich and varied costumes of the time as they looked down on the bleeding Christ and the weeping figure of the Virgin Mother. Empty as the staircase now stands of its brilliant company, the rich tints of marble and stone are ever there to delight the eye, even though

the visitor do not stop to look at the quaint figures on the wall above the entrance—the Perugian Griffin and the Lions of the Guelphs, belonging to an ancient fountain long since destroyed. The piazza looks to-day much as it did in bygone times, when Braccio, the last of the independent rulers of Perugia, ruled over the city with justice and wisdom. The colour of stone and marble was doubtless brighter, and the noise and rush of men greater far than in these peaceful days; but the sky was not bluer nor the sun brighter, and though the now silent fountain in its centre sends

forth its streams of water no longer, as it did for those who crowded round, we can still appreciate its beauties, as marvellous and as perfect now as then. It is composed of three basins, the two lower being polygon of four-and-twenty sides, each ornamented with bas-reliefs. Those of the second basin are of Bible characters and saints, while those on the first are more varied, a mingling of symbols, religious and profane. The third basin stands on a column, both of bronze, much smaller than the other two. The work is of Maestro Rosso.

Long after the fiery days of the Middle Ages, peace remained a stranger to Perugia, for on the death of Braccio the city again fell under the dominion of the Church, and year after year the



ARCO DI AUGUSTO, PERUGIA.





GLAZED TERRA-COTTA LAVATORY, PERUGIA.

struggle against the Papal government continued, and it was "for the more effectual repression of its citizens" that Paul III. erected the enormous fortress at the end of the Corso. This huge Bastille was to the unhappy Perugians the very symbol of the final destruction of their liberty, and was regarded by them with the utmost terror and hatred. And not without reason, for during those long years of tyranny it proved the most hopeless of prisons, to enter whose doors meant oblivion and death. Happily it is gone now, and the ground which it occupied is turned into the spacious Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, whereon stands the handsome modern Prefettura. But there are many still living in Perugia who tell of the joy of the citizens when delivered from the dominion of the Papal government; they were free to demolish, stone by stone, brick by brick, that terrible building which had so long held them in bondage and in terror. They tell how, when the doors of that awful

prison-house were thrown open, they wandered shuddering and sickened over its bastions and through its cells, saw those dungeons—living tombs planned by diabolical minds—whose only openings were round holes in the floors of those above, and looked into those cells where the miserable wretches, once admitted through a cavity just large enough for them to crawl, could never stand upright nor lie their length, but where they must remain till death in pity came to end their tortures.

It was pleasant to turn from the site of the demolished prison to the gay Corso, for in the days when I first saw it the remains of the building still lay scattered about, among which an old man rested on a stone—a white-headed old man who had been one of the first of the prisoners released—released after an imprisonment of many years. "He comes up here day after day," they told me, and I wondered



STAIRCASE, PALAZZO PUBBLICO, PERUGIA.

whether he came to rejoice over the disappearance of his terrible lodging-house, or whether, from the effect of habit, he was no longer at his ease in the noisy life in the town. For although the fierce warfares and religious pageants are at an end, Perugia is not a deserted city like its neigh-

S. Pietro Cassina, and there many an evening may be passed. There is no view more beautiful than that which can be seen from these gardens; from there you can see Assisi, Foligno Spello, and even, now and again, the Tiber gleaming in the dying sunlight far down in the valley below. In the



DOORWAY OF THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO, PERUGIA.

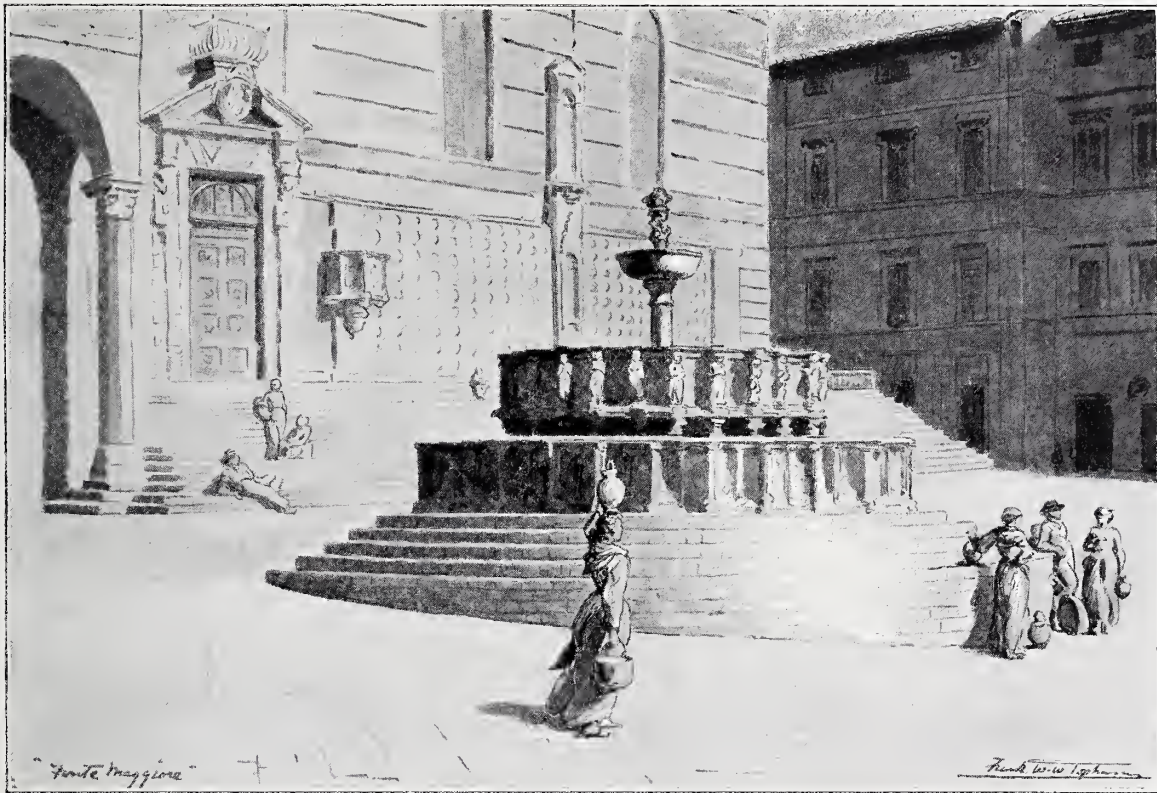
bour Assisi. There is a pleasant hum of business about its streets, its cafés are bright and well filled with jolly young officers, such as are always to be seen in every town in Italy, and there is quite a little colony of English and Americans, mostly residents in Rome, who seek out Perugia for their summer holiday, certain of finding fresh health and strength among its hilly breezes. The Corso, running along the ridge, is the central and most lively portion of the city, filled every evening with merry family parties, with horse-riders and carriages full of gaily-dressed ladies who pass and repass, all exchanging pleasant greetings one with the other, and children skipping along the paths or flying their brilliant-coloured air-balloons as they run, and the whole scene is full of life and colour. But to those who wish for calm and quiet, there is always open the Passeggiata Pubblica, close to the Church of

middle of the gardens there is a curious circular seat, built in marble and sunk several feet below the level of the ground, providing a very sheltered nook out of the reach of a wind that blows very freshly in other parts. And when the autumn winds and the evenings fast closing in set an end to lingering in the gardens, you may pass a morning sketching the doorway of the Palazzo Pubblico, one of the finest in Perugia not only in its colouring, but in its workmanship, above it standing the figures of three saints, while on either side is a griffin, one holding a sheep, the other a calf, and lower down two figures of crouching lions. For the griffins are the arms of a company or guild, such as were at one time very numerous in Perugia.

It is close to our favourite retreat, the Passeggiata Pubblica, that the Benedictine Church of S. Pietro dei Cassinensi stands. At one time one of the

wealthiest of monasteries, it now stands bereft of its former inmates, their places only partly filled by little pauper lads. But one abbot and three or four monks only now remain of that vast brotherhood who for eight hundred years had held possession of that beautiful building, replete with every beauty that art could devise to gladden the eyes of men—from its handsome doorway with rich festoons of fruit carved in the purest white marble, to the refectory with its pulpit of glazed and highly-coloured terra-cotta. Its ceiling is decorated in the same rich material, while in the passage opposite stands a fountain depicting the history of the woman of Samaria. Without doubt the lives

And just as the Arco di Augusto was built by Augustus to commemorate the victory of Rome over the Perugians, so these dismantled monasteries and the Piazza of Vittorio Emanuele proclaim the victory of the Perugians over what they considered their bitterest and latest enemy, the temporal power of the Church of Rome. But were I to notice church after church, interior after interior, the many public buildings, the paintings to be found within the city walls and their histories, my paper would develop into a volume. But, coming from past to present, I must at least speak of the market-day, for it is then that Perugia wears the look it must most nearly have worn in the old

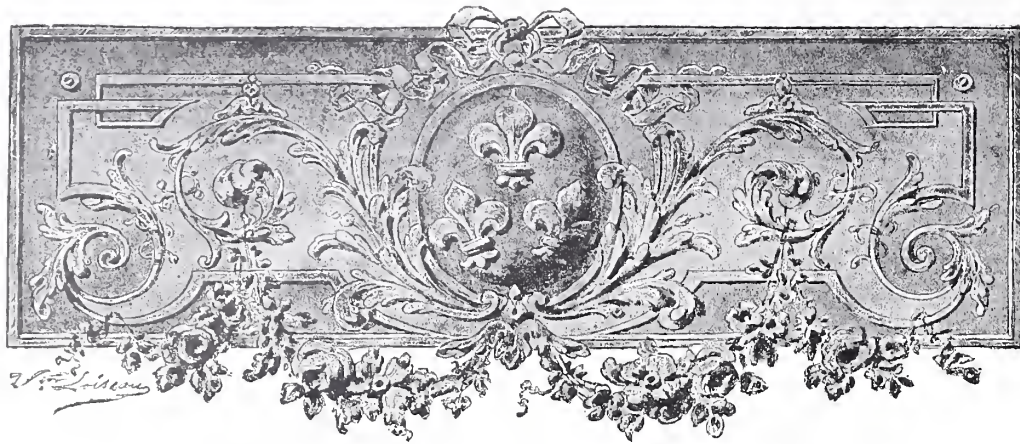


THE FONTE MAGGIORE, PERUGIA.

led by the inmates of these monasteries were lazy and luxurious in the extreme; but when we think of them remorselessly shorn of every comfort and ease to earn their living as best they might, one cannot but wonder, and not without pity, what can have become of the greater part of that vast order who never, throughout their whole lives, had had one hard day's work, and were now cast adrift into the world of which they knew so little. In those early days of their exile, when all men were regarding them as part of the vanquished army who for years had tyrannised over their liberty, the privations they had to endure must have been bitter in the extreme.

medieval days. Once more the whole city is alive, and through every gate crowd in the peasants from the neighbouring valleys, bringing in corn, wood, and grain, wine and fruit, flowers and vegetables, birds, beasts, and fishes, as in the days when Biordo, one of its many rulers, made a festival and the people from the country beyond brought him like gifts to prove their love and reverence.

And the sound of many voices, merry laughter, and gay music re-echo through the streets, proclaiming that the days of its persecutions, its war-fares, are over, and that peace and prosperity have at last found a resting-place in the city set upon a hill.



## SOME SCOTTISH BINDINGS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By S. T. PRIDEAUX.

IT seems worth while, with the increased interest in bindings, to call attention to two types that have not hitherto met with the recognition they deserve: these are the Scottish bindings of—roughly speaking—the early eighteenth century, and the English inlaid work of about the same date but earlier. Although coupled together for the purpose of treatment in this article, they bear no resemblance to each other, and are, in fact, two perfectly distinct styles.

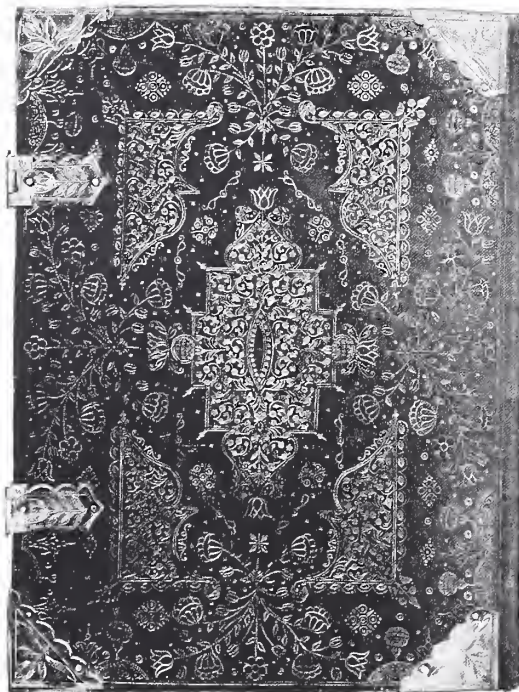
Unfortunately the obscurity that prevails with regard to the whole history of binding as a craft, with very few exceptions, exists also at this period. All one can do under the circumstance is to direct the attention of the public interested in the subject to certain types of design thrown into shadow hitherto by the more prominent ones, in the hope that by study of individual specimens something of the genius and development of ornament as applied to binding may be discovered, and perhaps, by the way, something also of the binder and of the conditions under which he worked. This, it is hoped, may prove sufficient excuse for this paper, which certainly lacks the historic interest attached to bindings done for French princes and great collectors.

The readers of such literature of binding as exists must surely be somewhat wearied, it may be supposed, by the limitation of treatment to Grolier and Maioli, Le Gascon and Eve, with an

occasional mention of Roger Payne as the only English binder worthy of consideration. "Les Relieurs Français, 1560—1800," by Ernest Thoinan, which has recently appeared, contains nearly all that is likely to be known of binding as the art

was pursued and cultivated in France. It certainly contains the result of the most recent and elaborate researches among the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and though we may not always agree with the conclusions of the author on certain long disputed points, the interest of his material is not affected by his deductions. For information as to the early history of the Guild of Binders and Gilders in Paris, its connection with the University, and its statutes, the account given by M. Thoinan is the only one. It is followed by a short history of the different ornamental styles through which the art passed, and concludes with a biographical notice of all

the French binders. Far more information is therein contained than has ever been put together before, including much entirely unknown hitherto to the English reader. With the appearance of this work—somewhat final, at all events for the present—we may hope that those who want to discuss binding will give up the repetition of platitudes about the great French craftsmen, and devote themselves more to seeing what can be discovered in our own country. I am ready to



BIBLE WITH INLAID BINDING. (See p. 112)

admit that the art never attained over here anything like the perfection it did abroad; that not only the same technical mastery has never been forthcoming, but that also the inventiveness to produce a national style has not as yet arisen. For long periods we were content to assimilate the designs of our neighbours as they arose one after the other; hardly, indeed, to assimilate, rather to reproduce them for our own needs, and that for the most part slavishly, and with no new elements.

But every now and again we come across some volume that shows on the part of the workman a distinct effort to get rid of imitation and attempt a new style. Any discovery of this sort should be followed up by careful observation in any library there may be at hand, of books of the same date or place of publication; and in this way we may, perhaps, one day attain to something like a connected account of the art in our own country.

The two types that claim attention in this paper have hardly as yet been realised, and there is but little information to be given about them. We may, perhaps, dismiss the English one first as offering even less material for information than the Scottish, and presenting less variety in the individual specimens. It is also earlier in date.



BIBLE WITH INLAID BINDING. (See p. 112.)

All we really know about this English inlaid work, of which two examples are here reproduced, is that it is to be found on Bibles, Prayer Books, and the

like, at the end of the seventeenth century and beginning of the last century. The colour of the cover is a dark-blue, and the inlays are of red and citron. Many of these books have also silver clasps, and corners delicately engraved with some slight ornament of the period, and some have decorated edges—mostly a flower painted underneath the gold. The tools used for the decoration are many of them in outline, bordering an inlay of the same shape, generally a conventional flower. The parts inlaid, besides these small flowers, are, generally speaking, the corners and centre of a panel,



A SCOTTISH BINDING IN BLUE MOROCCO. (See p. 112.)

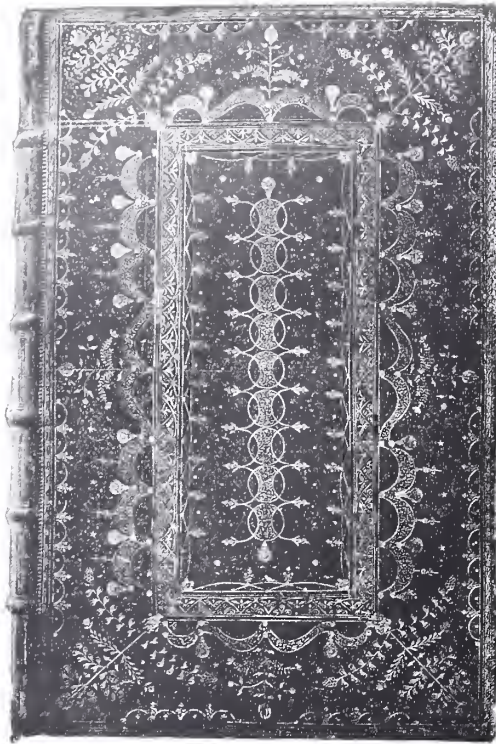
and on these inlays are worked very freely, and without regard to neatness of joining, certain well recognised ornaments that formed the stock-in-trade of the ordinary binder of the time. The tooling is rough, and the beauty of the book depends more on the general effect of colour and massing of design than on the execution or the pattern itself.

Nevertheless, the sprays that fill up the spaces between the inlays are often extremely graceful, and the details composing them are very delicate, the tools being well designed and finely cut.

Altogether, these bindings have a great attractiveness, none the less for their want of elaborate finish. They are happily inspired, and most distinctly national, which is a point well worthy of emphasis. The larger of the two illustrations is that of a Bible in the possession of Mr. C. E. H. Chadwyck Healy, printed at Cambridge in 1673. It is a large quarto, in excellent preservation, having the painted edges before mentioned, and silver clasps and corners.

The other is also a Bible, printed at London in 1673, and bought by Mr. Quaritch from the library of the late Mr. Lawrence. Of course, all the beauty of colour is lost in the illustrations, and for that reason it is not worth while to give more than these two reproductions. The number of these books to be met with is not very large, but many a family that dates back a couple of hundred years probably has one such among its treasures, kept with the fans and laces, the charms, and chatelaines, and knickknacks of its feminine ancestors. One such I lately came across almost

unknown to its possessor, in which were entered, after the domestic custom of that day, the names and dates of all the family for years in quaint



A SCOTTISH BINDING IN RED MOROCCO.

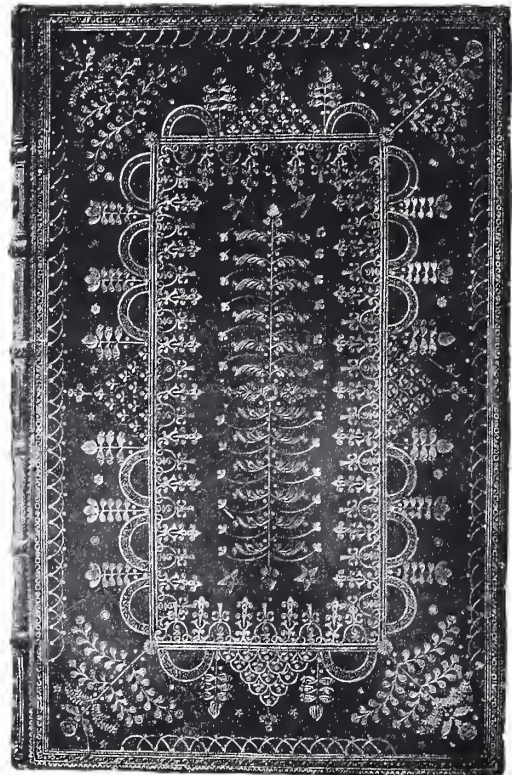
old phraseology that added greatly to the interest of what was one of the best specimens of this kind of binding. It was a type that was probably in the hands of only a few binders, and very likely almost reserved for the Bibles and Prayer Books that formed gift books.

It is not before the last part of the seventeenth century that we find any important bindings obviously of Scottish workmanship. The annals of Scottish printing are searched in vain for any record of binders. Printing progressed but slowly in the country. The first press was established in 1507 by patent of King James IV., granted to two citizens of the town of Edinburgh named Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar. There is little doubt that it was introduced from France, Myllar having at one time been a bookseller importing books from abroad, and having apparently some practical knowledge of printing obtained on the Continent.

The licence begins in the following quaint way: "Wit ye that foisamekill as our lovittis servitouris Walter Chepman and Androw Myllar burgesses of our burgh of Edinburgh, has at our instance and request, for our plesour, the honour and proffit of our Realme and Liegis, takin on thame to furnis

and bring hame ane prent, with all stuff belangand tharto and expert men to use the samyne for imprinting within our Realme of the bukis of our Lawis, aetis of Parliament cronielis, mess bukis," &c. &c. These adventurous citizens are further guaranteed from loss by a monopoly of printing certain books, and last, but by no means least, among such books the liturgical works of William, Bishop of Aberdeen. Indeed, it is thought by some that the object and origin of the introduction of printing to Scotland was not so much to procure printed books, as to enable this bishop, who had great influence over the king, to exclude the books of Salisbury use, and impose his own breviary—called the Aberdeen breviary—upon the people.

There is no doubt that the "prent and expert" men were imported from France, as this has been decided from the similarity of the type and wood blocks used by Myllar with those in French books of the period. The division of the partnership has been made obvious from the documents of the time. Chepman was a general merchant who undertook miscellaneous commercial transactions, and was in favour both with James IV. and James V. The



A SCOTTISH BINDING IN BLUE MOROCCO.

idea of the new venture was probably suggested by him as well as financed by his money, and Myllar, as more or less of an expert versed in the craft, undertook the practical leadership of the concern.

I have said that the French origin of the Scottish development has been proved from the likeness between the woodcuts used there and those in contemporary use on the Continent. Chepman, like most of the early printers, had a device, and this was in fact a modification of the one known to lovers of early-printed books as that of Pigouchet. Myllar's was a capital example of the punning or parlant stamp. A miller carries a sack of corn on his back up a ladder to the windmill; the stem of the mill supports a shield with the monogram, while the name is in bold Gothic letters along the bottom of the device. Two small shields at the top corners are charged with three fleurs-de-lys. Many examples of these punning stamps may be found on early French bindings, when books were bound in brown leather and impressed by a block without gold. But the interesting point about this particular device of Myllar's is that, though there is no printed book extant by him which has it impressed on the binding, there is a pair of book-covers in the Douce collection of the Bodleian Library at Oxford which has the same device with the name of Jehan Moulin. There are several examples of Moulin binding in existence, and his stamp is one of the finest and most decorative of the kind.

It was natural that certain of these devices, or parts of them, should appear in stamps on the leather covers in which books from the early presses were mostly issued. The printing, binding, and bookselling departments were not unusually combined in one, so that it frequently happened that the trade-mark was impressed as a panel stamp as above described. The French panel stamps far exceeded all others in beauty as well as frequency, and a collection of them would go a long way to show the especial recognition of the French of the appropriate use of ornament to book-covers, and its adaptation to the limited space which they had to decorate.

It is, however, in vain that we look for any such distinctive marks of the binder in Scotland, even at the early period when signed bindings were not infrequent abroad. The whole period is destitute of any record. Some indication may be found occasionally from very unexpected sources, and it is to be hoped that now attention has been directed to

the matter, such sources as the one I am about to mention may prove more fruitful of results in the future. There is a tombstone in Elgin Cathedral of William Lyel, "subdicanus ecclesie moraviensis," who died in 1504. The stone is long and narrow, having a cross in the centre, a cup on one side of the stem of the cross, and a book in the corresponding space to the right. The inscription runs in a border all round, and is to this effect:—"Hic jacet

venerabilis vir magister vilelmus lyel quondā subdecanus ecclesie moravien. q. obiit—die mēs—Anno dñi Mcccc. iiii." A rubbing of the book shows that it probably represents a fine binding of the time, and the design consists of a diaper of diamond-shaped lozenges set between a heavy three-lined border, and on the fore-edge is a clasp. The rubbing measures 10½ inches by 6 inches.

The early Italian pictures, with their Madonnas and Apostles who frequently hold in their hands some rare and costly missal, give us not infrequently a very clear idea of the contemporary bindings, jewelled and otherwise enriched, which were placed at the service of the Church and mostly executed within conventual walls. In the same

way it is not impossible that from time to time the student of Scottish archaeology may come upon some instances of the applied arts which will prove important for the early history of Scottish binding.

As for the written records, if not quite so scanty, they are not any more instructive. The following specimens of what we get in this way are indicative of all the documentary evidence that is to be had up to this date. In 1539 the King's treasurer pays David Chepman, son of Walter the printer, ten shillings Scots "for binding and laying about with gold the queen's matin buke." In the accounts of Aberdeen University we find: "Item to James Miller, bookbinder, for binding for Mr. Jon Paterson Mr. John Meingyes Sermons aforesaid, 44 lb. 2s." And again—"Item to Peter Thomson for cutting 7m, being 3 quares, 6s."

It was not till the seventeenth century that printing really spread to the provinces of Scotland. Aberdeen did not receive a press till 1622, when Edward Raban, an Englishman by birth, came north to execute his craft, and after staying a short time



SCOTCH BINDING IN BLUE MOROCCO. (See p. 112.)

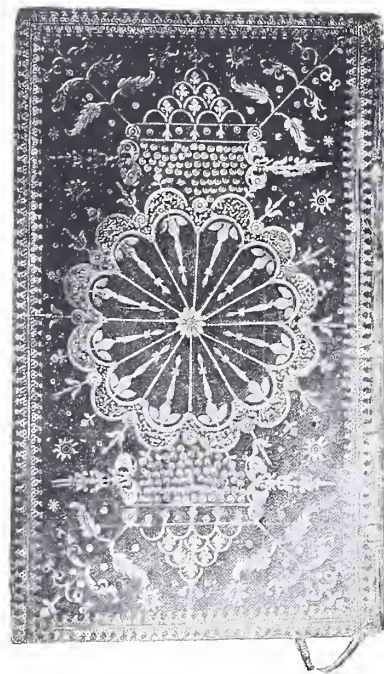
in Edinburgh, was made printer to the University of St. Andrews. He had a great friendship with Melvill, the bookseller of Aberdeen, for whom he printed, and in 1643 Raban is mentioned as having a bookselling as well as a printing business. Now Melvill died in that same year, and it is probable that the bookselling shop was Melvill's business that he took over on his death. One would like to discover some bindings that emanated from this well-authenticated bookshop. It is possible that the libraries of Scotland—the University Library at Glasgow that contains the Hunterian collection; the Edinburgh University Library, to which the entire collection of Drummond of Hawthornden was bequeathed; the Advocates' Library, and the Signet Library in the same town, may contain much that is valuable in this and other directions. The more remote collections, too, not yet explored, from this point of view, may some day yield unexpected treasures. But such researches as have come within my power have not resulted in the identification of any ornate Scotch binding earlier than the last quarter of the seventeenth century.

Since the dispersal of the private libraries of Dr. Laing, Mr. Whiteford Maekenzie, Mr. James Maidment, and the late Sir W. Fettes Douglas, who is said to have had a fine collection of old Scotch bindings, it is not likely that any considerable number are to be found in a single owner's possession.

There were several interesting examples exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, three of which are figured in their illustrated catalogue.

I think I can trace two fairly distinct types of Scotch binding during the eighteenth century. The examples here given are all from Edinburgh printed books, and with one exception are all in the library of the British Museum; and both types appear to be fairly contemporaneous, though I shall begin with the one that seems to be the earlier of the two, as it is found on the one book having a date of the previous century. This is the "Parfait Mareschal or Compleat Farrier," printed at Edinburgh in 1696. It is a fine specimen of a small folio measuring 12 inches by 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, bound in dark blue morocco, and has a red doublure. It

will be seen from the illustration that the design is put together most ingeniously. The weak part is the framework of the centre panel, which is made by means of a wide ornamental roll worked roughly enough at the angles. The spaces marked out by gouges which border the panel inside and out, and likewise the sides of the covers are very effectively filled in with dots, and the branch work in the centre and at the corners is decidedly graceful. The design is, on the whole, well conceived with the exception above mentioned, and the general effect is well-balanced and satisfying to the eye.



A SCOTTISH BINDING IN RED MOROCCO.  
(See p. 112.)

The second example is also a small folio in red morocco, a "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution," printed at Edinburgh in 1722. The third is a "History of the Church under the Old Testament," Edinburgh, 1730, a folio in blue morocco. The fourth is a Psalter belonging to Mr. John Wordie of Glasgow, an octavo in blue morocco, which was the colour most used at that period.

These four specimens are all different, but have at the same time a marked similarity that proves, I think conclusively, that there was a distinct type of

Scottish binding during this period.

The other type is one that has always in the centre a circular ornament with radiating lines, and at the angles conventional branch work, generally speaking, of palm sprays. The examples of Scotch binding exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club were of this character, the best specimen being the "Disputatio Juridica," Edinburgh, 1730, 4to, a presentation copy to Lord Lauderdale, to whom the "Disputatio" is dedicated. This book was lent by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce, and is figured in the catalogue.

The specimen here given is not a very interesting one, but presents clearly enough the type in all its features. The book is entitled "Eloge de la ville d'Edinbourg divisé en quatre chants par le sieur de Forbes," à Edinbourg, 1752, 12mo. It is bound in red morocco, and, like all the others here represented, have that German embossed gilt paper for "end papers" which came over here in the early part of the last century.





JANUARY.

(Drawn by Molly B. Evans.)

**“Circulation” at South Kensington Museum.**

A DISCUSSION recently took place in the *Times*, the object of which was to point out the extent to which the work of “circulation” of art objects throughout the provincial museums and art schools had outgrown the department. It was shown that this section should be placed upon a new footing, that steps should be taken to make the circulation more efficacious and useful, and, above all, that all objects so lent from South Kensington should be specially chosen to harmonise with the needs of each district for which they are destined. We are glad to hear that the Vice-President has decided to act on the latter suggestion, and that a circular or “form” is being prepared in which the museums are invited to make suggestions as to their requirements.

**The Bristol Academy.**

WE are glad to be able to note that interest in art matters is reviving in Bristol. An excellent exhibition is now being held under the auspices of the Bristol Academy for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, in which, though much of the space is occupied by local artists, there are many works by well-known painters. Newlyn is well represented by Messrs. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., WALTER LANGLEY, W. H. Y. TITCOMB, JULIUS OLSSON, and Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES. Besides these there are works by Mrs. NORMAND, Messrs. ALFRED EAST, R.L., ALBERT GOODWIN R.W.S., and NAPIER HEMY.

**The Architect's Ghost.**

AT the moment when the Editor of the *Builder*, in criticising our charges in respect to “the architect's ghost,” asserted that “the more serious vice of signing a *design* made by another man belongs more to the old than to the new generation,” the

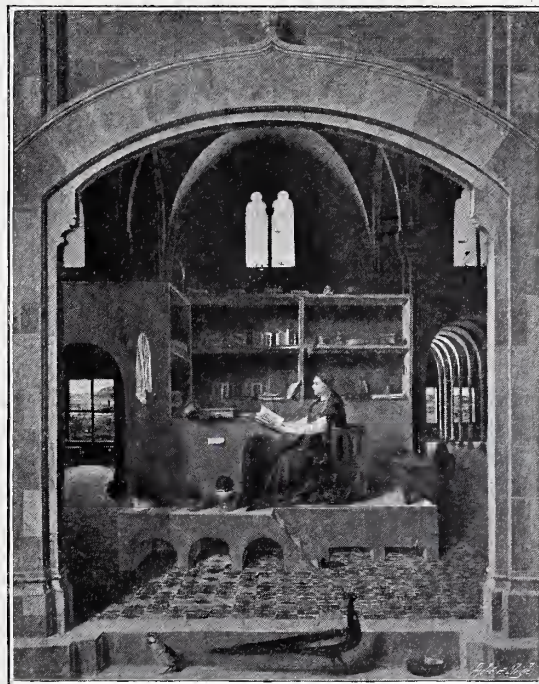
President of the Architectural Association was confirming our remarks and refuting the *Builder's* apology in his annual address. He said: “A man possessed of a small income and influential friends may, indeed, obtain a large practice, and, with the help of clever assistants, carry it on successfully without having the least ability or love for the work, but, though he may thus become a successful tradesman, he is certainly not an architect. Of course, however, the public will not realise that. . . . There have

been two competitions during the year for municipal buildings in London, and in each the successful design was entirely the work of ghosts. Now, for a man to send in, as his own design, the work of another, everyone must admit to be a downright fraud.” We commend these remarks to the Editor of the *Builder*. It is, perhaps, too much to expect his acknowledgment of error.

**Art in South Africa.**

IN connection with the publication in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for August of a note on the development of art at the Cape, we have received a communication from another correspondent residing at Johannesburg. He deplores the fact that while there are many willing to become serious art-students in “the golden city,” the difficulties in the way of the establishment of classes are so great as to be almost insurmountable. Models charge from half a guinea to a guinea an hour, and are very inferior

even at that. Mr. McCURE, a resident artist in Johannesburg, did, in fact—as our other correspondent mentioned—start a class, but had to close it, as the students were so apathetic that after a time the class-room was left in the sole occupancy of the teacher. It is a bad look-out for art



ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY.

(By Antonello da Messina. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

when it has to compete with such forces as are contained in a town like Johannesburg, where the race for wealth occupies the first attention of the community.

**A New Mace for Manchester.** RECENTLY the people of Manchester determined to possess a mace, and in emulation of the example of their neighbour, the proud town of Preston, who consulted with Mr. WALTER CRANE, who has just furnished a design for this portion of the Corporate Insignia. Needless to say, the designer has not drawn inspiration from any of the existing maces possessed by other corporations. In its way it is a distinct creation, and, indeed, this was presumably intended by the people of Manchester, for their very act of presenting the commission to Mr. Crane indicated they disregarded maces constructed on the old lines which could easily have been procured from any local jeweller. As a general maxim it may be laid down that it requires the eye of an expert to perceive any difference in the construction of the usual official mace. Any variation was chiefly obtained by the art of the repoussé worker, whilst the general design remained the same, and in the form of existing maces the main features are almost painfully alike. The English metal-worker of the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries—the period during which the manufacture of maces was, perhaps, at the greatest—followed, as it were, one model slightly distinct in detail and perhaps varied in size, but still the same form. The intention of Mr. Crane's design is apparent; it is in concrete form a symbol of the powers vested in the personality of the chief magistrate of the modern City of Manchester, which, at the same time, records the importance of the community in the world of commerce and emblematic of its local history and achievements. A brief description will indicate how distinctly it differs from existing examples of maces, and Mr. Crane's own words are appended with this object. "It is crested with the city crest—the Globe and Bees. The figure is intended to typify the industrial City of Manchester, and it is enclosed in the letter 'M' to make it still further emphatic as the emblem of the Manchester Municipality. Below is another globe symbolical of the world itself. Around it the city motto appears, and the trade of Manchester with all quarters of the earth is symbolised by the beaks of ships (there would be five), the sails of which form the ridges of the mace. Below again, on the bell, are the City shield of arms, alternating with the National arms and emblems. (These might be enamelled in their proper heraldic colours.) Below



DESIGN FOR A MACE FOR MANCHESTER.  
(By Walter Crane.)

again, is a series of figures under canopies symbolising the sources of the Commonwealth of the City, and its prosperity and administration. For instance, one (shown in front) typifies the Ship Canal pouring a perpetual stream from an urn, which meanders in the form of a ribbon around the stem of the mace to the foot, the other figures may be Labour, Science, Commerce, Liberty, Justice. The fish at the next joint further play on the idea of the connection of Manchester with the ocean, again suggested by the ships sustained by the Nereids seated on the sphere which forms the termination of the mace." It is suggested that the mace should be four feet in length; the money has for the most part been raised, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before the city possesses the actual insignia.

**The New Tariff Law.** THE removal of the tax upon works of art on their entry into the United States is of far greater importance to the painters, engravers, and sculptors of England than they seem to have realised. The duty of thirty per cent. *ad valorem* was, as it was intended to be, prohibitive; but it was as irksome, under certain circumstances, to Americans as it was to foreigners. Several cases have come to our knowledge in which American citizens could not send valuable pictures to Europe on loan, for identification or other purposes, on account of the heavy sum that would become payable on their return to the States—an eventuality, it is said, never foreseen by the framers of the Act. These things are now past, and, if properly taken advantage of, may prove of signal advantage to English art, both commercially and artistically. On unprejudiced minds in America, the display of our art at Chicago made a favourable impression. Now that paintings, statuary, and engravings have been put upon the free list, that impression should be followed up by the export of good examples in each class, at prices less "picturesque" than those at which their authors are in the habit of appraising them. English art will then at last become understood by the American public, and will have at least an equal chance with the studio-sweepings from Parisian studios, which impose too often on the amateur collector on the other side.

**Exhibitions.** A very notable private collection of Italian, Dutch, and Spanish masters has been exhibited by Messrs. Kemp of Regent Street, in rooms at the Mortimer Mansions, Oxford Circus. There were Guercinos, Tintoretos, Luca-telles, Ferdinand Bols, and Murillos amongst them, of authenticated history; but the conditions of their lighting and cramped exhibition made it impossible to judge them.

The sixty-eighth exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists contains some very interesting pictures, many of which have already been seen in the London galleries. Thanks to some judicious loans from private collectors, the standard of the exhibition is somewhat higher than usual. Posts of honour are given to Mr. WALTER LANGLEY's last Academy picture, and to Mr. H. S. TUKE's brilliant "August Blue." Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY's "After Fifty Years," and Mr. ADRIAN STOKES's "Sunset — Roman Campagna," also most worthily represent the young school of Cornish painters. Mr. J. S. SARGENT's great portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley makes most of the other portraits in the collection look feeble. Another noble portrait is Professor HERKOMER's "Miss Grant," perhaps the



They gave certain distinguished Academicians sums amounting to thousands for certain of their famous cabinet pictures, and these they reproduced by an expensive process and pasted up on every vacant board. The result was appalling. Nearly twenty years ago the late FRED WALKER began to realise this, and his "Woman in White" poster shows the new feeling. Professor HERKOMER's *Black and White* remained an enlarged crayon study. But poster-designing is a jealous art. It has its own principles and essentials, and a good poster must have been designed as a poster, and be an adaptation of nothing. This is what the audacious JULES CHÉRET, with his whirling Corybantes, GRASSET, the mediæval, with his cathedral window Joan of Arcs, LAUTREC, with his sardonic humour,



POSTER.

(Designed by A. Sinet.)

MISS TOM THUMB.

(Poster designed by Boutet de Monville.)

best portrait this artist has ever given us. Both Mr. SARGENT and Mr. ALMA-TADEMA send portraits of Mr. Henschel, who has been much in evidence in Birmingham lately, during the Musical Festival. Mr. HENRY MOORE is at his best in "Lowestoft Boats running in a Breeze." Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON's "At the Window" and Mr. G. F. WATTS's "A Greek Idyl" have important places on the line in the Great Room. Among the local artists whose work stands out as good are Messrs. W. J. WAINWRIGHT, MOFFAT LINDNER, OLIVER BAKER, J. V. JELLEY, FRED DAVIS, GABRIEL MITCHELL, C. C. READ, C. M. GERE, and EDWARD R. TAYLOR, the successful head-master of the Municipal School of Art.

The exhibition of French posters at the Westminster Aquarium should work a revolution in the art—for art it must be made—of our poster designers, and it is much to the credit of Messrs. Dudley Hardy, Maurice Griffenhagen, Aubrey Beardsly, and others amongst our younger artists, that they have already anticipated this influence and brought experience acquired from the windows of Parisian boulevard kiosques to bear upon the decoration of London hoardings. The protest against the bold and glaring hideousness of our street advertisements is no new cry in the land, and some of the wealthier advertisers were not slow to meet it. The idea—a very British one—was that it was all a question of money.



POSTER.

(Designed by J. and W. Beggarstaff.)

STEINLEN, with his wonderful suggestion of upthrown stage-light, teach us, and teach us the more surely because most of them are practical lithographers, knowing the potentialities and limitations of their material and working direct on stone. The essentials of a good poster are—that it shall arrest attention; consist of the fewest possible colours in the strongest possible contrasts; be expressed in a minimum of lines or masses, and have the simplest conceivable arrangement of chiaroscuro. Because they observe these conditions, and are artists, the French designers succeed. We are indebted to Mr. E.

respect to the photogravure and wood illustrations it is quite equal to the first issue, and, in point of text, superior. As we look through the book, profusely embellished with examples of Keene's work, we are as much struck with its interest and general excellence as on its first appearance. It can confidently be recommended to all who can appreciate Keene's work.

People who are touched by the quaintness of old Christmas carols will find much to enjoy in "*Noël: A Book of Carols for Christmastide*." They are from the pen of Mr. CHARLES J. FFOULKES, who has illustrated his own verses and has carried much of the quaintness of his poems into his illustrations, which are far from being academic, but are full of interest. The carols are set to music by Mr. H. A. VINCENT RANSOM. The work is published by David Nutt, and is very artistically printed on Dutch hand-made paper. It is a real Christmas book.

The Amateur Photographer's Library has been added to by the publication of "*Carbon Printing*," by E. J. WALL (Hazell, Watson and Viney, Limited, London), which, besides historical notes on the subject, contains many practical hints for the amateur.

A capital "round game" has been issued by Jaques and Son, called "The National Gallery (British School)." The "cards" include forty-six reproductions of the principal pictures in the gallery, and the names and authorship of these works has perforce to be learned by the players. If it does not succeed in creating a love of art, this game at least implants on the young memory a knowledge of the contents of the gallery.

Mr. R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., has been elected correspondent, in the Section of Engraving, of the Paris Académie des Beaux-Arts.



TASTING.

(By Le Nain. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

BELLA, the organiser of the exhibition, for permission to reproduce the three posters on the previous page.

The Oxford Art Society has been holding its fourth exhibition, which was certainly one of the best of the series. The works exhibited were entirely by residents in Oxford, some of which are, however, not unknown to London galleries. Messrs. J. F. M. SHEARD, and WALTER S. S. TYRWHITT—the Honorary Secretary of the Society, A. MACDONALD, Jun., and E. GOULDSMITH, all exhibit works which have appeared at the Royal Academy.

As we anticipated on the appearance of "*Life and Letters of Charles Keene of 'Punch'*" (Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. GEORGE S. LAYARD has been called upon to prepare a second edition. The volume is now before us, and as we criticised the first issue at considerable length, pointing out several errors which had crept in, as well as some omissions, we hasten to do justice to the book in its amended form. We recognise with appreciation that Mr. Layard has adopted all our suggestions and corrections while acknowledging their source, and has, besides, improved his book by introducing other matter and information of which he has become possessed in the interval. As the book stands, it is a very admirable memorial of the great draughtsman, and even though the collotype illustrations show signs of wear, one cannot complain, for the volume is published at a greatly reduced price, and in

Steps have been taken by the Spanish Government to obtain the remains of the painter GOYA, buried in the cemetery of the Chartreuse of Bordeaux, for reinterment in his native Saragossa.

Lord Ashburnham has sold his celebrated REMBRANDT, "The Minister Anso Consoling a Young Widow," to the Berlin Museum. The work is dated 1641, and is painted in Rembrandt's finest style. Why could it not be acquired by the National Gallery?

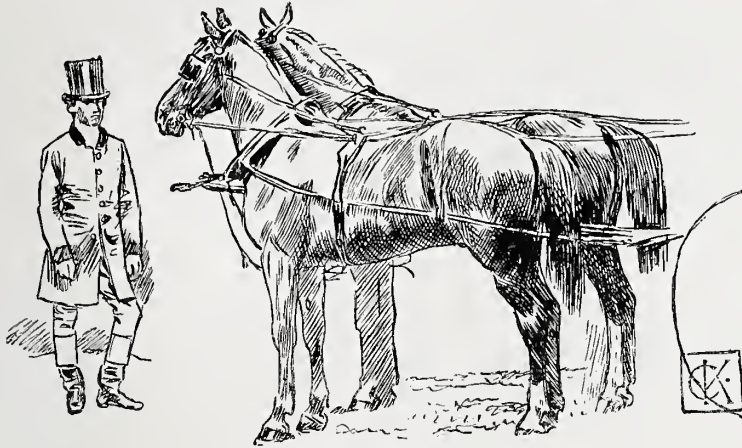
The Mabuse, *alias* Van der Goes, *alias* Gerhard David, *alias* Jan Van Eyck, of the Glasgow Corporation Gallery, is now attributed by Herr von Seidlitz to MEMLING. He bases his contention on a comparison of the picture with the "St. Ursula" in the Hospital of Bruges.

A Royal Academy student complains of the injustice of not being passed from the lower to the upper probation school, solely on account of there being "no room." It seems to us that the reason is a valid one, though it is certainly hard. The only remedy is obviously the raising of the standard—which art students would probably find harder still.

It is said that in the sale of the effects at Algiers of the celebrated actress Agar, a MEISSONIER was knocked down for ten francs. A fall in Meissonier's works is to be expected, but not quite so great as this. More notable still is the comment of the *Journal des Artistes*—"it was a good price."

The Comstockian spirit is once more abroad. Mr. WATTS's beautiful "Love and Life," accepted from the artist by the American nation by special Act of Congress,

who was settled at Laneside, Shaw, Lancashire, and belonged to an old Yorkshire family of repute and good property. Abandoning an intention to study law and go to Oxford, he,



A SKETCH.

(By Charles Keene. From "The Life and Letters of Charles Keene.")

has, in the President's absence, been refused admittance by Colonel Wilson to the White House on the ground of being obscene! Nearer home—at Cork—Walter Hill and Co., the bill posters, have been denounced by a Town Councillor, on similar grounds, for a poster of a bull, reproduced from a painting by a distinguished artist. Surely, prudence can no further go. Meanwhile, M. Vallet has been arrested in New York for exhibiting copies of Doré's drawings!

Considerable alterations in the hanging of the pictures in the National Gallery have recently been made, with the result that the Dutch pictures now occupy Rooms X., XI., XII., in sequence. Room IV., emptied of the early Tuscan works which have been distributed between Rooms II., III., and the North Vestibule), has now received the early Flemish and German pictures, and the net result is a great improvement, both of arrangement and classification. We publish herewith reproductions of three more acquisitions to the gallery. "St. Jerome in his Study" (No. 1,418, Room VII.) is a good example of ANTONELLO DA MESSINA; "Tasting" (No. 1,425, Room XIV.) is a work by LE NAIN, presented by Mr. Lessen; and "The Agony in the Garden," by ANDREA MANTEGNA (No. 1,419, Room VIII.).

**Obituary.** THE clear-witted and highly accomplished art critic, Mr. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who departed from among us on Saturday, November 10th last, enjoyed an advantage which is not commonly possessed by professors of the "gentle science," who, in dealing with pictures, mostly decide technical questions by second-hand means or according to their inner consciousness. He was educated as an artist, drew well, and practised painting and etching from his fifteenth until his sixtieth year—*i.e.*, till he died after a long and painful illness at Boulogne-sur-Seine, where he had resided for some time. Born September 10th, 1834, Hamerton was the son of a solicitor

when quite a lad, and with unusual zest and diligence, took to landscape painting, which he practised to the last. In 1851, having already penned some brief essays on the social and political questions which shortly before that year had disturbed Europe, he published from Reading some "Observations on Heraldry," and, in 1855, a volume of descriptive poems entitled "The Isles of Loch Awe," and referring to a region which he always affected, and whence, after a lengthened visit to Paris, as an art student, he, having settled for a while on Innistyrnich, one of the isles in question, sent forth two volumes describing "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," which at once gave him a name in art and letters, and secured attention for his future doings. On Innistyrnich, and elsewhere on the famous loch, Hamerton painted a number of large landscapes, which, in 1864, he collected and exhibited without much

success in Piccadilly. They were sound and sincere rather jejune, but full of dignity and pathetic in expression. Before this he had returned to France, and, for a time, settled at Sens, and, later, near Autun, a place he was very fond of, and, later still, near the Saône, a noble stream upon which he, to his heart's content, practised sailing and rowing, his pet exercises. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1863, he wrote upon "Furniture." After this, in the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, he contributed an able but somewhat over-enthusiastic series of lengthy articles upon Gustave Doré and the art of that brilliant



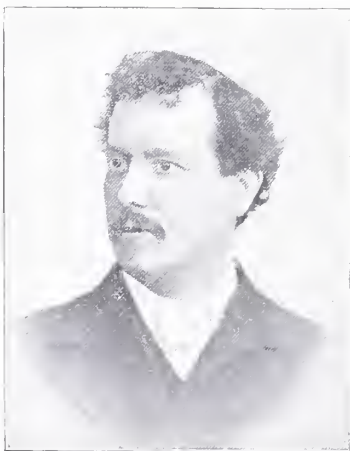
THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

(By Andrea Mantegna. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

emotional designer and draughtsman. In 1868 he published his sounder "Etching and Etchers," a valuable and successful work. In 1870, thinking that there was a public which would appreciate art criticism of a higher sort than

the morning newspapers cared to aim at, he promoted the publication of *The Portfolio*, intending by that monthly serial's means to advance the study and practice of etching, a mode of art of which Hamerton was really a prophet, if not its high priest. He continued to edit *The Portfolio* till the other day. From its pages he republished several of his capital works, such as "The Unknown River," "Chapters on Animals," and "The Sylvan Year." His "Rembrandt's Etchings," the latest of this category, appeared in January last. In addition to these texts, Hamerton published successively "Wenderholme," a novel, 1870; "The Intellectual Life," 1873; "Round my House," 1876; "Marmorne," a novel; "Contemporary French Painters," a collection of critical and biographical notices; "Modern Frenchmen," 1878; "The Life of Turner," a piece of stringent but not unsympathetic nor unjust criticism; "The Graphic Arts," 1882; "Landscape in Art," and "Marine Art." "The Echer's Handbook," which appeared in 1871, is a sound and practical guide. The Society of Painter-Etchers made much, as it was bound to do, of Hamerton, and must have greatly profited by his example. Genial of temper, he was grave of manner; a lover of kindly humour, he hardly ever condescended to fun; never impulsive, he abhorred shams, and, most of all, the coarser and uglier forms of art as it is practised by many half-taught and often idle painters, who, affecting to disdain the studies they do not practise, call themselves Impressionists.

The death has occurred of the well-known sculptor, Mr. T. NELSON MACLEAN. Born in 1845 at Deptford, and spending his early life at Birmingham, he began his art



THE LATE T. N. MACLEAN.  
(From a Photograph by E. Passingham.)

education at the age of fourteen in the studio of M. Carrier-Belleuse in Paris. Two years later he entered as a pupil at the École des Beaux-Arts, and stayed in Paris till 1870, when he escaped from the besieged city to London. In that year he first exhibited at the Royal Academy with a statue of "Clio" and a terracotta group, "La Réprimande," in which medium he did the best of his later work. For some time he was assistant to Mr. Arnstead, R.A., and exhibited at the Academy of 1875



THE LATE P. G. HAMERTON.  
(From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry.)

"Ione," "La Fleur des Champs," and his first marble group, "The Finding of Moses." In 1886 he held an exhibition of his works, which formed the subject for an article in THE

MAGAZINE OF ART of that year, to which readers are referred for a full account of the deceased artist's life and works.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. C. BURTON BARBER, one of our most promising animal painters. It is our intention to give in an early number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART an illustrated article upon this artist's work.

M. CHARLES FRÈRE, son of Edouard Frère, a painter of no mean merit, has recently died from the results of a carriage accident, at the age of fifty-seven. He studied under his father, and was also a pupil of M. Defaux. He was a regular exhibitor at the Champs Elysées Salons, and won several awards. In 1882, for his "Atelier de M. Pourtael" and "Un Fardier à Ecouen," he gained an honourable mention, and the following year a third-class medal for "Plâtrière de M. Bancel" and "L'Isle de Saint Denis." The former picture is now in the Bordeaux Museum. At the 1889 exhibition he was awarded a second-class medal for his "Maréchalerie de M. Morel à Bercy."

M. HUGO SALMSON, the Swedish painter, has recently died at the age of fifty-one. He was born at Stockholm, and studied in the School of Art at that city under Charles Comte. For the last twenty-five years he resided in Paris, and two of his works are in the Luxembourg—"Une arrestation dans un Village de Picardie," and "A la barrière de Dalby, Suède." M. Salmson was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1879, and in 1889, when he acted as President of the Swedish Art Section at the Universal Exhibition, he was promoted to the grade of Officer of that order.

The death of Count STANISLAUS VON KALCKREUTH, the distinguished landscape painter of Munich, is announced. He is not to be confounded with Count Leopold, whose "Old Age" has this year attracted so much notice. He was seventy-four years of age.

We have also to record the deaths of Mr. THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, Professor of Design at the University of New York, and one of the founders of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city; of M. EUGENE CASTELNAU, an amateur artist of great ability, who studied under Gleye, and occupied a high position in the Parisian world of art; of M. GOBERT, the director of the works at Sèvres; and of M. ACHILLE KOETSCHET, a promising young Swiss artist working in Paris.



THE LATE CHARLES FRÈRE.  
(From a Photograph by E. Ladrey, Paris.)





UNDER THE EMPIRE.

(From the Statue by Georges Van der Straeten. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)





JOSEF HOFMANN.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon. Exhibited at the New Gallery.)

## CURRENT ART: FOUR WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

THE exceptional and prolonged success of the "Fair Women" Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery has forced the Society of Portrait Painters to migrate temporarily to the New Gallery, in the spacious halls of which it seems by association a little less at its ease than in its former home. The sympathies of the New Gallery have hitherto not been markedly in favour of foreign art, and still less so in the direction of Scottish impressionism; and it is thus not a little diverting to find it on the present occasion constrained to accord a temporary hospitality to the canvases of so many Continental and North British artists.

Whatever fault may be found with the display as a whole—and it must be owned that many of the performances of the rank and file are open to the reproach of perfunctoriness in conception and coarseness in execution—it will not be denied that it is one of great variety and of piquant contrasts. The exhibition may be said to illustrate

on a relatively small scale all the opposing schools of portraiture—I had almost said, of painting. We have the poetised semi-realism of Mr. Watts, emulating the Venetians with a superadded spirituality of his own. We have an unusual form of Bastien-Lepage's strenuous and precise art. We have the prosaic simplicity combined with pictorial splendour of M. Carolus-Duran. We have the large conception and energetic characterisation of Herr Franz von Lenbach. We have the peculiar art of Mr. Whistler, in which expressive grace of line and beauty of subdued colour are the main motive, rather than the human personality itself which serves as its base. True, one of the most vigorous and mordant exponents of modern portraiture, Mr. J. S. Sargent, is absent from the New Gallery; but his school of art is represented by his teacher, M. Carolus-Duran, who equals his gifted pupil in force and directness of visual impression, but falls far behind him in individuality and in inventiveness as a designer. Bastien-Lepage's great full-

length, "Madame Lebègue," which was last seen at the posthumous exhibition of the artist's works brought together in 1885 at the École des Beaux-Arts, is an exception in his life-work. It shows, with this determined naturalist, quite unusual imitation of that Cinquecento art which was to be traced even more strongly in his too little appreciated "Portrait of the Prince of Wales." Only there he had Holbein in view, while here he has deliberately sought to remind the beholder of Antonio Moro and Frans Pourbus the Younger. The greyness of the tonality and a certain blackness in the flesh-tints prevent the portrait from producing its full effect at first. Nevertheless, it contains passages of execution which the painter has scarcely surpassed, or even equalled; and the head in particular is, with all its intentional rigidity of pose, a masterpiece of living truthful characterisation. The wide range covered by modern portraiture could not be better exemplified than by placing next to the Bastien-Lepage Professor Franz von Lenbach's splendid "Field Marshal Count von Moltke." This is one of the most incisive of the numerous series in which the time-worn features of the great strategist are depicted by the Bavarian master. Lenbach is, as a rule, at his best when he is dealing with a great personality in a moment of bodily repose and intellectual activity, and this portrait makes no exception to the rule. Mr. Watts takes us into another world with his well-known full-length, "The Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham." It would be possible to point out in this noble piece certain technical defects, especially in the drawing of the head, but I prefer to enjoy the nobility of style, the perfect sympathy, the large graciousness with which the subject—a noble one in itself—has been realised. It is pleasant to see again the

powerful portraits (in coloured chalks) of Lord and Lady Battersea by Mr. Fred. Sandys. This artist draws and models the human countenance with a masterly completeness carrying the beholder back to the Flemish and German art of the sixteenth century. Especially is the likeness of the lady remarkable for style as well as for searching truth. Why, in order to commend this artist, must we go back to his early performances? Why has his maturity not shown in fuller development the qualities of head and hand which marked the earlier phases of his career?

Thus going round the exhibition, almost at random, we again seem to leap a fathomless gulf to get to M. Carolus-Duran, who has rarely been more masterly or less interesting than in the full-length, "Mrs. Campbell Clarke." It is the painter rather than the outsider who will stand amazed at the sober strength of the execution, at the mingled boldness and discretion of the colouring, at the almost excessive strength of the tone. Mr. Whistler is only half himself in the little full-length, "Mrs. Bernard Sickert." It has an opaline beauty and delicacy of colour which is all the artist's own, but the motive itself lacks expressiveness and charm. M. Besnard's startling "Study in Orange



THE HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.  
(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. Exhibited at the New Gallery.)

and Blue" begins by shocking but ends by captivating, though, while we admire the audacity of the brilliant *fantaisiste*, we are at the same time struck with the extreme artificiality of his conception and of his method. The pose of the upright woman's figure robed in gorgeous yellow is admirable in its beauty and truth, the lighting brilliant, though it suggests the most elaborate effort, the most elaborate arrangement of surroundings, the most elaborate exclusion of all that is normal and expected. The Hon. John Collier has never before

shown himself so nearly a genuine colourist as on the present occasion. In his portrait study, "Miss Brenda Pattinson," he depicts his fair model in the languishing odalisque-like attitude so familiar in the representations by western artists of Oriental loveliness. The lady is, however, beyond all doubt an Anglo-Saxon beauty, and in the rendering of her *blond cendré* locks the painter has been particularly successful. He has also expended great care in the grouping together and the harmonious balancing of the lightest and most delicate hues, such as pale green, pale blue, pale mauve, primrose. One could have wished that Mr. Collier had had the courage to give more flexibility, a more rhythmic grace to the recumbent pose of his sitter.

To throw stones at Professor Hubert Herkomer's excursion into Impressionism, "Miss Letty Lind," is undesirable; for in my opinion it does not succeed. The only excuse for attempting on so vast an expanse of canvas as this to depict a *dansuse* in the whirl and maze of endless gauzy skirts, would be the power to suggest with truth the actual moment of motion, the living, breathing eagerness of the face within the whirl. It is here especially that this popular painter has failed. He should, as he may do without discredit, leave such essays in modernity to painters of another artistic world. His "Herman Herkomer," painted in 1881, is a simple, solid, and dignified piece of work.

The Glasgow school of Impressionists, as we must for convenience still continue to call them, does not, on the present occasion, obtain its usual success. Mr. E. A. Walton's "Mrs. E. A. Walton" has a motive charming in its alertness and grace; but the thing here attempted is not completely attained, even from the point of view of the artist's own particular school. Much better things have been seen from the practised brush of Mr. John Lavery than his "Mrs. Fitzroy Bell." Mr. James Guthrie, if he partly fails in his full-length portrait of a lady, greatly excels

with a half-length, "Joseph Russell, Esq.," one of the subtlest and most sympathetic pieces of portraiture in the whole exhibition. Mr. J. J. Shannon is very much above his usual average in a series of portraits and portrait-studies. I may refer, among them, to the happy sketch-portrait of the brilliant young pianist, "Herr Josef Hofmann," and to the finely modelled profile head, "Mrs. Creelman."

A surprisingly bold piece of realism as coming from Mr. Arthur Hacker—an idealist of pronounced type where the female form divine is in question—is the portrait, "Bernard Hirsch, Esq." Had the method of execution been better adapted to what the artist had made up his mind to express, we should have had here a performance of great power. Mr. J. H. Lorimer's powerful three-quarter length, "The late Professor Lorimer," has been so recently seen at the Royal Academy that it requires no fresh description. In the same class with it may



THE PURPLE STOCKING.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

be placed Sir George Reid's masculine, unaffected portrait, "Sir T. Grainger Stewart."

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

In dealing with this exhibition the critic runs the risk of showing himself unjust to the few good things which it contains—so great is

freely admire the vigour of the handling and the cleverness of the chiaroscuro in this painting. In "Isles of the Sea," and "Ships that Pass in the Night," Mr. T. Hope McLachlan makes a commendable though not a wholly successful effort to escape from that one subject of the moonlit dishevelled heath with which he was too much becoming identified. It is impossible to say civil things about Sir James Linton's "Autumn," because this able colourist has on innumerable occasions done so much better. I can neither admire the voluminous, inexpressive figure of the damsel who symbolises in some way autumn, nor the coldly blue sky against which her figure is relieved.

"Paul Church Tower" is a fair average example of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's style in dealing with inland landscape—a comparatively new branch with him. The perspective of the high road, cutting the canvas almost at right angles, is particularly good. Mr. J. J. Shannon's broadly painted study, "The Purple Stocking," is more agreeable than many of his finished works. One of the best things here is Mr. T. Graham's "Orpheus and Eurydice," in which all is well but the name. In the evening light he shows advancing along the quays of the Thames Embankment, a happy couple of the 'Arry and 'Arriet order, but fairly sympathetic specimens of the class. *He* plays on the concertina, and *she* listens in responsive delight to a soul-inspiring strain, evidently of the music-hall order. Here we



A LOVE PHILTRE.

(From the Painting by Edgar Bundy. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.)

the weariness which oppresses him who is condemned to wade through the six hundred numbers of the exhibition. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's bold study of African sea-coast, called "A Trade on the Beach," stands out in refreshing contrast to its surroundings, though it has the artist's usual defects. More air, more light, more spontaneity of movement are wanted in a canvas of this sort than Mr. Brangwyn is yet able to give. Powerful, however, is the group of three strangely-draped impassive Africans in the foreground. We may not be greatly convinced by the conventional romanticism of Mr. Edgar Bundy's "A Love Philtre," but we may

have a clever combination of impressionistic methods with that phase of humorous *genre* of which the English public never seems to tire, and it is in this unfamiliar combination that the value of the canvas chiefly lies. "L'Aurore" is one of those essays in the direction of romantic art to which, while deliberately imparting to them a certain *démodé* flavour, M. Fantin-Latour knows how to give so much charm. An uncompromising though a sympathetic realist in portraiture, he becomes lyrical when he enters the domain of romance and fantasy. A brilliant little piece, sparkling with sunlight, is Miss Flora Reid's study of French outdoor life,

called "Marketing." She has managed to give this time more concentration to the animation of her subject than she generally attains. In this atmosphere of unexciting mediocrity we must be grateful to that clever student of light and atmosphere, Mr. Alexander Harrison, for his three seascapes, since they, at any rate, give us something to discuss. "Moonrise," with its iridescent hues, its gently-stirred sea curling along a sandy shore in the clear

Severn's art as "Sun setting in Mist—Coast of Cumberland," since it is not only a conception of genuine charm in its unforced simplicity, but, what is more rare with him, a complete study of atmospheric effect. Those who admired Miss Henrietta Rae's large canvas, "Psyche before Venus," at the Royal Academy last year—and I must confess that I was not of the number—will take pleasure in her "Pandora," which is a life-size figure-study



STEAMING INTO LINCOLN.

(From the Painting by F. G. Cotman. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

evening light, is charming. "A Yellow Harmony" the gifted American artist will hardly expect us to take quite seriously, though it has fine qualities of draughtsmanship and composition. It is a study of sea and coast seen in a moment of biliousness, or, in the alternative, through a yellow-green eyeglass. Even if Mr. Harrison for one fleeting moment saw his effect as it is here depicted, it was not worth being so depicted—being neither lovely in itself nor typical. Mr. Fred. G. Cotman's large piece, "Steaming into Lincoln," is rather metallic in quality, but broadly and finely composed, and original in conception. Mr. Robert W. Allan's spacious landscape, "Through Wind and Rain," marks, if it is quite recent, a temporary return by this artist to more ordinary and less impressionistic methods than he has lately affected. I have rarely seen so good an example of Mr. Arthur

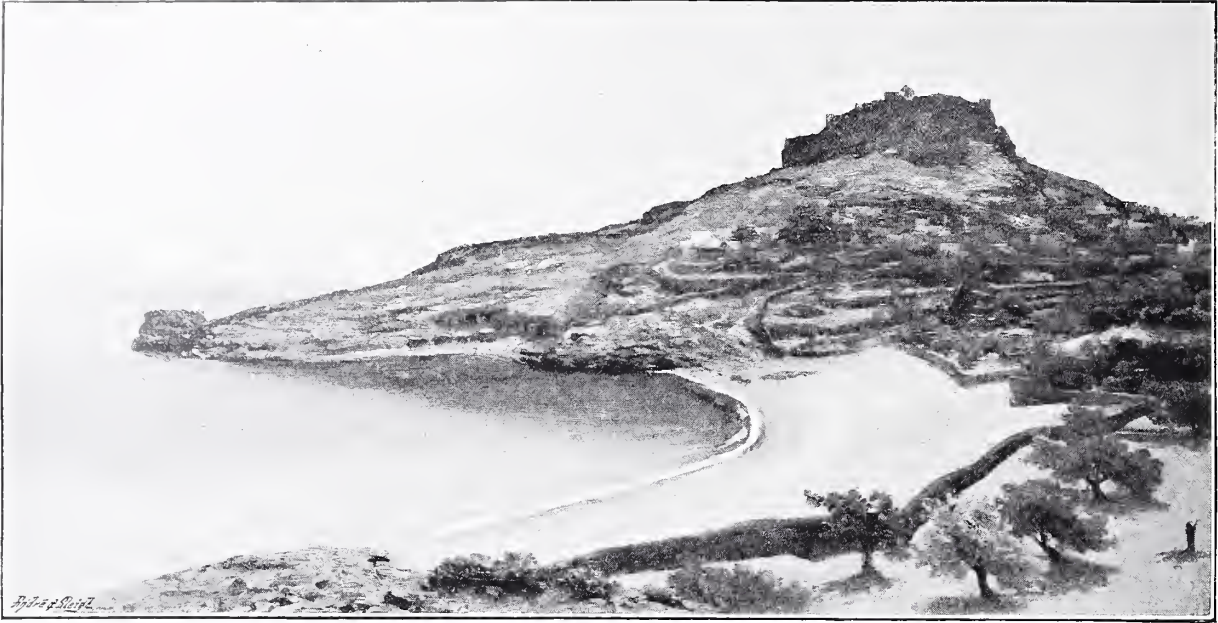
of much the same class. Mr. Fulleylove is well-known as an accomplished architect and something more, since he can make refined and delightful pictures out of many an English and French scene in which the work of man has been married to the work of nature. That his talent has its well-defined limits is, however, only too clearly shown by the drawing, "Afternoon in the Piazzetta, Venice." The atmospheric, as superadded to the architectural, charm of Venice, it is evidently beyond Mr. Fulleylove's power to depict. Much better, because depending more on form than on colour, is his "Rome—Sunset and Moonrise."

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

If the Royal Society of British Artists can this winter boast a show considerably above its usual average, it is due in a great measure to the kind

help given by Sir Frederic Leighton, whose series of noble landscape-studies in oils, depicting scenes in Greece, Italy, and other southern regions, is certainly what, in the French slang of criticism, would be termed the *clou* of the exhibition. Those who

no such distinctiveness or imaginative power as to justify its vast dimensions. A certain amount of dramatic force, if not of pictorial charm, distinguishes Mr. Fred. Roe's "Vanity Fair"—showing the exciting scene in which Rawdon Crawley sur-



ACROPOLIS OF LINDOS, WHERE STOOD THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA POLIAS (c. PINDAR, VII. OLYMP).

(From the Study by Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

only know the President's landscape from the backgrounds to his classical idylls, in which it is, as it were, muted and generalised at the expense of atmospheric truth, should study him here, where he is seen in closer contact with nature than in any exhibited work, and where he consequently appears more truly, because less studiously and imitatively, classic. Mr. Watts has been seen to much greater advantage than in the finished study "Arion," which would no doubt gain greatly by expansion to much larger dimensions. Sir E. Burne-Jones, in "A Portrait Study," seems almost to be imitating his own imitators, so inferior is this life-size head of a girl to his best work of the same class. Mr. Wyke Bayliss's conventional, but by no means ineffective, method of dealing with the splendid vistas of famous cathedrals is much better suited to northern interiors of the flamboyant order than to southern churches, which have not only an architectural, but a chromatic individuality of their own. "St. Mark's, Venice," is, it must be admitted, an entire misrepresentation of the glorious semi-Byzantine fame, with its dusky glow of gold mosaics and precious marbles. Better are "Bayeux Cathedral: Ancient Chapel under the Choir," and "San Pietro Perugia." Mr. H. T. Schäfer's ambitious canvas, "Hope," shows

prises Becky and the villainous old Marquis of Steyne. Mr. R. J. Gordon is much more agreeable in the graceful and well-observed study of womanhood, called "A Windy Day," than in "How Happy could I be with Either," in which his besetting sin of blackness in the shadows—by no means absent in the other example—is unpleasantly prominent. One of the very best things in the exhibition is Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb's landscape—so bold and attractive in the unconventional truth of its colour and composition—"A Market Garden." It is difficult to understand how one and the same person can be responsible for that coarse and aggressive piece of modern impressionism, "Evening," and the very interesting interior, "Mother and Child;" and yet both bear the name of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson. In the last-named piece, a detailed description of which is rendered unnecessary by the accompanying illustration, we have on the one hand the attempt to solve the technical problems arising out of a strong artificial illumination, and these the painter attacks, and rightly attacks, from the point of view of the impressionist. On the other hand there is the manifest intention to express, though by modern methods, a *genre* scene of peculiar simplicity and pathos; and it is the success of this effort which makes the chief charm of the picture. I prefer to designate

Mr. Cayley Robinson's canvas as one of the few things really worthy of discussion in this exhibition, rather than on the present occasion to criticise what might very fairly be criticised in it. We are reminded in some ways of the poetical realism which marked the earlier and truer English Pre-Raphaelites, and especially of Mr. Holman Hunt, to whom, indeed—strongly as he would in all probability repudiate the designation—I often feel tempted to give the title of Precursor of Impressionism. Widely as his mode of conception and of execution differs from that of the Progressives of to-day, he ardently studied the same technical problems by which they are fascinated—the treatment of sunlight and the coloration of shadows in the open air.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Water-Colours is, as usual, satisfactory and of evenly sustained merit. The visitor to this time-honoured exhibition may be sure, at any rate, that

"Haste Hill, Haslemere," surprises the beholder by its artistic completeness and expressive charm, until, examining it more closely, he finds that it bears the date, 5th September, 1867. Mr. Carl Haag is at his best in the sculpturally modelled, if rather conventional, study, "An Ethiopian Fellaheen Boy." Mr. Henry Wallis is seen to much advantage in an Oriental scene, "Fetching Water—a Lane in Cairo." The deep, transparent shadow cast by walls of monumental massiveness and strength on the narrow street could hardly be better rendered. Let not those who dislike that class of domestic *genre* which is still so amusing to the general public turn away too hastily from Mr. J. H. Henshall's "The Naughty Girl:" keenness of observation, quiet humour, and a style of execution vigorous, if not exactly fascinating, place it much above its class. Romantic, with a leaning towards the symbolism fashionable over the water, is the large drawing, "Biancabella and Samaritana, her Snake Sister," a subject taken from "Straparola." The painter, Mr. E. R. Hughes, knows



MOTHER AND CHILD.

(From the Painting by F. Cayley Robinson. Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

he will not come away empty, that he will always find something to interest and charm, though not, perhaps, to excite passionate approval or disapproval, as the case may be. Sir John Gilbert's beautiful and genuinely romantic little landscape,

his craft; he is searching and true in his modelling of the nude human figure and in the painting of rich, strange accessories. The true imagination, however, which should mould and fuse the elements of the picture into the picture itself, is wanting.

Professor Hubert Herkomer contents himself and us this year with a little "Portrait of Mrs. Hubert Herkomer" and some designs and sketches. I must confess to caring but little for Mr. Walter Crane's too intentionally naïve landscape-studies and less still for his "Venetia—Sketch for a Decoration"—a motive sacred to Tintoretto, Veronese, and Tiepolo, which the modern artist might

earthy, in the lights. In the weird landscape, "Dartmoor Prison," the early morning sky is of the most poetic beauty, but the prosaic figure of a runaway convict in the foreground spoils the picture. The best of Miss Clara Montalba's too sketchy and inconclusive productions is the rich, sober harmony in black, brown, yellow, buff, and grey, called "Before the Storm—Venice." Delightful in its



NOONDAY.

(From the Drawing by Rose Barton. Exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society.)

well let alone. Mr. Alfred W. Hunt is himself—and that is saying much—in "Saltwell Bay," a drawing of extreme, of almost excessive delicacy. "The South-West Wind" is a luminous, grey study of gently ruffled sea, by Mr. Matthew Hale, who also distinguishes himself in "Bristol—Winter Evening." No fewer than twelve drawings illustrate the art of that various and always interesting artist, Mr. Albert Goodwin. He is good, though perhaps not at his very best, in "Monaco," "Lucerne," and that subtle study of evening light, "Wells." "Portsmouth" recalls by its merits, and also by its chief defect—a certain fidgetiness in the foreground—a Turner of the second period. Much less successful must be accounted "Schaffhausen" and "Clovelly," which are pale in tonality and too chalky, or rather

delicate truthfulness and reticence is Miss Rose Barton's study, "Noonday;" but, taking her contributions as a group, I find that she too much loves to wrap her well-ordered studies of town and country in a softening, lilac-toned mist. Mr. Robert W. Allan depicts Dutch scenery with a good sense of grey, northern atmosphere, but otherwise in an impersonal and, therefore, not really sympathetic style. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Thomas M. Rooke for his exquisite architectural drawing, "Sculpture in the West Porch—Chartres." I should like to linger, did I dare, on many other contributions to the exhibition, and among them on those of Mr. Napier Hemy, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Thorne Whaite, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. A. H. Marsh, and Mr. Robert Little.





(Drawn by Molly B. Evans.)

## THE ARCHITECTURE OF THEATRES.

WHAT IT HAS BEEN—WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

BY GUSTAVE REDON, ARCHITECT TO THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

IN the following pages I propose to imagine and describe the ideal modern theatre as it may be conceived of in our day—in this *fin de siècle* which is so captivated by everything that concerns the Stage, so bewitched by dramatic or lyric presentments, in which it finds the attractions of artistic novelty combined with those of a fashionable

meeting-place, and the charm of gaiety, stir, and life. To begin with, I will take for granted that the theatre, which must be accepted as the true modern type of its kind, is the French theatre—that is to say, a comfortable theatre, decorative and brilliant in effect, where it is possible to chat and be amused, and where the groups of spectators, in their bright and fashionable attire, are as well worth seeing as the performance on the stage.

If, on the other hand, we seek rather a theatre in which the play itself can best be heard and seen, in which the architect has not cared for the decoration of the auditorium, we may look for the prototype of our ideal theatre in some Italian play-houses, constructed, as they are for the most part, with a view to good acoustic conditions.

If, again, going further in this direction, we try to decide what form of theatre is best adapted to the single purpose of hearing lyric dramas; if the *sine qua non* of a modern play-house is that it should be dark and gloomy as a foil to the stage effects—in short, if the end to be aimed at is the most intense impression on the spectator of the

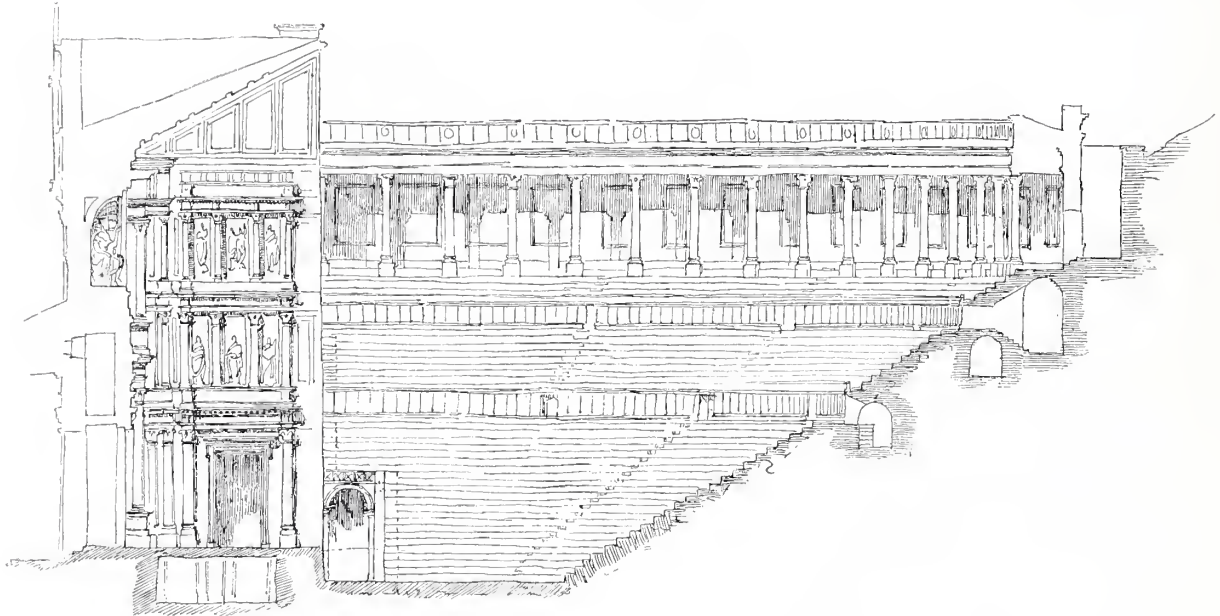
play itself, we should find this type, to a certain extent, in the Bayreuth Theatre, constructed from the plans of Richard Wagner.

But great as was the genius of the author of *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, and the tetralogy, and stupendous as is the grandeur of his work, a theatre must always be to the world of high fashion a lively and attractive place of amusement. And though a fraction of that world may praise, with good reason, the Bayreuth Theatre and the works of genius given there, though periodical pilgrimages to the little German town have in our time become the fashion among persons who pride themselves on artistic taste, I believe that, however genuine the new movement may be, it is destined to be transient, like every fashion and every formula. I believe that a day, not very remote, will come when it will be recognised that Wagner's artistic formula was essentially his, for himself alone, and not the final formula of the lyric drama; and then it will be seen that the architectural idea of the Bayreuth Theatre is not the final conception of an opera house. The great majority of the artistic public will always greatly prefer the decorative and fashionable type of play-house. They will always demand a theatre *à la française*, with its corridors and rooms, buffets, smoking rooms, landings where the audience may be seen coming and going, and lounges where they may chat between the acts. The public will always like a theatre where they can talk as much as they listen, a cheerful structure, richly and elegantly decorated, dazzlingly lighted up, noisy with applause and "calls," bright with glittering dresses and gleaming shoulders, alive with the rustle of quivering fans.

Thus it is what I have called the French

theatre—which, indeed, is general in every capital in Europe—that must serve as the basis of our ideal theatre. Still, every type of art, however new it may appear, is almost always the art of a past epoch, modified and adapted to newer tastes. In architecture especially invention is rare, though transformations are many. New forms are always grafted on to old ones; and this because, in the

especially, in the noble theatre at Bordeaux, 1780, and that at Paris, 1787, by sheer distinction of treatment, raised the architectural character of the interior of a play-house to a pitch of dignity which none since his death has ever surpassed. Though, since his day, Charles Garnier has elaborated the external skeleton of the modern theatre, the typical interior is that of the Bordeaux Theatre, whence



SECTION OF GALLO-ROMAN THEATRE AT ORANGE.

first place, the invention of new forms is very difficult, and in the second because nothing is harder to effect than a sudden breach of custom. It is impossible to conceive of a new building erected on a new design which will not be in some respects a repetition of some older building to which we are accustomed.

I must, therefore, in trying to give a logical account of the modern play-house, speak first of the theatres of the past. To begin, I will briefly notice the theatres of ancient Greece and Rome, lightly touch on those of the Middle Ages, where farces and mysteries were performed, and show how, feeling their way through many experiments, architects at last achieved the marvels of the eighteenth century in France.

Many generations of gifted artists were, in fact, needed before the apogee of theatrical architecture was reached—as it seems to me—in the Paris Opera House, built by Charles Garnier. In the course of this paper, we shall see that the greater number of the architectural inventions which we admire and are now accustomed to, were due chiefly to two French architects—Gabriel and Louis. They devised certain forms which have remained accepted, and which cannot be departed from. Louis

the architects of the future will continue to draw inspiration.

The better to understand the subject under discussion, it will be well to glance at the history of the development of the architecture of theatres, and from this we shall naturally elicit the conditions of the ideal modern theatre.

Some of the arrangements of the simple and dignified theatres of the ancients have greatly influenced the construction of modern play-houses. Some of them, indeed, still survive, and must find mention here. In Greece the earliest theatres were built of wood. But accidents of many kinds—above all by fire—soon led to the abandonment of this material, and stone and marble were then used for building them. Among the Greeks, dramatic performances were usually subservient to the religious ceremonies of the Feast of Bacchus. The Romans imitated the Greek theatres in those they constructed.

Antique theatres consisted of three quite distinct divisions:—

(1) The amphitheatre, or *cavea*, reserved for the spectators.

(2) The orchestra, down in front of the amphitheatre, still known by that name.

(3) The stage on which the drama was performed.

The amphitheatre was the most important part. It generally was formed of stone steps for the men, the top circle being crowned by a decorative colonnade reserved for women; numerous flights of steps divided the rows of seats into sections. In the Greek theatre the altar to Bacchus had its place in the orchestra, below the amphitheatre; and before this altar dances were performed. The Romans, after the drama had ceased to be a religious ceremonial, and had become a mere amusement, transformed the orchestra into reserved seats for the magnates of the town.

The stage was higher than the orchestra—raised as in our day—about five feet above the ground. On three sides it was walled in with a decoration of colonnades and coloured marbles. There were several doors in these walls leading to the post-scenium (behind the scenes). The central door was for none but gods and heroes—a royal entrance; the side doors in the back wall were for personages of minor importance. The doors in the side walls were supposed to open to the outer country.

The dramas acted on this simple and imposing stage were simple too; the subjects generally borrowed from history and religious myth. The persons represented were symbolical. The scenery, also symbolical, was placed on each side of the stage, like our side scenes, and adjusted with pivots, so that the side best suited to the subject of the piece could be turned to the audience. These side scenes represented statues for tragic pieces, an atrium or domestic dwelling for comedies, a grove for satirical dramas. The rest of the decorations were permanent and wholly independent of the action. The side scenes, indeed, were no more than a general indication of the character of the play; and the background was always a piece of noble and simple architecture, which did not affect the simplicity of the drama.

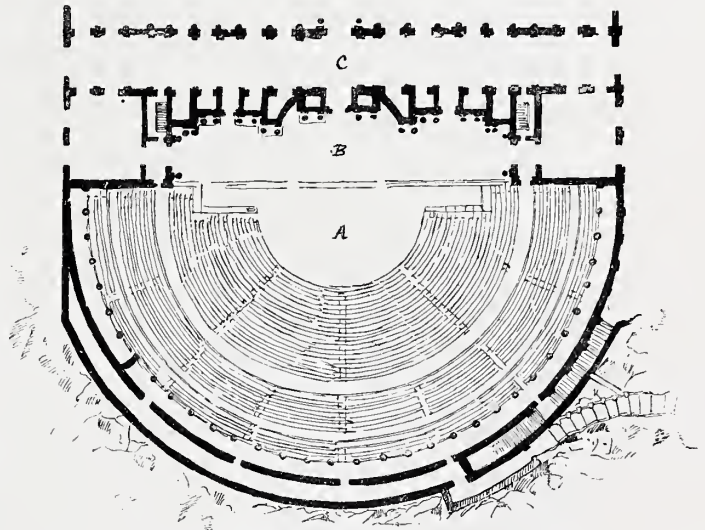
Beneath the front of the stage (the proscenium) was a basement in which the machinery was worked for raising the clouds and the celestial beings who brought about the climax of the action; and the floor of the stage was furnished with traps for the entrance and exit of the infernal gods. There was a curtain, too, but of a very primitive kind. It was rather a screen, concealed in the double wall dividing the basement from the orchestra. This screen was raised between the acts, to hide the stage from the spectators in the lower seats, who were so far privileged; those who sat in the upper tiers could see over it.

The actors wore enormous metal masks, which, by their shape and coarse colouring, expressed the

character of the symbolical personages who wore them. The whole performance was elementary and symbolical, apt to strike in unison the eyes and hearts of vast masses of spectators, brought together by a common faith and patriotism.

The Greeks always constructed their lofty amphitheatres against a hollow hill-side, to give the audience the advantage of a fine view; the Romans, guided rather by political than by artistic reasons, built theatres only in their towns and on the banks of rivers.

Several ancient theatres are still to be seen; the most perfect are the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome, that of Bacchus at Athens, backing on the Acropolis, and the theatre at Orange (Vaucluse), of which a sketch and plan are given here, after a restoration by the French architect Caristie. The ruins show the stage walls in fairly good preservation. Thus the characteristic features of the antique theatre were:—An open space for performances by daylight before a vast concourse of people seated on steps in the form of an amphitheatre, with a stage in front of a permanent architectural back scene, which was part of the building. The only structures which, in our day, can give any idea of the grand scale of these antique performances are a hippodrome and the arena for a bull-fight.

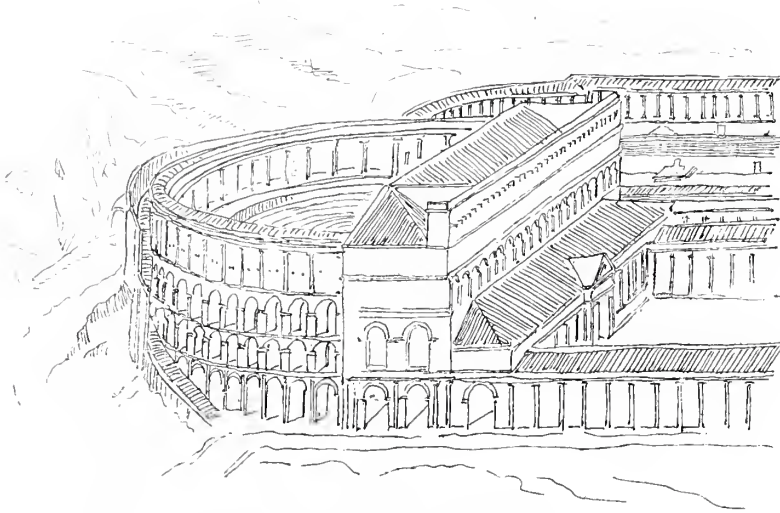


PLAN OF THE GALLO-ROMAN THEATRE, ORANGE.  
A, Orchestra. B, Stage. C, Postscenium.

Modern theatres are very different from those of the ancients, though they have still some of their arrangements. Symbols no longer appeal to us; the modern mind, less simple and lofty than the antique mind, prefers a more realistic art—more various, more searching, more analytical. We must watch the actor's physiognomy, the shades of gesture and of tone, the endless details of the scene which charm our jaded taste. This demand

for the minutiae of art has led to the necessity of bringing the audience much closer to the actors, and our theatres are much smaller than those of the ancients. Moreover, our habits and occupations do not allow of performances by daylight. Hence we need roofed theatres, well warmed and lighted, and decorated in a different manner. Again, our

booth, and were at most about thirty feet high. They were of no great breadth; the stage, where there was no change of scene, was divided into three parts by three floors; in the middle the house-place where the morality or drama was performed: above was paradise for the reward of virtue; below was hell for punishment.



THEATRE OF MARCELLUS, ROME.

civilisation, democratic only in name, does not admit of vast assemblies of a mixed multitude meeting in the theatre as they meet in the market-place. We have substituted a class-division into tiers, according to the position and wealth of each spectator, and this has given rise to the galleries and boxes—most unlike the equal steps of an antique theatre. Still, we are obliged to retain the general broad divisions of the structure, and it will be useful to understand clearly how fine and dignified the ideas of the ancients were as to the architecture of the theatre.

In the Middle Ages the theatre scarcely existed, at any rate in the earlier times. The general contempt for classical literature which prevailed was not likely to revive a taste for performances so essentially pagan. However, at the time when the communes in France were enfranchised, a taste for the drama seems to have resuscitated. "Farcies" and "mummings" were at first performed in the great halls of the castles. Then the Church took possession of the drama, turned it into the "morality," and used it to influence the populace. Stages were erected, as they now are in fairs, at the crossways, on the outskirts of graveyards, or even in the churches. There "mysteries" were acted by wandering fraternities, going from town to town with their stock pieces for local festivals and public rejoicings. These theatres were built of wood, like the modern

model. After that date it was in use for all the theatres. The architects Dorbay and Moreau, in the Comédie Française and in the Opera House of the Palais Royal, adhered to this plan, spreading it out in a greater or less degree. In France, under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., all the theatres were built in this way, with tiers of boxes, and a flat ceiling not in harmony with the rest of the house. On the whole, the problem of the best form of theatre remained unsolved. The U-shape was not quite satisfactory; it was good for seeing, but faulty for hearing, and no really decorative and artistic treatment could be adapted to a theatre on this plan. While architecture was triumphant in the construction of palaces, it remained stationary in the planning of theatres, and quite out of keeping with the sumptuous and elegant taste of the period.

Two French architects, Gabriel and Louis, suddenly hit on the solution of the difficulty. Louis, especially, in the theatre at Bordeaux, found the final type of decorative treatment, though still with due regard to earlier attempts in France and in Italy. Before pointing out where the real genius of Louis' inventions lay, it will be well to say a few words about the Italian play-houses, whence the French school derived inspiration, in order to arrive at a final scheme of arrangement and decoration.

(To be continued.)



J.W. Waterhouse A.R.A. pinx.

James Dobie, sculp.

OPHELIA





WALLACHIAN TRAVELLERS AT AN INN.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Schreyer.)

## ADOLPHE SCHREYER.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

I WAS somewhat alarmed, I must own, when I was asked to write a Life of Schreyer for THE MAGAZINE OF ART. I knew the name, but nothing of his work survived distinctly in my memory. I was at Vienna, and while yet hesitating as to

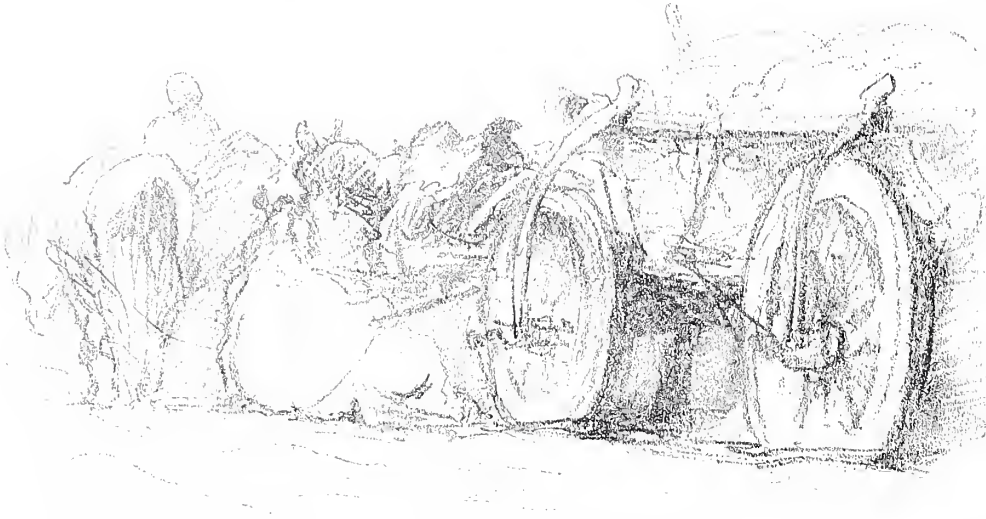
my reply, I every day passed a print shop where two engravings attracted me irresistibly: one by Ajdukiewiez, "The Emperor of Austria," surrounded by his magnificent staff; the horses marvellously drawn and full of life—cavalry horses, giving me the very same impression as those I saw at every military review. The other print called up before me all the charm, the glow, the dreaminess of Africa. A horseman on a thorough-bred Arab, standing on the top of a hillock, is surveying a vast plain; the smoke of a cannon like a tiny cloud on the horizon hangs for an instant in the hot, quivering atmosphere. The attitude is noble, grandly indifferent;

silky is the horse's coat, and flexible his neck—as only an Arab's can be! All Africa seemed to rise before me, conjured up by this figure so true as a whole, in its general effect and its smallest details. I often went to look at it, making a little round to pass the shop-window. But one day it was gone, and the Ajdukiewiez too had disappeared. I felt quite angry, and walked on quickly, indignant with the dealer who had removed *my* prints. However, one day soon after, I stopped again to look. In the midst of much that was commonplace, one engraving arrested my attention: three horses dragging a sleigh through snow up to their girths. The sky was grey, heavy, gloomy; the pitiless snow helping Death to clutch its prey. Utter dejection seemed to enwrap the horses and the driver. And here again all was true; the very spirit of the North, where also I had lived, impressed me as vividly as the Arab horseman of the other print; and looking closer, I discovered the signature "Schreyer"—that very Schreyer whose Life I had just been asked to write! Here was a coincidence. I went into the shop to make inquiries about the artist, and the first thing I saw was the Arab horseman—and that too was by Schreyer.



I forthwith set to work with the greatest pleasure on a biography of a painter who had so perfectly

and there had painted his clever picture of "The Wallachian Mail"—lean little horses starved and



A WALLACHIAN STUDY.

mastered the North and the South alike, rendering the placid fatalism of the Arab, and the dejection of the Northerner overwhelmed by snow, with the same reality: he must be a great artist. I hunted up the works of Schreyer; and in each I came upon some fresh detail, some vivid reminiscence of things I had seen and loved, or else on some happy touch of hand, with a marvellous sobriety

weary, harnessed twelve at a time to heavy lumbering carts covered with tilts. The drivers are peasants wrapped in their wide *catchoulas*, with fur caps pulled down over their eyes. And how full of purpose are the glimpses of landscape, how simple and true—the endless plain, and the houses fenced in with palisades which make a background to the picture! The tired look of the stunted

little beasts as they stand, and the air of dignity and "go" they assume as soon as they start, so characteristic of the horse—all this is rendered to perfection in every picture, nay in the slightest sketch by Schreyer. Not less so the types of the drivers, with their look of dash and fatigue, as real as the Arabs in the sunshine and the Poles in the snow. I see them all alert and living, so true are they to life.



A FLOOD: SKETCH IN WALLACHIA.

of composition, which made me admire more and more the whole result.

The artist had lived for some time in Wallachia,

And as I saw more and more of the work, the desire grew in me to become acquainted with the man. So as soon as I returned to Paris I went to





STUDY OF A WALLACHIAN PACK-HORSE.

see him, without even a letter of introduction, and I was welcomed, as I felt sure I should be: on his part perfect courtesy, enthusiasm on mine.

Tall, broad-shouldered, full of energy, Schreyer, who is sixty-five years of age, does not look more than fifty. His eye is extremely bright, and rests on all he looks on without impatience or haste; and his face and expression explain the man better than pages of biography. They reveal his devotion to his art, the loving movement of his brush, the slow maturing of his pictures, to which he gives the appearance of absolute infinity in broad outline, and then leaves them to ripen in his studio, and to become familiar before finishing them with vivid accuracy of execution and touch.

Schreyer was born at Frankfort a/M in 1828. While still very young he spent two years in the military riding-school there, studying the horse, for which he had an irresistible passion. Then he paid short visits to the painting-schools of Düsseldorf and Munich; still, he has always been essentially his own pupil, obedient to his own high conception of art, enamoured of the colouring of nature, of the stir of warlike crowds, of everything which is not to be found in a studio.

In 1849 he went to the East, following the troops of Prince Tournund-Taxis. Himself a soldier, even in action, he constantly watched all his surroundings, and the campaign over, he brought home studies and sketches from which he worked up his stirring pictures, such as the "Roumanian

Sleigh-train," which the Archduchess Sophia bought as soon as it was exhibited, as a present to the Emperor of Austria; the picture of Prince Tournund-Taxis wounded at Temesvar, which confirmed the young painter's reputation; the "Battle of Komorn," and others.

In 1861 Schreyer, longing for fierce light and brilliant colouring, went to Algeria, going by way of Paris. He was bewitched by French art and must need measure himself against French painters. In 1863 he exhibited in Paris for the first time.

In 1864 he took the Gold Medal with his "Cossack Horses in a Snow-storm," and his success, begun in Germany, extended to France and England, and presently to America.

The French Government purchased the two pictures he had exhibited at Paris, and hung them in the Luxembourg.

Meanwhile, he visited the Crimea, Africa, and Morocco, where the colouring, which he himself compares to "a bouquet, whose flowers he sets out on his palette," tempted him to paint his wonderful "Arab Horseman," his "Panic," and the "Spalis," which by engraving has been repeated and popularised by thousands of copies.

He then returned to Wallachia, where he felt the country as a "condition of mind," of which he renders the deep, sweet charm with great success. He paints "Abandoned"—a horse left alone, har-



STUDY: A WALLACHIAN TRAVELLING WAGGON.

nessed to a train-waggon. The other horse is dead; the two drivers also dead. The beast stands alone, abandoned in the midst of the wreck of battle. And

it is wonderful how Schreyer has depicted the anguish of the poor animal, conscious of impending



STUDY OF A TURK.

doom, seeing death all round, close to him. The traces are too strong, he cannot gnaw them asunder, he must die like his comrade, like his drivers; and the dignity, the intelligence of the brute, feeling death at hand, are fully expressed in this masterly work of Schreyer's.

In talking of the horse, the artist, who has studied with loving care and insight the creatures he paints, told me a great deal of the amazing intelligence of the animal, relating instances of its acumen in well-chosen words, and in that delightful German tongue which he always speaks by preference, though he is familiar with almost every language of Europe.

What I have learned of Schreyer's life and adventures I have derived from biographical notices. He will not submit to be interviewed, and does not think himself sufficiently interesting to talk of his past career; so it was partly from newspaper-cuttings and partly from Madame Schreyer, who took part most amiably in our conversation, that I acquired the indispensable facts I needed.

However, knowing that I was a painter, and the friend of artists whom he holds in high esteem, Schreyer was at his best. He expressed his great admiration for Bastien-Lepage, whose "Village Lovers," by its stupendous simplicity, seems chiefly to have appealed to him among the works of that lamented painter. He also spoke of the visits of "Carmen Sylva," the graceful fairy of the Roumanian throne, who was charmed by the pictures

of Roumanian life so well interpreted by Schreyer, and who from a royal visitor became the artist's friend. She would spend long afternoons in his country-house, Cronberg, always thinking it was "too soon" when the king announced the hour of departure.

Then Schreyer conducted me from the drawing-room, where we were sitting, into the vast room he uses as a studio during his residence in Paris; and there I had one of the most delightful experiences art can afford. Numbers of painters—too many painters since Titian—have been called magicians of colour, and yet commonplace as the words have become, I can find no others to express the splendour, the extraordinary vividness of Schreyer's pictures when he paints Africa, or the melancholy realism, the tender greyness of his Roumanian landscapes.

Here, we have a troop of Arab cavalry in broad



STUDY OF AN ARAB.

sunshine; the horses' hides gleaming, the weapons glittering, the costumes, the earth, the sky like flowers of light. In another picture we see three riders: one on a black horse, the other two on grey steeds, the noblest and most beautiful that can be painted; in the background a mosque and some palm-trees stand out against the clear, blue sky.

Then there is a quite small picture, which reaches the heart through the eyes, and sings a

desperation; the snow blows up in eddies, blinding them, and filling the air in front of them. At a few yards' distance this seems a finished picture, every detail crisp and perfect; close to it we see scarcely more than a rough sketch. The horses are merely indicated by the darker spots which represent their eyes and nostrils; the bodies are painted with a single sweep of the brush; and it had all been flung on the canvas the previous evening, before the painter went to bed, noted down in half-an-hour,



A FIRE IN A PADDOCK.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Schreyer.)

tender little melody suggestive of fairy-tales and nights of travel. It is evening, a horseman knocks at the door of a Roumanian cottage; the horse, with outstretched neck, listens, waiting for the door to be opened; he knows that here is shelter for this night. And the beast's intelligence and attitude, the calm and restful atmosphere which broods over the whole picture in a delightful key of grey undertones, make it a masterpiece of the first order.

The master showed me other canvases, unfinished, and sketches which are marvels of life and spirit and dashing facility of execution.

A sleigh, the four horses galloping through a swirl of snow, which drives across the picture from left to right; the horses are going with headlong

under the influence of some revived reminiscence of the snowy Roumanian landscape.

And there were many more, put on the easel in turn; sketches, pictures, some having the illusion, and some the reality of perfect finish; and as he displays them Schreyer looks lovingly at them. His speech, his gestures are those of a painter; here and there he touches something up, puts in a light with a touch of his finger. In the ardour of work he says everything serves his turn, his fingers as well as his brushes, or even the palm of his hand. And he is never weary of touching up and working over a canvas; adding, even when one sees completeness, the imperceptible little spark which stamps a masterpiece.



Blow, Blow, Thou Winter  
WIND,  
Thou Art Not So Unkind  
As Man's Ingratitude;  
Thy Tooth is Not So Keen,  
Because Thou Art Not Seen,  
Although Thy Breath Be  
Rude.

G.E. Moira

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: AMIENS' SONG IN *AS YOU LIKE IT* (ACT II, SCENE VII).

(Drawn by Gerald E. Moira.)

FREEZE, FREEZE, THOU BITTER  
SKY,  
THAT DOST NOT BITE SO NIGH  
AS BENEFITS FORGOT:  
THOUGH THOU THE WATERS WARP,  
THY STING IS NOT SO SHARP  
AS FRIEND REMEMBER'D NOT.

Heigh, HO! SING, Heigh, HO! UNTO THE  
GREEN HOLLY!  
MOST FRIENDSHIP IS FEIGNING, MOST LOVING  
MERE FOLLY:  
THEN, Heigh, HO, THE HOLLY!  
THIS LIFE IS MOST JOLLY.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT 2. SCENE VII

G. E. MOIRA



FIRING A SALUTE.

(From the Painting by William Van de Velde.)

## MR. YERKES' COLLECTION AT CHICAGO: THE OLD MASTERS.—II.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

**T**WO pictures by G. Dou (1613—1675), another of Rembrandt's followers, his pupil, the master of F. Van Mieris, Schalken, and Metsu, and, on the whole, the ablest of that company, are catalogued in the gallery at Chicago. Of these, "The Hermit" represents an old bearded man placed just outside the door of his cell and reading the Bible, which rests on a rock in front of him, and holding in his left hand on the open pages a pair of pincenez, while with his right hand he is about to turn over two of the leaves of the book. The shattered trunk of a tree is on the left of the student, whose expression of thought and reverent attention surpasses in that respect even the lofty standard of Dou, high as that is known to be. "The Hermit" is Smith's, No. 84, and has evidently been enlarged, the head only having been painted in the first instance. The hands are marvels of skill, finish, and solidity quite worthy of the head, and were doubtless painted soon after. Smith says this gem was, in 1801, sold from the collection of M. Tronchien for £78; again, with M. Sereville's pictures, sold in 1811, for £76 10s. In 1829 it belonged to Wood-

burn the dealer. It would not be dear now at £500. Many Dous have fetched great prices, and even of old, when pictures were rarely valued high, such works as this were worth princes' ransoms; thus (c. 1700) the Elector Palatine, John William, gave 30,000 florins for "La Femme Hydropique," that stupendous piece which, having been "annexed" by Napoleon from the Royal Gallery at Turin, and, in 1815, redeemed by the French for 100,000 francs, is now in the Louvre. In 1830 it was valued at £4,800. The Choiseul Dou, called "The Poulterer's Shop," now in the National Gallery (No. 825 and from the Peel Collection), was sold in 1823 for 1,200 guineas. On the other hand, the exquisite "Portrait of Himself," by Dou, now No. 192 in the same gallery, was, in 1844, bought at the Harman Sale for £131 10s. Except that its design much resembles "An Old Schoolmaster Mending a Pen," an unchallengeable Dou dated 1671, and now No. 1,138 in the Dresden Gallery, I know nothing of "The Evening School," which is now at Chicago, and of which the description seems to attest its fineness

and genuineness. "The whole scene," says my authority, "is in the master's finest vein, and can only be fully appreciated when seen under a strong glass."

Another master who, though a pupil of Hals, owed a good deal to Rembrandt, comes next in this group of artists of the same stamp, and is represented in the gallery before us by "The Glass of Lemonade," where, in a handsome apartment, a lady, who is not quite young, is seated in a chair and rather nervously holds in her left hand a glass goblet containing a liquid and the peeling of a lemon, which, while she looks at him with some anxiety, a comely young gentleman is stirring with a silver knife. He, with something like a smile, and as if he completely understood her case, watches his patient and has no fear of the effects of his medicine. On the other hand, as if to soothe the younger woman's terror, an elderly widow, who stands behind, places one hand on the shoulder of the sick person. Although there is a good deal in this capital example which suggests the mood

and manner of Metsu, it is more than probable that the ascription of it to Gerard Terburg is correct. In all essentials the design resembles that of Smith's No. 8, likewise called "The Glass of Lemonade," that was engraved with the Choiseul Gallery, where, however, a dog and a monkey appear which are not in Mr. Yerkes' picture. Smith mentions a smaller version of the same subject as having been sold with the Praolin Collection, as

well as a third version differing in its accessories, which in 1831 Woodburn bought for 100 guineas. Smith's Supplement, No. 5, names a Terburg as in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, which, as the catalogue of the Russian gallery says, formerly belonged to the Due de Choiseul, and was evidently



SUNSET.

(From the Painting by Jan Both.)

the same picture as the afore-mentioned No. 8. In this example a spaniel appears which is not seen in the work at Chicago; it is No. 870 at the Hermitage, and was engraved by Romanet. It seems to have belonged to the Empress Josephine. Mr. Yerkes' version is probably one of those smaller Terburgs mentioned by Smith. It is hardly needful to remind the reader that among the Dutch *genre* painters of the seventeenth century who owed much

to Rembrandt, subjects which are half humorous and half satirical as to the minor ailments and amorous coquetteries of young ladies, the visits of doctors and lovers to them being in view, the most frequent are like that before us. Dou, Terburg, Metsu, Steen, De Hooghe, Maes, Mieris, and Teniers the Younger affected these themes with a

"Clair de Lune." It gives (I write from a photograph by M. Braun) the charming reach of a calm river just as it enters the still calmer sea, with a lofty mill perched high on the outermost point of low land, and distinct in the middle distance against the clear, soft sky. In the warmish firmament, the moon, half veiled in her own pallid



MARKET-DAY AT ROTTERDAM.

(From the Painting by Jan Van der Heyden.)

zest which did not always remain delicate. "The Music Party," by P. De Hooghe, came from the Schall Collection at Baden. Its animated design and brilliant lighting and finish approach the qualities of Egton van der Neer, and though exceptional in De Hooghe, are quite worthy of him. It is not described by Smith.

The father of Egton Van der Neer—whom I mentioned in regard to another picture, and to whom, because he is well represented in Mr. Yerkes' collection, I shall come by-and-by—was that delightful painter of moonlight, silvery twilight, furious conflagrations, and frost scenes on the ice, with vistas of woodlands and rivers, Aart Van der Neer, whose "Dutch Channel by Moonlight," now in the gallery at Chicago, would be better named "Moonrise," or, as the French say,

lustre, and just risen above the evening band, breaks against the lower edges of the clouds, and as we look from the low meadow in the foreground, sends trembling to our feet a long reflection of her disk. In her "veil of brightness made" a few small vessels loiter upon the windless sea, and, nearer on our right, this effulgence softly touches a line of house-gables—which are as multifarious and quaint as the fronts of Dutch buildings must needs be, and, on our left, makes more distinct the thin foliage of a group of ashes on the shore, at whose feet, and upon a rude pier, some men are at work in that easy-going Dutch way which, if nowhere else, prevails in Low-Country pictures of the seventeenth century. Born in 1603, Aart (Arnold) was one of the first of the landscapists of Holland who directly and sincerely,



and yet, as the painting before us attests, with consummate art and feeling for composition, referred to nature in all he did. So little is known about him, that even his master has not been named. Born in the very beginning of the next century, he could not well be the pupil of Van Goyen—between whose art and his there are many points of close resemblance, such as sympathy in sentiment—who entered the world in 1596, nor of Wynants, born in 1600, nor of De Vlieger, born in 1604, nor of A. Cuyp, who was Aart's junior by two years.

It has often occurred to me that each and all of this group of Dutch realistic and well-trained artists must have owed much to the veracious and expressive backgrounds of Rubens' hunting pieces, landscapes at large and similar studies, as well as something to the laboured finesse of Roelandt Savery, and more, perhaps, to the energy and toil of D. Teniers I. struggling to depict the truth of nature as he saw it. Sir

Peter Paul was well advanced in middle life when Aart Van der Neer was born, and the Paradise-painting Roelandt was only a year younger than the greater master, while Snyder was born in 1579. Many critics have agreed to be puzzled about the landscape-painting prototype of Van Goyen, De Vlieger, and the elder Van der Neer, but it is not in fact so far from Leyden, Amsterdam, or Haarlem—whence they came—to Antwerp and Brussels—where the grand Flemings lived—

but that these three delightful masters could have escaped the influence of their seniors in life and art. Nearly all we know about Aart Van der Neer is that, mainly at Amsterdam, he lived a most studious life until the 9th of November, 1677,



THE LETTER.

(From the Painting by G. Metsu.)

when he died very poor, and left a host of poetic and truthful works, such as that masterpiece the "Landscape with Cattle and Figures," No. 152 in the National Gallery, to which, as was frequently the case, Cuyp introduced the figures. This example, like Mr. Yerkes' landscape, bears the two monograms, A. and F. and D. and N. combined.

The influence of Italy upon Dutch landscape painting, which, at the most, had been but indirect by means of Paul Bril, Savery his imitator, and

Rubens, becomes thoroughly obvious when the art of Jan Both is reached as in Mr. Yerkes' "Sunset," a capital piece, which is reproduced on p. 141. Here every line and tone is studied, finished and polished, and, while the coloration is a complete harmony, the colours of nature have been, so to say, sent to school, the sunlight itself is disciplined as if Phœbus

the fresher because of that. Nevertheless, in the markets of to-day a Crome will fetch as much as two Waterloos, such as Mr. Yerkes' "Forest Scene," which, bearing the artist's well-known "A.W.," represents a grove of huge, time-shattered oaks, hoary giants, so old that they might indeed be Druid-haunted. The grandeur and state-



THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

(From the Painting by David Teniers the Younger.)

was a much-examined "young gentleman from an university:" a pedagogic masterpiece. Both's "Sunset," which is one of several of the same motive, in the same manner, and having the same name, came from the Armengaud Collection.

Anthony Waterloo, of Lille, a too-often neglected master, born in 1610, the same year with Both, the Italianised Dutchman, retained his "native wood notes wild," and, affecting little or nothing of Italy, painted from nature with expressiveness that was grand and simple. To him, even more than to Ruysdael, who usually has the credit of the fact, is due the manner, mood, and even the technique of our John Crome, and through him of the whole of the Norwich school to Stark and Ladbrooke. Their art is Dutch of the seventeenth century done into English of the nineteenth, and not

liness of the scene owes its all to nature, treated with simplicity and painted with the most scrupulous finish—a care so complete that in the crenated trunks, their monstrous branches, and that prodigious wealth of foliage and herbage which makes the picture, there is not a part neglected. At the same time the bright sunlight effect, glowing in the meadows beyond the wood, and sparkling amid the branches and on the sward beneath them, is given with massiveness that in itself is grand. Because of this massiveness and the simplicity it implies, I prefer Waterloo to the much better known Hobbema, whose compositions, like his effects, are invariably spotty.\* The pictures

\* The reader, curious as to the biography of this interesting painter, should turn to M. Henry Havard's "L'Art et les Artistes Hollandais," Paris, 1879, vol. ii., p. 189, by means of which his



REVERIE.

(From the Painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze. Engraved by Jonnard.)



of the former are much rarer than his etchings. The cattle in those paintings are generally the work of Weenix. Mr. Yerkes has a P. Wouwerman, which has been engraved, and represents one of that master's well-known subjects, a halt before the booth of a country farrier (*Maréchal*). "Crossing the Creek" is due to N. Berchem, while "Wishing God Speed," "The Mottled Steer," and "The Red Bull" are by P. Potter; the first, called "Cavaliers and Cattle," was, as No. 104, exhibited by Lord Kilmorey at the Academy in 1882. It is dated "1650," the year of his marriage to Adriana van Baleken-cynde, of the Hague, four years previous to his death.

One of the most important pictures here in question is Jan Steen's "Christ driving the Traders from the Temple," which, measuring 43 by 31 inches, is, as to its size, above the average of that master's works. It is not mentioned in the catalogues of Smith and Heer van Westrheene. "The Card Players," likewise by Steen, No. 77 of Smith's Supplement, was formerly in the Baillie and Brind Collections, and is now at Chicago; it was mentioned by Decamps as forming

part of the gallery of Heer Verschuring, and by Houbraken as in that of Heer L. Van Hairen at Dordrecht (see Van Westrheene's "Jan Steen," 1856, No. 91). It is one of this master's most highly finished works. In 1745 it realised 110 florins (so little did Steens fetch in those days) at the sale of H. Van de Vugt; at Baillie's sale, in 1831, the price was 400 florins, *i.e.*, 35 guineas.

In addition to these capital examples, Mr. Yerkes possesses landscapes by J. Van Ruysdael, which are evidently of great merit; a Metsu, called

being born at Lille is accounted for. He lived much at Leeuwarden in Friesland, where, amid the forests of oaks which, much more than now, covered the province, both he and Hobbema found material for their best pictures.

"The Letter," characteristic of the painter (see p. 143); "Firing a Salute," by W. Van de Velde the Younger, is likewise reproduced here, and dated "1680" (p. 140). Van der Heyden's excellent "Market-Day at Rotterdam" is very interesting, not only on account of the painter's skill, but by means of the figures which, as the reader sees in the cut before him (p. 142), illustrates the "humours" of the Dutch city and its people; they are by Adriaan Van de Vekle.

Of Flemish pictures as represented in this



THE TOILET OF VENUS.

(From the Painting by François Boucher.)

gallery there is only space for the names of Peter Breughel I.; with two life-size heads of men by Rubens, and six Tenierses; of the last category "The Temptation of St. Anthony" has been selected as an example. "A Burgomaster," which Horace Walpole, to whom it belonged, attributed to Holbein, in German, while the French paintings are Clouet's "Portrait of a Man," Boueher's very representative "Toilet of Venus," Greuze's voluptuously suggestive girl with a bare bust, here called "Reverie" (see the excellent transcript attached to this notice), and the charming and animated "Garden Party," supposed to be an original replica of a masterpiece, No. 210 at Dulwich, copied more than once by Pater and by Seotin, brilliantly engraved.

“PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN”: A REVIEW.

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Joseph Pennell's splendid volume, "*Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen*" (Macmillan and Co.), of which the second edition lies before us, is the most admirable monument to the art which has ever

skilful with the pen—he has no right in the book. Lalanne drew for reproduction—he made a drawing with a pen to make of it a complete thing; Titian did nothing of the sort—his sketches were just memoranda, suggestions of *chiaroscuro*, and to judge

him with draughtsmen who "made drawings" is wholly to misapprehend the work. Then we see Simeon Solomon spoken of as Saul Solomon; we have a drawing of Charles Keene's applauded which is perhaps the worst of its kind that genius ever drew—the pattern in the carpet looking like a particularly aggressive cabbage-field; we see the Paris "*Charivari*" spoken of seriously as an



APOLLO.

(Drawn by Miss R. M. M. Pitman.)

appeared, and is not only a delight to every lover of black-and-white, but is of great and very real permanent value as representing its position throughout the world in this year of grace. We observe that Mr. Pennell has come to regard the term "pen drawing" as one of considerable elasticity, and has included not only peneil and brush work, but also drawings in wash: thus introducing an inharmonious note, besides tending to confuse the student for whom his book is primarily intended. There are many other points on which we differ with the author—points which we note here and there as we turn over the pages of this beautiful book. The elaborate denunciation of Titian as a pen-draughtsman, and the comparison with Maxime Lalanne (to the former's utter confusion) is absurd, as—apart from the fact as to whether Titian was or was not

"illustrated newspaper," and the curious statement that "all intelligent art-criticism has come to be written by artists in England." It is true that a few minor artists have turned critics; but Mr. Pennell has evidently not heard the criticisms of artists upon them. It is difficult to accept some of his theories, and hard to forgive his many prejudices. Yet his earnestness, his enthusiasm for his work, his extreme care in the compilation and execution of what will probably remain to the end the most interesting and most admirably illustrated book on the subject, reconcile us when we cannot agree. His section dealing with German pen-drawing has been greatly reinforced, and that on Dutch, Danish, and Norwegian is practically new, introducing many extremely interesting artists whose names are entirely unfamiliar to English ears. The illustrations, to the

number of three hundred and sixty-six, are all produced to the best advantage—the sacrifice of photogravure and substitution of process in the present

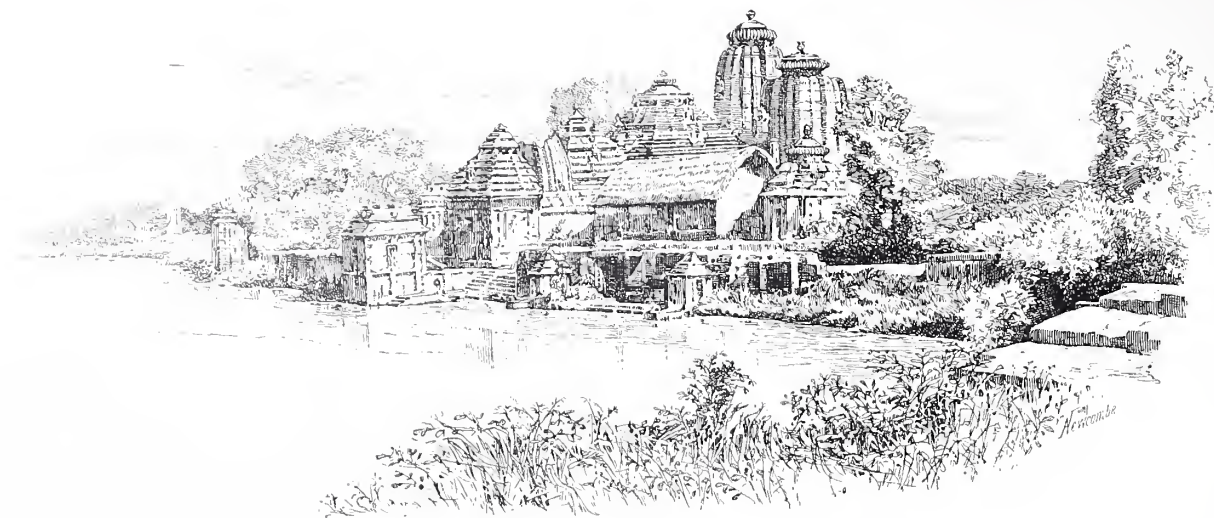
word of protest against his slavish imitations of Mr. Abbey. Indeed, the present writer was informed by a well-known editor of Paris that a commission



STUDIES FOR “AMOR MUNDI.”  
(Drawn by Fred Sandys.)

edition being little loss to the book—and in largest size, and reflect the intelligence of the writer. We are a little surprised that, keenly patriotic as he is, Mr. Pennell has passed by M. Vogel’s work without a

was given to the artist in these words: “*Faites-moi des Abbey*”—and Abbeys he accordingly made. To Mr. Pennell’s chapters on the status and technique of pen-drawing we need not again refer.



BHUVANESVARA.

(Drawn by A. E. Newcombe.)

## ORISSA: THE HOLY LAND OF INDIA.

BY REV. J. MIDDLETON MACDONALD. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. CORNISH.

ON the right of the main pilgrim road from Katak to the Jagannath Temple on the shore of the Bay of Bengal lies Bhuvaneshvara, about twenty miles from the Katak. It is probably the Kalinganagari of Buddhist fame, and when Sakya died in 543 B.C. Kalinganagari got one of Sakya's eye-teeth. No Roman Catholic relic ever had such eventful migrations as Sakya's eye-tooth had through India and Ceylon and back again to Goa, where Don Constantine, the Portuguese Viceroy, burnt it before the prelates and notables of Portuguese-India "for the promotion of the glory of God, the honour and prestige of Christianity, and the salvation of souls." Even now the Ceylon Buddhists aver that it has risen, phoenix-like, from its ashes and reposes in the Maligava Temple at Kandy. One is charmed with the small lake at Bhuvaneshvara. It is fortunate that the alligators therein are fish-eating ones, as the water is so holy—a single bath in the Vindusagara Pool cleanses a pilgrim from all sin, and is equal to twenty-eight baths at Benares or ten years' ordinary bathing in the Ganges.

At one time there were thousands of temples in this sacred city of Orissa—the Holy Land of India; but Rajendra Lal Mitra, to whose "Antiquities of Orissa" I am greatly indebted, could find only 350. Out of a population of 4,029 there are 862 of the priestly caste and 1,078 temple-servants.

The Great Tower Temple of Bhuvaneshvara is unadorned, and a good example of the fact that beauty unadorned is then superlatively beautiful. As I rode to and from Puri eight or ten times during 1893, I had ample opportunities of judging the artistic beauty of the great tower as it caught

my eye on the horizon. It is over one hundred and sixty feet high, and of exquisite proportions. I do not remember seeing any European or Asiatic temple of the same style, with its long slender ribs cut across about one hundred and twenty feet up, and a cap placed thereon, whose angles slope out beyond the top of the supporting ribs. The iron trident crowning the cap has the right and left prongs curved, and this gives a grace to the whole building. The lion gargoyles are essentially Orissan; there is a fine one at the gate of Jagannath's Temple in Puri, and there are immense ones at Kanarak further up the coast. The buildings within the temple area are four—the refectory, the dancing hall, the porch, and the temple proper.

The refectory is not as old as the porch, but is of the architecture at the end of the eighth century after Christ. It was originally designed as a preaching and reading-room for the Pundits; but, owing to the introduction of fresh pillars which shut out the light, the learned men could not read, and it was consecrated to the reception of Vishnu's food given by his devotees.

Salini, Kesari's queen, erected the dancing-hall about 1,100 A.D., wherein lithe and beautiful girls might amuse the god. The curious thing about the architecture is that its roof has Saracenic battlements.

The porch was built about 500 A.D. during the reign of the all-powerful and ever-memorable Zayati. The façade is highly ornamented with processions of war-horses, elephants, warriors in two tiers above the door, while right and left of the door are some of the most beautiful figures to be seen in India, representing the consecrated dancing-girls.



According to Sir William Hunter, the Yavanas, or Ionians, halted in Orissa for a time at the close of their 1,400 years' wandering up and down India, and they were expelled from Orissa in 474 A.D. by Zayati Kesari. (As every statement by Hunter on India is taken as gospel, one dares not scoff at the thought of Ionia being so powerful in 1,000 B.C. as to conquer India; I humbly quote the statement.)

Zayati and his posterity worshipped Shiva the All-destroyer; but the court religion never came home to the hearts of the lowly; and as for the cultured classes, they had gentle Buddhism in their blood. A swarm of Brahmaus, however, came down to Orissa with Zayati; and as he built temples for them and gave them fat glebes, they promptly professed the royal religion and became devotees of Shiva. The Shiva cult took root and flourished as a class religion until it was extirpated in 1132 A.D., at which date Vishnu became the object of worship at Orissa; for on Prol's death, Chorganga pushed north from Madras and seized Orissa, and proclaimed himself King of Orissa and a devotee of Vishnu.

Architecture was in the twelfth century the ruling passion of eastern and western princes, and Chorganga was an incarnation of the spirit of the age. He found Zayati's buildings in Bhuvaneshvara and admired them, and he added others worthy of inclusion in the great and glorious number of works of art consecrated to the service of him whom he believed to be almighty.

Some distance away from the Great Temple is that entitled Parasuramesvara. I consider it the most beautiful in external ornamentation. If it were not for the figures of Vishnu, with the four arms, and the devotees praying, you might almost imagine that each great design is a Hindu coat-of-arms erected to our most gracious and religious Kaisar-i-Hind. Notice how every small hollow cut in a stone is a perfect design carried out in the minutest detail. The figures of the women are very well proportioned. In fidelity of work, in attention to detail, and in complete microcosms studded over the temple, it reminds one of the wealth of work in Milan

Cathedral. The European monk-masons laboured for love of their work, and the Hindus must have done the same.

Kanarak, nineteen miles north-east of Puri, on the Bay of Bengal, was once the architectural wonder of India. Abul Fadhl, the Moghul historian, writes in the sixteenth century of it: "The whole revenue of Orissa for twelve years was spent in erecting a Temple of the Sun at Kanarak. No one can behold this immense edifice without being struck with amazement. The wall is one hundred and fifty cubits high and nineteen cubits thick. There are three entrances. At the eastern gates are two very fine figures of elephants, each carrying a man on his trunk. To the west are two surprising figures of horsemen completely armed; and over the northern gate are two tigers, who, having killed two elephants, are sitting upon them. In front of the gate is a pillar of black stone (now before the Lion Gate of the Jagannath Temple in Puri) of an octagonal form, fifty cubits high. There are nine flights of steps (up to the Temple), after ascending



TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE OF PARASURAMESVARA.



SCULPTURED WAR-HORSE NEAR KANĀRAK.

which you come into an extensive enclosure. This temple is said to be a work of seven hundred and thirty years' antiquity. There are twenty-eight other temples here: six before the Northern Gate and twenty-two without the enclosure" (آئین اکبری).

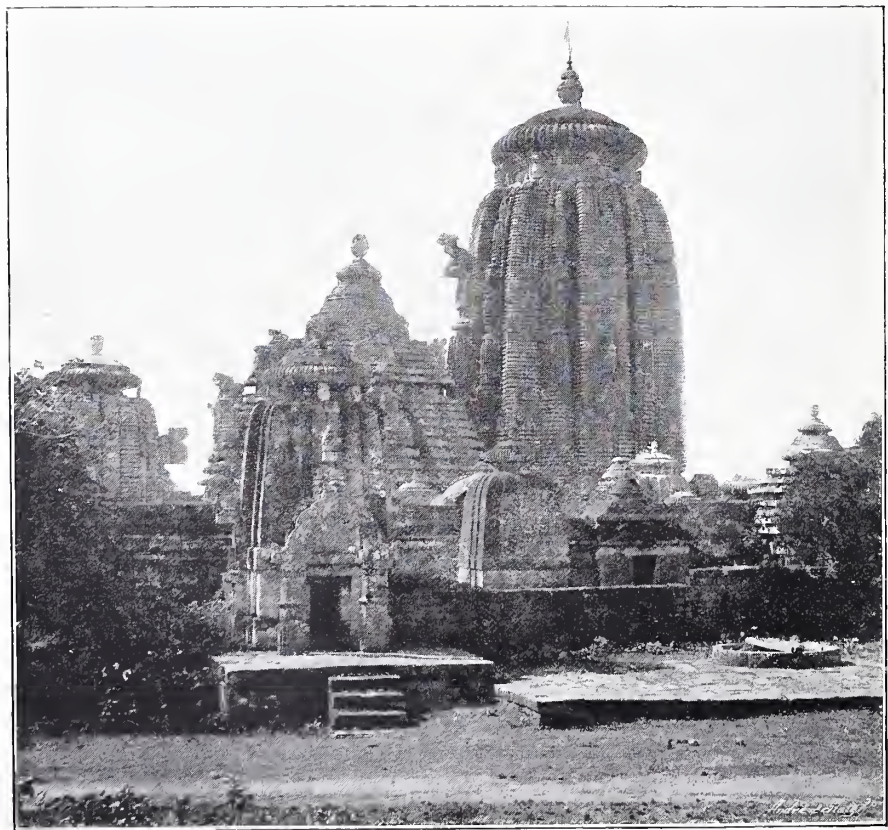
In the beginning of this century Stirling the historian greatly admired the Black Pagoda, and Fergusson the architect said in his "Picturesque Illustrations of the Architecture of Hindostan": "Perhaps I do not exaggerate when I say that the Kanārak Temple is, for its size, the most richly ornamented building externally in the whole world."

Rajendra Lal Mitra and Stirling think that Abul Fadhil must have lied in saying that the walls of the Kanārak Temple were one hundred and fifty cubits high. I am not a controversialist; but, as I always prefer to think that a man writes the truth when he is simply narrating facts, I make bold to point out that the Kanārak Temple is a Temple of the Sun, and that at the other great and ancient Temple of the Sun in Baalbek (Lebanon) there are pillars one hundred and forty feet high which look

as if they had supported something. Most of the Baalbek pillars have fallen: but when I was there in 1883, about half a dozen remained.

On looking at the door in the Black Pagoda (which is so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as it is not black) one is struck at once by the resemblance to the door in the Baalbek Temple of the Sun. The late Signor Fontana, the sculptor, pointed out to me that there were at least a score of different kinds of architecture in the Baalbek doorway, and here in the Kanārak doorway there are nine. The outside design on the left does not appear on the right, though the stones are there. The artist probably died just before finishing the work.

Interested readers will appreciate the value of having an authentic photograph of this structure, for Fergusson's magnificent plate of the Kanārak doorway reproduces only seven styles in the perfectly symmetrical doorway, and gives none of the fourteen beautifully sculptured figures situate about five feet from the base of the doorway.



THE GREAT TEMPLE, BHUVANESVARA.



DOORWAY OF THE BLACK PAGODA,  
KANĀRAK.

Let me quote Fergusson's architectural description of this marvelous roof:—

“The roof, sixty feet high, is divided into four compartments, the two lowest of which are composed of six projecting cornices, separated by a deeply recessed compartment containing sculpture as large as life; while all the faces of these twelve cornices are covered by *bassi-relievi* of processions, battle scenes, hunting, and representations of all the occupations and amusements of life. The immense variety of illustrations of Hindu manners contained in it may be imagined when we think that with a height of from one foot to eighteen inches, the frieze extends to nearly three thousand feet in length, and contains, probably, at least twice that number of figures. The uppermost of the three compartments has only five cornices, and none of their faces is sculptured. The whole is

crowned by the lotus-shaped dominical ornament, as is universally the case, but which is here of a singularly elegant form. Were such a roof as this placed over a colomnade, or on a wall much cut up with openings, it would, no doubt, be overpoweringly heavy; but placed as it is on a solid wall, with only one opening on each face, and that so deeply recessed, I scarcely know one so singularly appropriate and elegant, and the play of light and shade from its bold and varied projections and intervening shadows gives it a brilliant and sparkling effect that I confess I have almost never seen equalled.”

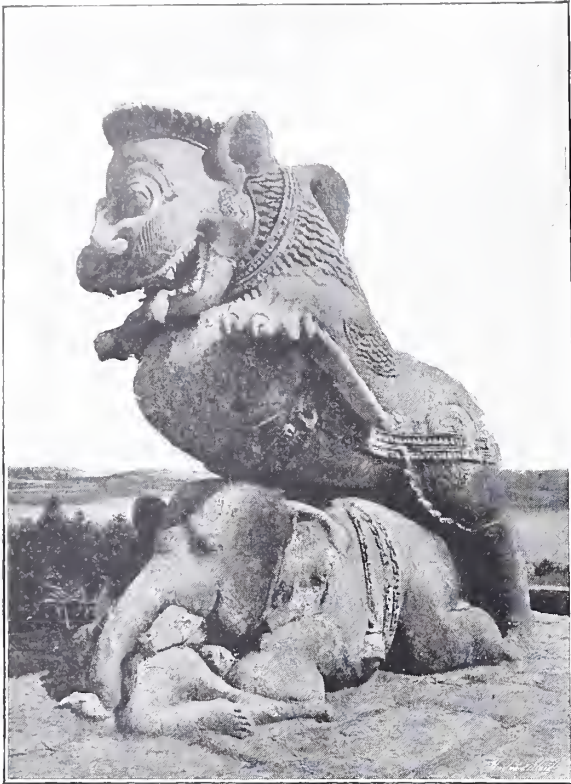
The stone architrave of the porch of the temple is one of the architectural and artistic wonders of the world. It has nine panels, each containing a well-carved figure representing the Sun, the Moon, Mars, Buddha, Son of the Moon; Jupiter, the High Priest of Gods and Sages; Venus, High Priest of the Asuras;



TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE AT PARASURAMESVARA.

Saturn, the Son of the Sun; Rahu, the Son of Sinhika; Ketu, the Son of Rudra.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal expressed a



ROYAL HINDU LION OF KANĀRAK.

vandalic wish to have this architecture in Calcutta on much the same grounds as those on which London has Cleopatra's Needle. The Government of Bengal sanctioned a grant of R3,000, say £200. This sum sufficed to drag the architrave two hundred yards away from its proper place!

Some magnificent stone monuments remain in Kanārak *in situ*. The most striking is a lion jumping on an elephant who has a man in his deadly trunk. Fergusson calls it a griffin, but I think it is the Lion religion of Orissa Hinduism destroying the Elephant Buddhism which is fatal to man's best interests. The elephant must be about eleven feet high from the skull to the fore sole.

The most powerfully artistic representation of any animal at Kanārak is, however, the pair of war-horses. Sir William Hunter's account of them is so vivid that I here reproduce it.

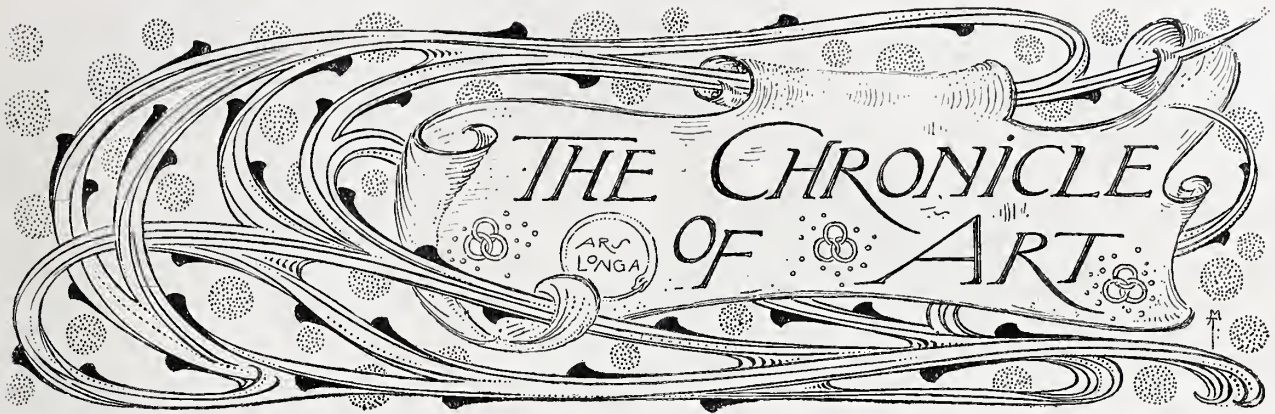
"Two colossal horses guard the southern façade, one perfect, the other with his neck broken and otherwise shattered. The right-hand stallion has a Roman nose, prominent eyes, nostrils not too open, and, in other respects, carved from a well-bred model, except the jowl, which is bridled in close upon the neck, making the channel too narrow—a mistake which I have also noticed in the

ancient sculptures of Italy and Greece. The legs, too, have a fleshy and conventional look. He is very richly caparisoned with bosses and bands round the face, heavy chain armour on the neck, tasselled necklaces, jewelled bracelets on all four legs, and a tasselled breast band which keeps the saddle in position. The saddle resembles the mediæval ones of Western chivalry, with a high pommel and well-marked cantle; but it has a modern girth consisting of a single broad band clasped by a buckle outside the fringe of a sumptuous saddle cloth. The stirrup irons are round like those of our own cavalry. A scabbard for a short Roman sword hangs down on the left, a quiver filled with feathered arrows on the right; while a groom adorned with necklaces and breast jewels runs at the horse's head, holding a bridle. The fierce war stallion has stamped down two of the enemy—not kicking or prancing, but fairly trampling them into the earth. The men appear to be aborigines from their woolly hair, tiger-like mouths and tusks, and their short curved swords like the national Gurkha *kukuri*, half bill-hook, half falchion, equally suited for ripping up a foe or for cutting a path through the jungle. Their shields are richly carved with bosses and a heraldic device."



TEMPLE ELEPHANT, KANĀRAK.

Mr. W. H. Cornish, District Superintendent of Police, Katak, is to be thanked for his very fine photographs.



(Drawn by T. Morris.)

## FEBRUARY.

**Copyright and Pictures Living and otherwise.** THE protracted litigation occasioned by the publication in the *Daily Graphic* of sketches of certain of the living pictures exhibited at the Empire Theatre, recently reached its final stage, when the House of Lords decided that the sketches did not constitute an infringement of the copyright in the original paintings which had suggested the stage representation. The Supreme Court of Appeal based its decision principally on the grounds that the living pictures referred to did not, in its opinion, reproduce the design of the copyright paintings sufficiently closely as to constitute infringement. The effect of the judgment, therefore, is not that a living picture cannot under any circumstances constitute infringement, but that it is a question of fact whether the arrangement of a particular representation, by living figures, of a copyright work is of such a character as to reproduce the design of the original, a result which the Court has held the Empire pictures do not produce. No doubt the rights of the copyright holder may be prejudicially affected by his property being vulgarised, notwithstanding that his designs may not be copied so exactly as to afford him any legal remedy, but, say the lawyers, it is reasonable to hope that any injury which may be caused to the individual will result in a gain to the many by the elevation of the public taste to appreciate artistic representations on the music-hall stage of subjects suggested by the best examples of pictorial art!

**Pantomime Spectacle.**

AT "Old Drury" the story of "Dick Whittington" is retold by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS in a style which is a distinct and welcome advance on his achievements in recent years. The great Chinese spectacle of the Imperial Wedding leaves no

distinct impression of colour on the mind, and novelty and fantasy in the costumes, as opposed to design, are arrived at by the easy expedient of attaching curiously cut and embroidered tabs to all sorts of unexpected places. The tints in the various dresses do not, however, "swear at each other," and for this much we may be thankful. So much cannot be said for the Wild Flower Revel which peoples Dick's dream on Highgate Hill, which is badly harmonised and composed. The "Deck of the Sea Gull," by Mr. PERKINS, is noteworthy for its artistic background of sky and coast, and Mr. RYAN's Porch of Highgate Church is a pretty picture.

The most artistic features in the gigantic "shilling's-worth" entitled "*The Orient*" at Olympia may be found in Mr. TELBIN's charming "bits" of the Thames—exhibited as a "side-show." The stormy sky in the picture of Hampton Court in Wolsey's time is appropriately emblematic of his impending fall; the view from the Terrace at Richmond, of which one never tires, is treated with a fine appreciation of its many beauties, and the sunset and twilight atmospheric effects in the pictures of Westminster and St. Paul's are delightfully expressed. The spectacle proper of "*The Orient*" on the great stage "passeth all understanding." The First Byzantine tableau is effectively set; and the ballet, on the old "Excelsior" lines, is not unskillfully handled; though many of M. EDEL's colour harmonies might be improved. The Barbaric scene, which is far more Mexican in feeling than North African, is much less successful as a stage picture; and the scenic artists, MM. AMABLE and GARDY, are out of their element in dealing with foliage and distances. The "Old London" scene, which brings the spectacle to a close with a representation



THE FATES.

(Prize Design at Royal Academy Schools. By Francis Derwent Wood.)

of Henry V. and his Queen visiting the City in state, is badly lighted and stage-managed, and serves to define very clearly the limits of Mr. BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S powers. As a ballet-master he is successful in dealing with conventional movements and "long lines," but it would be considerably

**Recent Exhibitions.** At the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery there has been held an important loan collection of works by living British sea-painters. The idea was an excellent one, and ably carried out. Much of the best work that has been done in this direction during the last forty years was gathered together, and one was able to make a thorough study of this fascinating side of English landscape art. Among the older men, Mr. HENRY MOORE, R.A., was represented by some fifteen canvases, including "Summer at Sea," "The First Boats Away," "Half a Gale outside Poole," and others, together with one or two early works. Mr. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A., was represented, among others, by his two most famous pictures, "Britannia's Realm" and "The Grey of the Morning." One of the chief features of the exhibition was Mr. J. C. HOOK'S "Luff, Boy," that work of lovely colour which so delighted and startled the critics when it was first exhibited in the Academy of 1858. Mr. ALFRED W. HUNT'S earlier work could be studied in "Tyne-mouth Pier" and "The End of the Reef."



A VINTAGE.

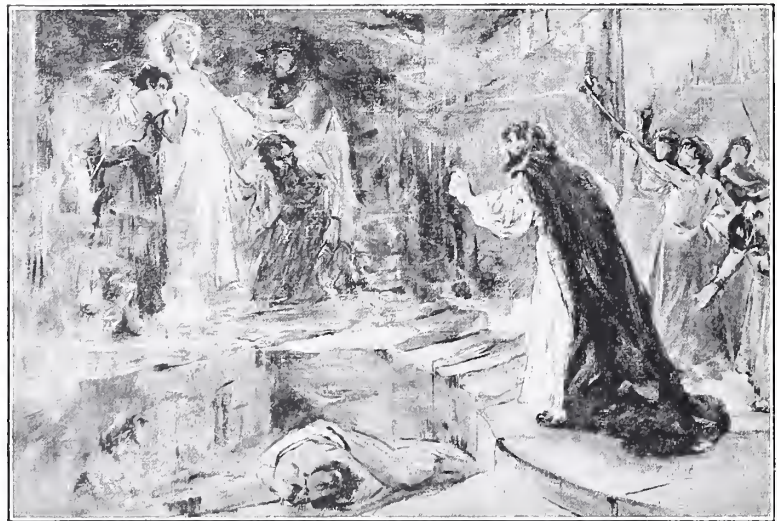
(Prize Design at the Royal Academy Schools. By Hilda Koe.)

understating the case to say that he has failed to avail himself to any adequate extent of the resources and possibilities of Mr. WILHELM'S fine scheme of character and colour, and the annals of stage pictorial art are thereby the poorer.

Mr. WILHELM'S co-operation in the pantomimes of "Santa Claus" and "Blue Beard," produced by Mr. OSCAR BARRETT at the Lyceum and the Crystal Palace respectively, guarantees a measure of artistic fancy in the illustration of these fairy tales, though, one may hope, it by no means accords with his views that the poetry and progress of the narrative should be disfigured by the conventional antics of the prima ballerina. In "Santa Claus" the Lyceum maintains the reputation established last Christmas by "Cinderella." Mr. HAWES CRAVEN contributes a delightful scene of Sherwood Forest, a masterly impression of open-air and sunlight nature with verdure clad. Mr. EMDEN'S work is of unequal merit; his front cloths lack distinction, and his scene of the Dream, as a setting for the butterflies, moths, and wood-nymphs as conceived by Mr. Wilhelm's fancy, is better in the idea than in the execution, which is somewhat hard and unsympathetic. The transition to its moonlight colour and gleaming cobwebs is, however, effectively shown when the Pine Forest rises, and we get a hint of Fairyland through the showers of gold and tawny autumn leaves. Unqualified praise, too, may be given to his treatment of an incident in the Transformation scene, where melting snows give place to spring blossoms. The dance of the Fairies scarcely serves to develop the full beauty of a very original and curious scheme of colours, in which sulphur yellows, pale lime greens, delicate verdigris and sky tones, and pale hyacinth purples are carefully harmonised, relieved with white and fawn, touched with black and a clear amber. The spiders are ingeniously treated, and a quartette of pretty costumes, founded on the swallow-tail butterfly, calls for special commendation.

Mr. COLIN HUNTER'S fine "Silver of the Sea" hung in a prominent position, while Mr. HAMILTON MACALUM was represented by "A Water Frolic" and one or two other works. Among other well-known men included were Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., Mr. H. S. TUKE, Mr. FRANK BRANGWYN, Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, Mr. C. NAPIER HEMY, and Mr. WALTER LANGLEY.

Few more interesting and instructive exhibitions have been held in the Midlands than the recent collection of the works of the painters of Cornwall, in those ideal rooms for such purposes, the galleries of Nottingham



SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABED-NEGO IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

(First Armitage Prize Design at Royal Academy Schools. By Victor John Robertson.)

Castle. The number of the canvases amounted to two hundred and twenty, which included something from every known member of the western school. The hanging of these pictures was most happily accomplished in the way which has proved so satisfactory at the great provincial exhibitions this year—by leaving it to one man, in this case Mr. Wallis, the Director, with full powers. This is not the place for a *catalogue raisonné* of the exhibition. Suffice it to say

that most of the pictures which mark points in the history of the school were to be seen. Thus we had an opportunity of studying simultaneously Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY'S "Hopeless Dawn," Mr. STANHOPE FORBES' "Village Philharmonic," and Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER'S "The Pedlar." The ladies of Newlyn, Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mrs. MARIANNE STOKES, Mrs. HAREWOOD ROBINSON, and others took their accustomed stand with the leaders. A word should be reserved for Mr. G. H. WALLIS'S catalogue, luxuriously printed and profusely illustrated, but sold at a popular price—an example to wealthier institutions than the Borough of Nottingham.

Mr. SUTTON PALMER is a very popular favourite. All his best qualities were to be seen in a series of drawings of Devonshire and the English and Italian lakelands, recently shown at the galleries of the Fine Art Society under the title of "Woodland and Water." But they showed, alas! also the old faults—a great sameness, a want of local sentiment, the Dart painted in just the same fashion as the Arno, and the foregrounds over-elaborate, tiring the eye before it got into the picture, and nature too amiable to suffer weather or wear expression. Equally popular in his appeal is Mr. CHARLES SAINTON with his dainty studies of nymphs, fairies, and pixies, entitled "Faets and Fancies" at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. Pleasing in their fragile grace and faint tints are many of his fairies and elves—some of them most decoratively treated in a landscape setting—and also his suggestions of portrait heads; but his hand is not always true, and many a pretty figure is spoiled by unconvincing drawing.

Still at the rooms of the Fine Art Society we have to note the "India and Egypt" water-colour sketches of Mr. REGINALD BARRATT, who has seen the East glittering in the uncompromising sunshine, and recorded his impressions of many of the most beautiful architectural features of Hindustan and Cairo with accurate pencil, and in the clearest and most brilliant colours.

The Yeomanry Regiments of Great Britain do not suggest very sympathetic subjects for the painter's brush. Nevertheless, Mr. J. MATTHEWS, a painter with a considerable knowledge of horses and a taste for military minutiae, has bravely faced the problem—painted equestrian portrait groups of the officers of every yeomanry regiment in the United Kingdom, and exhibited the collection at Messrs. Reynolds' in St. James's Street. The brick-scarlet of the British Army has proved deadly to any sense of harmony; but in the few instances where the uniform is blue Mr. Matthews has succeeded in making a picture.

The twenty-first annual exhibition of the Dublin Sketching Club—an excellent institution for the encouragement of amateur talent—consisted of 500 works, which included contributions from all parts of Ireland, and were mostly landscapes culled at home and abroad, Messrs. WILLIAMS, FRENCH, A. and E. TUCKER figuring most prominently. There was a creditable advance in figure painting, which has always been weak, Mr. JOHN N. BOLTON, son of the genial and popular president, being foremost in this branch. Miss HOLLOWEY'S "Dublin Flower Girl" was good as a painting, and Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS displayed his ambitious picture, "Le Grand Empereur."

Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries have been occupied by the works of two promising young artists of vastly differing types and style. Mr. J. H. V. FISHER is a student of the higher aesthetics, and his work is quite impersonal. He has the most exquisite appreciation of the beauty of light and atmosphere; his group of small drawings, called "Some English Weather," are studies of the climates of the



THE CLOUGH MEMORIAL GATES AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE.  
(Designed by Basil Champneys. From a Photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.)

revolving year—all touched with poetic charm and sentiment which nowhere finds subtler expression than in his waves of pale drab hue, flecked with amethystine tints, which roll home on the shelving Sussex shore.

Mr. FRANK RICHARDS is the very antithesis of all this. He bubbles over with humanity; he is various as a chameleon. He started on his career as a Newlyn painter,

lived in Cornwall, and painted landscape, as we may see, by no means ill according to the tenets of that school. Lastly, he has visited Paris and Venice, and it is in the style of the contemporary Italian aquarellists that he dashes off little gem-like landscape notes and small portraits of his friends, which just border on caricature. We shall hear



FROM "THE QUEST."  
(Drawn by Ernest E. Treglown.)

much more of Mr. Richards. His sketches have been followed at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries by a collection of water-colour drawings of the same city by Italian artists. The larger number are by Signor GIUSEPPE VIZZOTTO-ALBERTI, but the gems of this charming little exhibition are by Signor P. MAINELLA and Signor A. PROSDOCIMI. In their West Gallery Messrs. Dowdeswell have a small but choice collection of portraits by "Old Masters." The most worthy of mention are a "Portrait of a Lady" by JAN DE BAAN, and another by J. A. VAN RAVESTEIJN.

**Reviews.** THE caricaturist who migrated from Scotland to Drury Lane, and under the pseudonym of "CYNICUS" has for some years past been issuing his clever skits upon society, has given forth a sort of sample-collection of his work under the title of "*Cynicus, his Humour and Satire*" (The Cynicus Publishing Company). Artistically, "Cynicus" is an amateur of a little more than average ability. His drawing is occasionally good, frequently bad, and nearly always roughly expressive, and essentially uneducated. He is full of force, or what would be force were the drawing better and the mind itself more refined; but it must not be forgotten that his is the sort of art which does not necessarily call for academic excellence. He affects the use of the brush (as Cruikshank used it in the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman") rather than the pencil, just as in his wit he prefers the bludgeon to the rapier. But for this, his illustrations often remind one of those of Thomas Hood, especially in the draughtsman's love of

punning. His drawings are sometimes a little nearer to art than his verses are to poetry; but they chiefly appeal to those whose views in general coincide with his own. He not only poses as a cynic, but as an unusually bitter one. Wealth to him suggests robbery; law, oppression; religion, hypocrisy; history, falsehood; poverty, squalor and vulgarity; authority, tyranny and shame. No doubt these views are appreciated by a large class—the class that loves to harangue knots of discontented people in Hyde Park and on Blackheath; but it is curious that in the poor, whose champion he claims to be, he seldom sees beauty of either form or expression, either kindness or manly self-respect. Subtlety in no form is given to "Cynicus;" yet we can admire in him a strong vein of humour of not a very elevated sort—a real sympathy with poverty and misery, and a fierce hatred of all falsehood and injustice. So fierce, indeed, is that hatred that his pictures are very often every bit as false and unjust as the principles and men he attacks.

We have received the first number of "*The Quest*," a new quarterly magazine issued from the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and published by Messrs. Cornish Brothers of New St., Birmingham. It is rather an ambitious publication, inspired in its printing by the style of Mr. William Morris's works, and must therefore appeal to a very small constituency. The illustration we publish, taken from "The Life of St. Silvester as told in the Golden Legend of William Caxton," is from a drawing by Mr. ERNEST E. TREGLOWN, and will serve as an example of those adopted throughout the number. It is sure of a welcome.

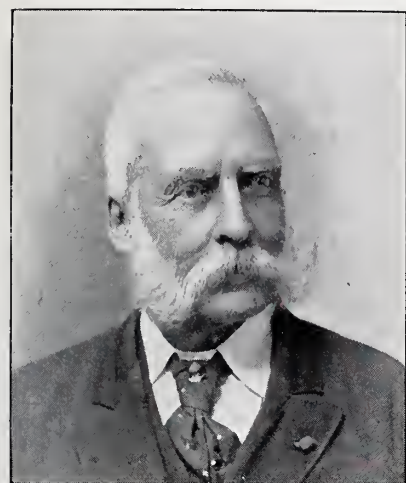
MESSRS. Blackie have published a new batch of books for boys and girls, inferior in no way to those of previous years. Two of Mr. HENTY's stories are "*Wulf the Saxon*" and "*When London Burned*," admirable in all respects for boys, including as they do all the Christian virtues and an interesting slice of history, made palatable by exciting incident and ingenious plot. The former is capitably illustrated by Mr. RALPH PEACOCK, and the latter by Mr. J. FINNEMORE. How much more vivid, more convincing are these wash-drawings than those in which we sought, but seldom found, deception in our youth! "*To Greenland and the Pole*," by Dr. GORDON STABLES, is not, perhaps, quite so well written from the boys' point of view, nor quite so happily illustrated by Mr. G. C. HINDLEY; but it has the merit of realism and of subject. "*Banshee Castle*," by Miss ROSA MULHOLLAND, is an excellent tale for girls, and has the advantage of Mr. JOHN H. BACON's clever illustrations. The same artist has embellished Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN's "*Things Will Take a Turn*," for younger children, a pretty story, sympathetically illustrated.

**For Review.** "*Albert Moore*," by ALFRED LYS BALDRY (George Bell and Sons, London); "*The Life of Christ as represented in Art*," by F. W. FARRAR (A. and C. Black, London); "*Raphael's Madonnas and other Great Pictures*," by KARL KÁROLY (George Bell



and Sons); "*Wild Flowers in Art and Nature*," edited by J. L. SPARKES (Edward Arnold, London); "*The Deserts of Southern France*," by REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

two vols. (Methuen and Co., London); "*A Compendium of Painting*," by J. BLOCKX, fils (P. Young, London); "*George Romney and His Art*," by HILDA GAMLIN (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London); "*An Artist's Reminiscences*," by RUDOLF LEHMANN (Smith, Elder and Co., London); "*Art in Primitive Greece*," by GEORGE PERROT and CHARLES



THE LATE E. L. MONTEFIORE.

CHIPIEZ, two vols. (Chapman and Hall, Limited, London); "*The Application of Ornament*," by LEWIS F. DAY, third edition (R. J. Batsford, London); "*The Work of John Ruskin*," by CHARLES WALDSTEIN (Methuen and Co., 1894); "*A Text-Book of the History of Painting*," by JOHN C. VAN DYKE, L.H.D. (Longmans, Green and Co., London); "*American Book-Plates*," by CHARLES DEXTER ALLEN (George Bell and Sons); "*Josiah Wedgwood*," by SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. (John Murray, London); "*The Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court*," by MARY LOGAN, Kyrle Pamphlets, No. 2. (A. D. Innes and Co., London); "*The Pilgrimage of Truth*," by ERIK BÖGH, illustrated by F. V. SCHOLANDER (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London); "*The Amber Witch*," a Romance by WILHELM MEINHOLD, illustrated by PHILIP BURNE-JONES (D. Nutt, London).

#### Miscellanea.

Mr. EDWARD DE MARTINO has been appointed successor to the late Sir Oswald Brierly as Marine Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

The following works have been purchased for the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, from the Autumn Exhibition: "*The Mower*" (bronze), by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.; "*The Finding of the Infant St. George*" (oil), by Mr. CHARLES M. GERE; "*Eve and the Voices*" (oil), by Mr. ROBERT FOWLER, R.I., and "*Ariel*" (water-colour), by Mr. J. A. FITZGERALD.

As a memorial to Miss Clough, the first Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, the past students of the college subscribed for a pair of bronze gates, which have been recently placed in position. They were designed by Mr. BASIL CHAMPNEYS—the architect of Newnham College—and executed by Mr. ELSELEY, of Portland Road. As may be seen from the illustration, the design is very interesting, the foundation being an intricate scroll-work, with foliage, while the border has the sunflower—the favourite flower of Miss Clough—as its *motif*. The gates are made of a special kind of bronze, and altogether present a most handsome appearance.



THE LATE SIR C. NEWTON.

(From the Bust by the late Sir E. Boehm, Bart., R.A.)

We publish herewith reproductions of four of the prize designs from the Royal Academy Schools, which will represent the quality of the work contributed by the students.

The Creswick prize for a landscape painting was taken by Mr. PERCY WILLIAM GIBBS, who also won the first silver medal for a painting of a figure from the life. The first Armitage prize for a monochrome design for a picture was taken by Mr. VICTOR JOHN ROBERTSON. Miss HILDA KOE was awarded the prize (£40) for her design for the decoration of a portion of a public building, and Mr. FRANCIS DERWENT WOOD the first prize for his model of a design, "*The Fates*."



A MOORLAND

(Creswick Prize Painting at Royal Academy Schools. By P. W. Gibbs.)

The Royal Female School of Art has a highly successful record for the past year. At the distribution of prizes at the Clothworkers' Hall, the four following national Queen's Prizes were taken by students: for water-colour painting of hands from life, Miss ROSIE C. WHITESIDE; water-colour group of peaches and cherries, Miss ELSIE PRITCHARD; for water-colour study, without background, of ginger-jar and pomegranates, Miss ETHEL M. MULLINS, and for water-colour groups of fruit and flowers, Miss HANNAH HOYLAND. The Queen's Scholarship (£60) was awarded to

Miss LUCY GEE, and the Queen's Gold Medal for a study of a head from life to Miss ROSIE C. WHITESIDE. There were several open scholarships besides taken off by students of the school, a proof of the high quality of the work produced. We must specially commend the studies of Miss WHITESIDE and Miss GEE, which exhibit work of very high character. A design by Miss MADELINE GREGORY for a silk hanging was also noticeable, which, although rather stiff in

character, shows great promise.

**Obituary.** THE death has recently occurred of Sir CHARLES NEWTON, K.C.B., LL.D., at the age of seventy-eight. The eminent archaeologist was born in 1816, and received his education at Shrewsbury and Oxford. In 1840 he joined the staff of the British Museum, and was for twelve years attached to the Greek and Roman department. At the end of that time he went out to Mityleneas vice-consul, where he devoted himself to those explorations by which he became famous. In 1860 he was appointed consul at Rome, and the following year to the more congenial post of Keeper of the Greek and Roman



A VENETIAN URCHIN.  
(Sketch by Frank Richards.)

Antiquities at the British Museum. During his term of office—which extended to 1885—the Museum was enriched with many valuable acquisitions, among the most notable being the collection of gems accumulated by the Duc de Blacas, which was purchased for £48,000, and the magnificent collection of bronzes, &c., belonging to Signor Alessandro Castellani. In 1880 he was elected the first Professor of Archaeology to the University College, London, and he also held the positions of Antiquary to the Royal Academy, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute. He published several important works on his great subject, among them being "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant" (1865) and "Essays in Art and Archaeology" (1880).

The death has occurred of Sir OSWALD WALTER BRIERLY, who, since 1874, has held the position of Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen. He was born in 1817. The work of the deceased is well known, for, although of not high artistic merit, his sea-pictures attained a certain popularity. Sir Oswald—he was knighted in 1886—had travelled very extensively; he accompanied the Duke of

Edinburgh on his voyage round the world in the *Galatea* in 1867, and also the Prince and Princess of Wales on their journey up the Nile in 1869, besides numerous cruises in men-of-war in various parts of the globe. In 1881 he was appointed Curator of the Painted Hall, Greenwich.

For many years past the name of Mr. E. L. MONTEFIORE and Australian art progress have been mentioned together, and there can be no question that the rapid development of art taste in the different colonies during the last few years is largely due to Mr. Montefiore's unwearied and disinterested efforts. Mr. Montefiore, although born at the Barbadoes, passed his earlier years in Belgium, where several members of his family have long resided, and there he became imbued with a taste for Flemish art. Arriving in Australia while yet a young man, Mr. Montefiore gradually became recognised as an art enthusiast, and was never weary of encouraging those who shared his tastes to make a practical use of them. Thus it was that the Melbourne Art Academy, the precursor of the Victorian National Art Gallery, became established. In 1870 Mr. Montefiore went to Sydney, where, with the assistance of Mr. Du Faur and others, he organised the New South Wales Academy of Art on the basis of that established in Melbourne. In due course the Academy became merged in the Sydney National Art Gallery, of which Mr. Montefiore was appointed one of the trustees; and subsequently, in 1892, director.

The *doyen* of French painters, M. JEAN GIGOUX, has recently died. Born at Besançon in 1806, he commenced his artistic work by illustrating Beranger's Songs and an edition of "Gil Blas." His first picture of importance was the "Death of Leonardo da Vinci," now at the museum of Besançon. His earlier work was all of this kind, but he afterwards turned his attention almost exclusively to portraiture. He is represented at the Luxembourg by a portrait of Fourier. In 1885 he published his reminiscences under the title of "Causeries sur les artistes de mon temps."

We have also to record the deaths of FABRE DE L'AUDE, a French artist; and ETIENNE DAVID, the well-known French lithographer, at the age of seventy-five.



THE LATE SIR OSWALD BRIERLY,  
R.W.S.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



THE LATE JEAN GIGOUX.  
(From a Photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.)

## WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

## THE PICTURES.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

IT has become a truism to say that every year renews our surprise that the private collections of England, great as have lately been her artistic losses, should annually be able to furnish forth such exhibitions as those of the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Grafton Gallery. This year the display of pictures at Burlington House is hardly less rich, less satisfying to all tastes, than the best of its forerunners, although of absolute novelty to the student there is perhaps not very much. If any special category of art-lovers have cause for complaint and criticism, it is the devotees of Italian art, for whom is provided a feast relatively less high in quality than that set before the admirers of Dutch, Flemish, and English masters. Many fine Italian pictures have now crossed the Channel, especially to France and Germany, or have been incorporated in the National Gallery; and the owners of such famous Italian canvases of the great time as remain happen to be just those who are least willing to part even temporarily with their treasures. Perhaps, too, they are a little sore at the dethronement by modern criticism of certain works which in former times were spoken of with bated breath, seeing that to many of these much more modest names are attached than those under which they became locally celebrated.

In Gallery No. IV., devoted as usual to early Italian, Flemish, and German art, there is a great falling-off as regards quality, although many an interesting puzzle presents itself to the specialist. The "Virgin and Child" (Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.), by Michele Giambono the elder, is interesting as showing the commencements of Venetian fifteenth-century painting, under the influence of Gentile da Fabriano. The typically Ferrarese panel, "A Saint," is a good and unusually moderate example of that jerky, uninviting Squarcionesque, Marco Zoppo (Mr. A. de Pass). A great rarity and a great puzzle is the "Portrait of Alberto Pio di Carpi" (Mr. Ludwig Mond), which, on the high authority of Dr. J. P. Richter, is ascribed to Baldassare Peruzzi. The fine "Virgin and Child" (Mr. Charles Butler) rather rashly ascribed to Andrea Verrocchio himself is certainly of his school. Its family likeness to the

"Tobias with the Archangel" and the beautiful "Virgin and Child with Angels" in the National Gallery is unmistakable. All have a peculiar sculptural quality, and look, with their burnished surfaces, as if they had been copied from some bronze model.



ARIOSTO.

(By Titian. From the Etching by C. Barlaeus.)

The noblest and best-preserved work by Bartolommeo Montagna to be found in England is Lord Ashburnham's "The Resurrection." Its uncompromising austerity, and a certain grotesqueness, moreover, in the figure of the Saviour, may repel the beholder a little at first, but the figures of St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome, in niches at the sides, are among the noblest creations of the Vicentine master. Milanese art is represented by an exceptionally fine specimen of the Leonardesque Marco d'Ogionno, "Virgin and Child with St. John" (Mr. R. H. Benson); by a replica with variations of Solario's famous "Vierge au Coussin Vert" in the Louvre, so fine and solid that at first sight it might almost pass for the original; and by the hard, grim, yet noble "St. Paul"

(Mr. Ludwig Mond), rightly given to that rare Pavian painter Pier Francesco Sacchi, by whom there is in the Louvre an important but little-noticed canvas, "The Four Fathers of the Church."



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

(By Gainsborough. From the Engraving by John Scott.)

Perhaps nothing in this gallery is more exquisite in quality than the little "Holy Family" (Miss Henriette Hertz), to which, notwithstanding its miniature-like proportions, the name of Fra Bartolommeo is rightly given. The little panel, like its fellows in the Uffizi, contains the quintessence of the Frate's art.

Of early Netherlandish and German work there is this year comparatively little that deserves close attention. The so-called "Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy" (Mr. Robert Jackson), ascribed to Roger Van der Weyden, is probably of Flemish-Burgundian origin. It closely resembles a portrait in the Accademia of Venice, there ascribed to the same great Fleming. Smooth, enamel-like execution and an unusual delicacy of colour mark Dr. J. P. Richter's curious "Scenes from the Novella of

Ginevra degli Almieri," a sixteenth-century work of the German school, to which it has not been possible, up to the present time, to fit a name. First-rate, and, indeed, much above the artist's usual level, is the "Portrait of a Man" (Mr. George Salting) by Bartholomäus Bruyn of Cologne, while another school of German sixteenth-century art is equally well represented by the "Portrait of a Man" from the hand of Christopher Amberger of Augsburg.

The finest Italian picture at the Academy is Lord Darnley's famous "Ariosto," by Titian, which appears here not for the first time. Though already at the height of his technical achievement, the painter is here still influenced in his conception by that pensive charm, that soft melancholy veiling the fulness of life, which belong to Giorgione. Those who might imagine that Venetian art makes its effects only with brilliant colours should study the wonderful glow of the sombre canvas, in which no brighter hues are to be found than the flesh tints and the dark steel-grey sleeves of quilted satin. To Cariani rather than to Palma Vecchio himself belongs the gay decorative piece "Mars and Venus" (Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.), which is no doubt essentially Palmesque, but yet without the subtlety of execution or the poetic charm of the greater master.

There should, in proper order of date, have been mentioned before these works a "Virgin and Child with Saints and Donor" ascribed to Giovanni Bellini (Earl of Ashburnham), but only affiliated to his school, and a deliciously sunny, a typically Venetian landscape, erroneously put down to Giorgione, but which we may safely place somewhere in the school of Bellini. Splendid in colour and exceptionally pure in condition is the large "Adoration of the Shepherds" (Eudoxie, Countess of Lindsay), ascribed to Tintoretto, but which in the homeliness of the accessories, in the peculiar crisp touch which gives life and accent to the draperies, suggests rather the hand of one of the Bassano group. Rubens's great "Holy Family" (Duke of Devonshire) is superb in its glow of daring yet finely harmonised colour—a conventional perfunctory conception, but a wonderful realisation of what has been intended.

The well-known "Ixion and Juno" (Duke of Westminster) is, on the other hand, not more than an atelier-piece, designed no doubt by the master, but carried out, like the great Luxembourg series now in the Louvre, and, like so many other things, by his pupils. By far the finest thing from the Antwerp master's brush here is the wonderful sketch "Triumphal Procession of Henri IV. after the Battle of Ivry" (Earl of Darnley).

Much more space than I have at command would be required to analyse as they deserve the wonderful group of Rembrandts from Grosvenor House. The little "Salutation" is one of those intensely pathetic presentments, from Rembrandt's own unconventional point of view, of scenes in the sacred drama, of which the "Woman taken in Adultery" is perhaps the most perfect example. The incomparable pair of portraits, "Gentleman with a Hawk" ("The Falconer") and "Lady with a Fan" (both belonging to 1643), represent the early maturity and complete perfection of the artist's style in this branch of his art. The attribution to Rembrandt of a very effective sunset landscape with figures by Teniers is clearly unacceptable.

The life-size, half-length "Señora Alcida van Wasseenaar" (*sic*), is attributed—and probably rightly attributed—to Terburg, by whom I cannot for the moment call to mind any other life-size portrait. The large "Family Group" by Van der Helst, from Hertford House, is more remarkable for size than for charm or technical quality; and the same may be said of the huge "Château of the Painter," by Teniers (Duke of Westminster), which cannot for a moment be compared in exquisite silveriness of tone with the much smaller "Château of Teniers" in the National Gallery.

There is nothing more wonderful at Burlington House this winter than the "Don Balthasar Carlos" of Velazquez, lent by the Marquis of Bristol. It is in the silver-grey, open-air manner of the master, and in this class of his works is unsurpassed even by the great Madrid portraits of the royal Spanish

house. It entirely puts into the shade another fine portrait of the ill-fated Infante by Velazquez, which comes from Buckingham Palace, and has been seen before in the very same place.

The suave charm, the peculiar power of expressing high-bred elegance and *désinvolture*, which belongs to our English painters of the eighteenth century, has never asserted itself more unmistakably than on the present occasion. The unique group of Crewe Reynoldses lent by Lord Houghton will be a delight to all, and especially to those who know them as yet only by reputation. The "Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie," called also "Et in Arcadiâ," gives the two famous beauties and friends in an arrangement at once natural and supremely harmonious. The picture has suffered terribly in



DEDHAM VALE.

(By Constable. From the Mezzotint by Lucas.)

the flesh tones, like too many Sir Joshuas, but it is beautiful even in ruin. It was one of the four canvases sent by Reynolds to the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is difficult, however, to recognise in these two pensive fair ones gazing at the inscription on a tomb the ladies who went

together to a fashionable masquerade "dressed as young fellows, the fierce cock of their hats much admired." "Mrs. Crewe as Ste. Geneviève" looks yet more pensive as she bends over a book, a little self-consciously, surrounded by her sheep. This was done at a moment when some fashionable beauties, for a change, chose to appear as saints instead of

that it was "all a' flutter, like a lady's fan." Of singular beauty, too, is the same painter's blue and silver full-length "Lady Eardley," which asserts itself at a distance as does no other English canvas in the gallery. The famous "Cottage Door" is here (Duke of Westminster), and so is the quaint "Garden Scene, with Portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell" (Her Majesty the Queen, from Windsor Castle). Zoffany's curious, highly-wrought pictures, "Interior of the Florence Gallery" and "The Life School in the Royal Academy, 1772," are historical and social documents of the first order.

There has evidently been an effort on the part of the Academy to do greater justice to Sir Thomas Lawrence than on some former occasions, but again his works here, belonging with one exception to his late time, cannot compare with those lovely early ones which were at the Grafton Gallery—the freshness, the stimulating unconventionality of the "Miss Farren, Countess of Derby," the "Countess Bathurst," and the "Lady Castlereagh," completely putting into the shade the artificial graces of the simpering "Miss Croker" (1827), the affected "Master Laubton" (1825), and the too amiable "Sarah Sophia, Countess of Jersey" (1823).

By Turner we have, first, that noble, still reticent example of the first manner inclining towards the second, "Bonnevillle, Savoy, with the Mont Blanc" (Countess of Camperdown); next, that lovely sunset vision "Mortlake" (Mr. James Price), which transfigures, without obscuring or falsifying, an English subject. In this last piece the second

manner is seen already merging into the third. There could not be a greater contrast to this exquisite page of idealistic English art than Constable's superb "Dedham Vale" (Sir Algernon W. Neeld), painted in 1828—that is, the year after Turner's landscape just mentioned. This is prose, if you will, as compared with its neighbour, but splendid virile prose, thrilling with sympathy and life. Remarkable, too, for many fine passages of unusually subdued and fused execution, though not exactly a haunting or even an impressive picture, is the "Scene on the River Stour" (Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan) by the same great landscapist, better known as "Constable's White Horse."



MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII.  
(By Sir J. Reynolds. From the Mezzotint by J. R. Smith.)

heathen divinities. "Master Crewe as Henry VIII." is, as to the head, magnificent, and literally brims over with genuine child's fun. Perhaps even more exquisite, because more entirely from Sir Joshua's own brush, is the companion picture of a child, "Miss Frances Crewe." The great *portrait d'apparat*, "Lady Betty Delmé and Children" (Mr. C. J. Wertheimer), which fetched so sensational a price at Christie's the other day, is superb in aspect, but not, to my thinking, one of those pictures which contain the very essence of Sir Joshua's geniality and charm.

Gainsborough triumphs easily with the well-known "Ladies Walking in the Mall," the Watteau-like piece of which Horace Walpole so happily said



ON THE RIVER OISE.  
 (From the Painting by Daubigny.)

### MR. YERKES' COLLECTION AT CHICAGO.—III. THE MODERN MASTERS.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

CONSISTING of more than a hundred examples, the collection of modern paintings of which I have now to give a sketch and running comment is richer, and, as a representative gathering, superior to that portion of the gallery which, consisting of ancient pictures, has been already illustrated in these pages. The wealth as well as the comprehensive taste of its owner are apparent in the facts that the whole embraces thirty-eight French works of high degree—such as two Bouguereaus, four Corots, three Daubignys, a Decamps, two Detailles, two Gérômes, a Meissonier, a Millet, a Rousseau, and four Troyons, besides examples by Berne-Bellecour, Diaz de la Pena, Dupré, Vibert, and Ziem, and other artists of less note. There are, in addition, thirteen Flemish productions, seven of which are by M. Jan Van Beers, the brilliant painter of “La Sirène,” and other Circean pictures of the Phrynes *in excelsis* of our day. M. Alfred Stevens—who has not unfairly been called the prophet of those modern tone and colour studies, the coarser and cruder vein of which appears in the follies of the idlers and half-trained men who call themselves Impressionists—is fairly shown in his powerful *genre* piece called “Waiting,” gem of colour and tone as it is. Landseer and Mr. Alma-Tadema stand for English art, while four pictures are Austrian, two Dutch, three Spanish, two Italian, one is Russian, and one, by L. Knaus, is German. It goes almost without saying that

French influence is overwhelmingly manifest in three-fourths of Mr. Yerkes' century of modern specimens. It is to these fortunate instances that I must needs mostly confine the remarks which follow here, after passing briefly in review the beautiful example of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art and Sir Edwin Landseer's refined and graceful portrait of a child of the British aristocracy. It is according to his own decision that the living Academician ranks with the countrymen whom he has honoured by such a choice, although, technically speaking, he is allied to M. Van Beers more closely than to any other artist whose works are now before us; and I have no doubt that in him, as well as in Gérôme and Meissonier, the models of the famous Belgian painter are to be found.

“A Love Missile” of the great Frieslauder—such is Mr. Alma-Tadema—represents one of those tall, strong, and stately beauties who live again and move passionately inspired within the marble palaces of Rome's decay, which it is the delight of our artist to paint so as not even Isaak Van Niekelle, the most accomplished old master in that line, nor E. De Witte, nor Peter Neefs himself, is fit to “hold a candle to him.” The lady, who is in the bloom of virgin womanhood, stands with one knee upon a couch of bronze placed below an opening in the wall of her home, where, in the street below, a festive procession bound, it may be, for the Temple of Venus, includes the lover of

the ardent maiden's choice. In order to convey a letter to him she has weighted it with a heavy bunch of deep red roses, such as are sacred to the Goddess of Desire, and, slinging it slightly backwards, so that it shall fly further and with a safer aim, is about to launch the missile to him.



MOONLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.  
(From the Painting by Corot.)

"A Love Missile" was painted in 1877-8, and exhibited at the Academy in the later year, having for its motto the pretty verse of Mr. Edmund Gosse, the lady's exclamation to herself throwing the bouquet:—

"By Venus' girdle, and the secret things  
Love whispers through her newly-budded wings,  
Go hence, and in the heart of him who reads,  
Stir like a wind the inmost hidden springs."

The incident implies the converse of the oath involuntarily taken, by means of which Cydippe pledged herself to Acontius:—

"Juro tibi sanctæ fier mystica sacra, Dianæ,  
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram."

written and read upon an apple thrown when the virgin went to Dian's fane.

The other English example is Landseer's, and known as "The Pets," because it represents the little Lady Rachel Evelyn Russell, the youngest daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, who married Lord James Butler, as a peasant girl

feeding a favourite fawn. The charming picture was painted in 1834, and has been engraved by W. H. Watt.

M. Jan Van Beers is rightfully a favourite painter of Mr. Yerkes, because he depicted so charmingly the "Portrait of Mrs. Yerkes" seated on a rustic

bench in a park by the side of a quiet lake, and enshrined, so to say, by a circle of gigantic trees, whose darkness and wealth of colour set off the bright robes of madame. She—a happy smile illuminates her face—turns on the bench as if to welcome someone coming towards her, while, stirred by the approaching footsteps, her quaint black poodle, Diamond, a very Moustache among his kind, jumps to his legs and wags his be-ribboned tail. The exquisite crispness and precision of the painter's touch, his inexhaustible care and perfect draughtsmanship, distinguish this admirable picture, which, as "A Smile," was at the Academy in 1890. "A Tale of Love," by the same, depicts with extreme vivacity and tenderness a young man holding both the hands of his bride, who is reclining in her boudoir, while he tells the most ancient of the world's apologies. "A Winter Scene," "A Portrait of Mr. C. T. Yerkes," "Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle," "A Portrait

of the Artist," and the vivacious little "Return, Sweet Bird!" which explains itself in the reproduction on page 168, are all the Van Beerses in a gallery where he could not be better represented.

An extremely important picture, here called "Invading Cupid's Realm," but, when it was at the Salon in 1892, named "Le Guêpier" (The Wasps' Nest), thoroughly represents the fine, learned, and intensely academic art of Monsieur Bouguereau, as well as the *ne plus ultra* of French painting in the mood of Louis David, as it must be when warmed and elevated by Prud'hon's influence, energised by Girodet-Trioson, and consummated while the antique was supreme in the Rue Buonaparte. It is true that the stately and amorous nymph before us is like a statue—smooth of limb, and with carnations not too rosy, while, even as she half stumbles amid the *amorini* her coming has provoked, her very movements are rhythmical, and her grace is of the ordered sort—yet, nevertheless, she is a statue that has come to life, and will in



time breathe a very woman. The wanton boys are more vivacious than she is, and their actions are more spontaneous; but the flesh-like solidity and polish of their limbs are not superior to hers in what artists call their *morbidezza*. Surcharge her shapely frame with rosy fire, and with Titianesque under-gold inform her skin, and it would be hard indeed to say "Le Guêpier" is not perfect. The illustrious Membre de l'Institut does not confine himself to goddesses, nymphs, and cupids, but, as in the pretty piece of modern *genre* in this collection which is called "La Petite Boudeuse," condescends to peasant life, and paints an elder sister soothing the wounded pride and softening the pique of her junior, in whose eyes the light of a coming smile assorts with the hand relaxing on itself, and both are so charmingly animated, faithful to nature, and subtly delicate, that if the artist's technique had been only a little less irreproachable, our delight in the piece would have been warmer, if not more just.

When Mr. Yerkes bought "The Despatch Bearer" of M. Berne-Bellecour, he signalled anew a judicious partiality for accomplished art, as it is wedded, so to say, to design of that spontaneous and vivacious sort which obtains in the pictures of Ingres, Meissonier, Gérôme, Vibert, and Detaille, by all of whom, except the first, he possesses works, some of which are capital examples of their kind. This picture shows a captain of cavalry seated in his garden near a table, teacup, and tea-cup, while wine bottles lie in a basket at his side. A trooper has just delivered a letter (which the officer is reading), and is about to take from his sabretasche a second despatch. The firmness and clearness of the painter's touch, his power to deal with open daylight and all the details of military arms and costumes, are as manifest in this excellent instance as we find them to

be in works of Terburg and Metsu, the artist's Dutch seventeenth century prototypes. A brother painter of M. Berne-Bellecour is M. J. B. E. Detaille, renowned in warlike themes, the patriotic delineator of many incidents of the struggle of the French against the invader of 1870. The illustration is taken from Mr. Yerkes' well-known picture by Detaille called "The Escort of the Emperor;" and it represents a mounted soldier of the guard of Napoleon I. holding his carbine against his saddle, and acting as a *vidette* in advance of the emperor's party, who are surveying the battlefield from a distant knoll. By the same artist Mr. Yerkes possesses another work called "The Retreat," which, with thorough sincerity and spontaneity, delineates an incident of the heroic kind



THE ESCORT OF THE EMPEROR.

(From the Painting by Edouard Detaille)

to which I have just referred. The picture is signed and dated "1883." Meissonier's "Une Reconnaissance" is by a still more renowned artist than the last, carried to a higher pitch, and conceived in a similar mood. A general officer with his orderly has halted on the edge of a piece of rough moorland, and with field-glasses at his eyes, a notebook in his hand, attentively scans the distance of the scene, heedful of movements among the enemy's troops. Behind him the orderly—a lithe, stalwart, and sinewy hussar—sits at ease in his saddle and examines the landscape with the air and keenness of a practised soldier, while holding the bridle of his chief's horse. The completeness with which, as if without effort or struggle, or labour of any kind, the painter has realised this apparently simple incident, and with equal veracity and simplicity depicted it thus irreproachably, elevates the whole into poetry, makes it pathetic, and compels us to understand how inestimable is the truth, and how—in the hands of that great master in small, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier—precious is a perfect technique.

No painter of *ad captandam* and superficial impressions, nor shallow cultivator in a crude way of one phase of painting, but a master of drawing with all the knowledge the term implies, one who depicts the flesh of man or woman with the completeness, research, and accomplishment of a sculptor studiously, and for the love of the beauty that is in it, shaping marble itself to the *morbidezza* of "the life," is M. Léon Gérôme, an honoured pupil of Paul Delaroche and Gleyre, sculptor as well as a painter, an artist ingrained, and complete in respect to every element, except colour, of the finest sort. Mr. Yerkes is fortunate in possessing this master's capital picture—"Pygmalion and Galatea," in which the marble maiden blooming into life, as the gift of Venus to her sculptor-votary, glows from the breast upwards

and downwards, but more quickly to the lips and bust than towards the feet. They, as yet inert and motionless upon their pedestal, do not yield to the passionate clasp of Pygmalion who, when he saw the white form flush itself, so to say, into carnations, rushed to catch the changing virgin in his arms. With her left hand, and bending sideways—instinct with grace, her flesh already a living satin, and her right arm fondly thrown around his shoulder—Galatea gently disengaged Pygmalion's hand, that encroaches on her yielding bust and side, and draws her to his arms—the while, as with kiss on kiss, the lovers newly-made embrace. So vital is the design, that it is a question of taste whether or not M. Gérôme did well to show Cupid half-lost in a veil of light, and, with bow and dart, aiming at the man and maiden half of marble. The vivification of Galatea has been depicted by many a painter from Botticelli to Burne-Jones, but never with more ardour and more modesty than by Gérôme. In this collection is Gérôme's portrait of himself while working on his tinted statue called "Tanagra," with a nude model beside him from whom he is, so to say, transferring her *morbidezza* to his marble. The statue itself is now in the Luxembourg. In the background of the portrait is the picture of "Pygmalion and Galatea" which I have just endeavoured to describe.

Space rapidly narrowing forbids more than the bare

naming of a good example of M. Benjamin-Constant's work, "Othello and Desdemona;" M. Bonvin's "Interior of a Country Tavern;" a choice "Landscape with Sheep" by Brascassat; Charlemont, the Austrian painter's "Pages playing with Dice"—a composition of nearly life-size figures; Corot's delicious dreamy idyls of choicest sentiment, colour, tone, and draughtsmanship which are severally named "The Path to the Village," "Environs of Ville d'Avray," "Morning"—which has, with a lighter



"RETURN, SWEET BIRD!"

(From the Painting by Jan Van Beers.)



INVADING CUPID'S REALM.

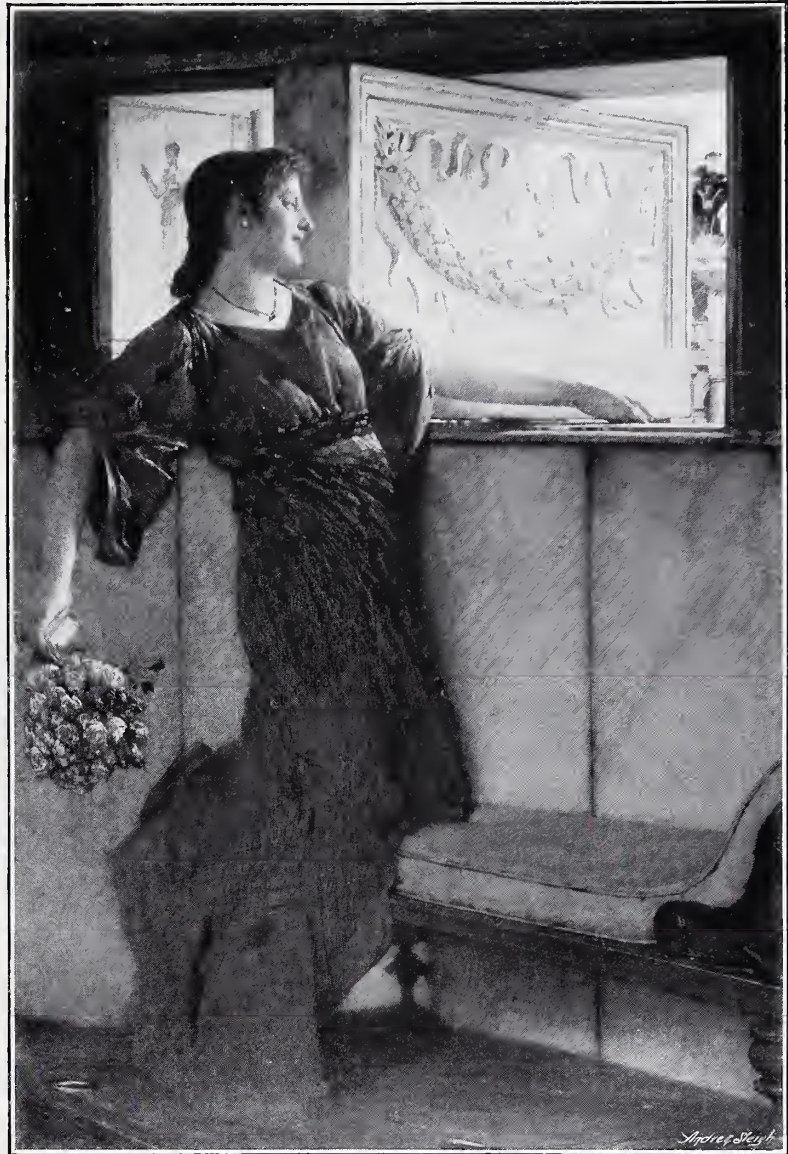
(From the Painting by William A. Bouguereau. Engraved by Jonnard.)



touch, the serenity of Claude, purer tones and greater softness and homogeneity—and the most silvery poem about a summer of enchantment, known as "The Fisherman." Of Daubigny's delightful and reposeful "Scene on the Oise, near Auvers," the reader has a reproduction (p. 165) which happily illustrates that master's rare skill in composition and the fineness of his taste, as well as the art with which he depicted the perspective of the river's shining levels and sunlight sleeping as upon the borders of Paradise. Like this charming thing, Mr. Yerkes has, by Daubigny, "By the Side of the Lake," a veritable idyl of a brilliant summer afternoon, "Upon the Oise," the exact truth told in the sweetest harmonies of tone and tint of a July afternoon on the master's favourite river, near Pontoise; and "A small Landscape," produced by him from near the beautiful Auvers.

Decamps was a stupendous master who triumphed in every theme he undertook, from a group of mice gnawing their way through a cheese, lying *perdue* and darkling in a cupboard lit by one opalescent ray that pierces the dusty air, to the terrible "Defeat of the Cimbri," where it is shown how a savage world in arms was wrecked and crushed and beaten back by culture allied with courage, the mob once more hurled under heel, and civilisation saved. By this astonishing poet in painting and master of the art, Mr. Yerkes has a good piece called "The Poultry Yard," of which in 15 inches by 20 inches he gave us what Rembrandt would not disown nor Diaz fail to admire. By Diaz himself I notice "Beyond Fontainebleau," a rocky scene with a cottage near a stream, and the luminous "Gorge in the Forest of Fontainebleau," wealthy in colour and potent in tone. By Dupré this collection comprises a fine and forceful storm-piece described as "At Sea," and the resplendent "Sunrise." F. Flameng gave us the capital figure of "An Hussar, 1796," Israels, Jaeque, Knaus (by "A Country Festival"), and Baron H. Leys (Alma-Tadema's chief teacher) are represented here; the last by "A Bookstall." J. F. Millet's remarkable "Pig-killers"

is a thoroughly characteristic specimen of his peculiar mood and mode, a capital picture withal. M. Cazin is seen at his best in the vista of a French stream, with old houses on each side, of which as "Moonlight at Midnight" a reproduction is given



LOVE'S MISSILE.

(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.)

on page 176. "Paysage du Berri" is a good specimen of Theodore Rousseau, and "Preparing for the Hunt" may stand for the variously qualified M. F. Roybet. M. Alfred Stevens is well if not quite sufficiently shown in the fine "Waiting," where a lady, literally *décolleté*, expects her escort to the opera. Troyon's "Cows in a Landscape" is exactly such as none paint better than he did.

My duty ends with rendering thanks from all concerned to the owner for his kindness in facilitating the task which is thus concluded.



## THE PIONEERS OF MODERN ENGLISH STAGE-MOUNTING :

PHILLIPE JACQUES DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.

BY W. J. LAWRENCE.

IN tracing the scenic revolution of the latter part of the eighteenth century to its beginning, we find ourselves landed, oddly enough, at a dinner-party given by Angelo, the fencing-master, at his house in Carlisle Street in the year 1771. Here, over the wine and walnuts, David Garrick found himself growing hugely interested in a handsome young Alsatian painter, just arrived from France, who evinced a surprising knowledge of stage science. The new-comer was none other than Phillipe Jacques De Louthembourg, who, although but thirty-one, had already stormed artistic Paris by the versatile ease with which he dashed off battle-pieces, pastoral and romantic landscapes, portraits, and even caricatures. Four years previously he had been enthusiastically elected a member of the Académie Royale, a mark of especial distinction, as the rules of that assembly barred the reception of any candidate under thirty. Drawn insensibly towards the theatre during his novitiate in Paris, he entered upon a profound study of stage illusion and mechanics, subsequently extending his knowledge very considerably during a visit to Italy. When we come to examine the source whence he drew his earliest inspiration, we are confronted at the outset with the fact that from 1743 to 1766 Boucher was actively engaged in designing scenery for the Parisian theatres. About the year 1763 gorgeous scenes, "encrusted with crystals and precious stones," were frequently seen at the Opera, as much as 33,000 livres being spent now and again on the mounting of a single piece. Moreover, at this house Boquet was earning renown by the exploitation of some clever cloud-effects in mythological pieces, under cover of which a quick change of scene occurred without the lowering of the curtain. What De Louthembourg learnt from this

artist will presently be seen when I come to speak of his "Eidophusikon."

Garrick, who had himself been abroad, saw at once that the alert young painter had the sum-total of Continental scenic resources in his ken, and, learning of his anxiety to make provision for the cares of a growing family, promptly offered him the position of scenic director at Drury Lane. The salary accepted by De Louthembourg was £500 a year—surely a sufficient indication of the store Garrick set upon his services, as no previous scene-painter in England had received such emoluments. "It is not generally known that for this income," writes the younger Angelo in his "Reminiscences" (1828), "it was conditioned that De Louthembourg should do nothing more than design the scenes, which were painted from his small coloured sketches under his superintendence by the scene-painters already on the theatrical establishment." From this statement, made nearly sixty years after the event by one who had little regard for scientific accuracy, it has been inferred that De Louthembourg never once put brush to a pair of flats. Apart from the consideration that such abstention hardly seems to tally with the artist's red-hot enthusiasm on the subject, the conclusion thus arrived at is at variance with the fact that all the scenery spoken of as De Louthembourg's invariably bore marks of his strong individuality and of those artistic idiosyncrasies which are noticeable in his easel pictures. It is, of course, quite possible that his mannerisms may have been caught by mechanical workers in distemper acting under instruction; but it is scarcely credible that the magazine and newspaper critics of the period—from whom I shall have occasion frequently to

quote—would confound the mere maker of *maquettes* with the executive scenic artist.

That the scenery of Garrick's earlier day was, for the most part, a vague and ill-lit setting, arose from the circumstance (as shown in the view of Covent Garden in 1763, on p. 174) that the candle hoops were hung well to the front of the stage, which projected beyond the proscenium into the pit.

The radical change proved displeasing to Gainsborough, who, in 1772, remonstrated with his friend Garrick in a letter running as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—When the streets are paved with Brilliants and the Skies made of Rainbows, I suppose you'll be content and satisfied with red, blue, and yellow. It appears to me that Fashion, let it consist of false or true taste, will have its run, like a runaway horse; for when eyes and ears are thoroughly debauched by glare and noise, the return to modest truth will



PHILLIPE JACQUES DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.

(From an Engraving after the Miniature by J. Jackson.)

Strictly speaking, the scenery of that era can hardly be dealt with as an integrant factor in the glamour of the playhouse, as the actors had invariably to step out of the picture in order to get into the focus.

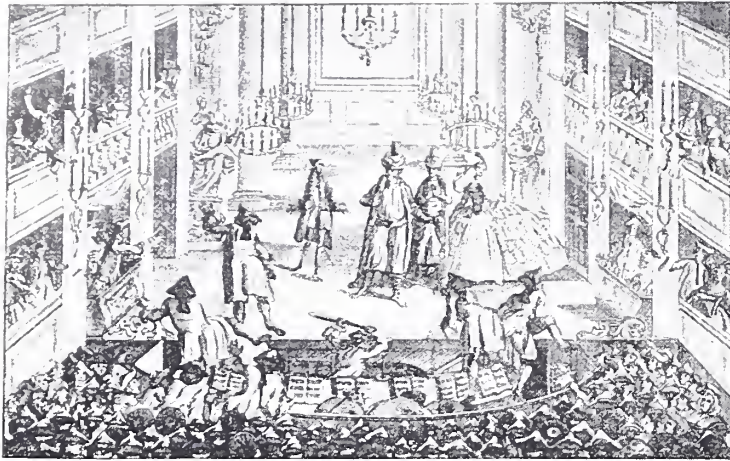
In a word, the drama in 1770, as in the days of Shakespeare, was still a rhetorical, not an illusive or pictorial, art. De Loutherbourg did not reform all this, but in the course of a decade he paved the way for Kemble, who brought realistic detail and local colour to the theatre. Almost his first work at Drury Lane under Garrick was the introduction of a series of head-lights or border battens behind the proscenium, at once depriving the actors of any excuse for stepping outside the picture beyond that of custom, and increasing the relative importance of the scenery by the flood of illumination.

seem very gloomy for a time; and I know you are cursedly puzzled how to make this retreat without putting out your lights and losing the advantages of all our new discoveries of *transparent painting*, &c., &c.—how to satisfy your tawdry friends whilst you steal back into the mild evening gleam and quiet middle term. I'll tell you, my sprightly Genius, how all this is to be done. Maintain all your lights, but spare the poor abused colours till the eye rests and recovers. Keep up your music by supplying the place of noise by more sound, more harmony, and more tune, and split that cursed Fife and Drum. Whatever so great a genius as Mr. Garrick may say or do to support our false taste, he must feel the truth of what I am now saying, that neither our Plays, Painting, or Music are any longer real works of invention, but the abuse of Nature's lights and what has already been invented in former times. Adieu, my dear Friend. Any commands to Bath. T. G.”

Much of this appears to be a sly hit at De Loutherbourg's *bizarre* scheme of coloration, which rendered a good deal of his work hot and glaring.

The first production at Drury Lane with which

the Alsatian artist's name became publicly associated was Garrick's *Christmas Tale in Five Parts*, which first saw the light on the 25th December, 1773.



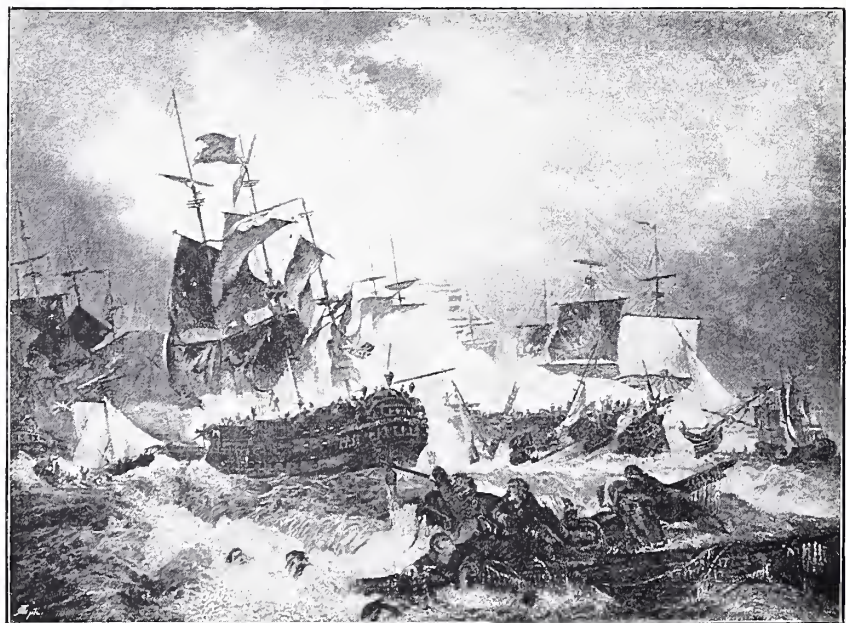
STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, 1763.

Owing to the insipidity of its story, the piece proved a mere success of esteem; but its appearance is worthy of record, if only because that in it De Louthembourg made use of a new device, whereby the fleeting effect of various colours on a landscape was produced by means of silk screens working on pivots before concentrated lights in the wings. The painter again figured prominently in connection with General Burgoyne's dramatic entertainment, *The Maid of the Oaks*, as produced at Drury Lane in November, 1774. This curious piece was evoked by the festivities held at the Oaks, in Kent, over the Earl of Derby's marriage, some five months previously. Everybody seems to have shared Hannah More's enthusiasm for the beauty of the setting. "It is said," gossips the *London Magazine*, "that the scenery only, which has been painted on purpose for *The Maid of the Oaks*, cost £1,500. This is a prodigious sum; yet it will not appear in the least extravagant to anybody who sees it. The landscapes of Claude are scarcely equal to some of the views exhibited; and if nothing beyond the bare merit of the paintings was held forth to attract the town, we should not be surprised at its bringing twenty crowded audiences." A quick change at the close from a view of the grand saloon in Lord Derby's residence to "a celestial garden,

terminated by a prospect of the Temple of Love," with the sun throwing its dazzling beams over all, had, says the critic, "a most splendid and astonishing effect."

In 1775 and 1776 De Louthembourg provided scenery for Bickerstaff's musical romance of *The Sultana*, and Sir George Collier's dramatic romance of *Selima and Azor*; weak pieces both, only rendered endurable by the brilliancy of their trappings. With Garrick's retirement the painter transferred his services to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane. The strikingly picturesque scenery contributed by him to the dramatic entertainment of *The Camp*, as produced in October, 1778 (more especially a remarkably realistic depiction of the encampment at Cox Heath), had not a little to do with the vogue of the piece, lasting through two seasons at the theatre.

Paradoxically enough, while tempted by his quick and easy execution, and his knack of artificial composition, to rely too much on his memory in painting landscape pictures—thus evoking the jibes of Peter Pindar, who sneers at his "brass skies" and "marble bullocks"—De Louthembourg occasionally sought nature on behalf of his stage labours. An excursion to the Peaks at this period resulted in some capital Derbyshire scenery, around which a clumsy pantomime was written, and brought out at Drury Lane in January, 1779. Most of the periodicals of the time devoted considerable space to this production purely on account of the high merits of



ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH ON THE 11th OCTOBER, 1797.

(From the Painting by P. J. De Louthembourg, R.A.)



the painter's work. It is noteworthy that the *London Magazine*, in commenting on the fact that the unknown author had made the wonderful cavern known as Poole's Hole the home of Harlequin's tutelary genius, says, "The only advantage arising from this to a man of taste is the pretence, by his ascending, of introducing such a quantity of light as to show the manner in which Mr. Louthembourg has imitated nature in the very process of petrification."

Previous to the commencement of the piece the painter strove to adjust the spectator's frame of mind by the exhibition of a romantic Derbyshire landscape used as an act-drop. So much admired was this view that it was permanently adopted, and remained in its place until the destruction of the theatre by fire some years later. It would appear now that this was not only the earliest example of the employment of an act-drop, or curtain of a scenic nature, in England, but in Western Europe to boot. So far as France was concerned, the first departure from the conventional green baize curtain took place on the opening of the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, Paris, on the 27th October, 1781, when an act-drop was shown treating of a mythological subject.

Few students of the drama but are familiar with Sheridan's allusion to the abilities of his scenic director in *The Critic*. The principal character, in his example of the playhouse puff direct, says, "As to the scenery, the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged." But it is not so generally known that the appositeness of the remark lay in the fact that the artist had executed an exact representation of Tilbury Fort to form a background to the sleeping sentinels.

On the revival of *The Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane on the 20th November, 1779, De Louthembourg is said to have introduced some new effects by the employment of transparencies. Possibly on the ground that the man who makes the best use of an idea is entitled to the ownership of it, O'Keefe credits the Alsatian, in his "Recollections," with the invention of transparent scenery. A little more inquiry would have shown him that French, an

earlier Drury Lane painter, had made use of this artifice as early as 1759. There is no reason for doubting, however, that De Louthembourg put the old device to new advantage in producing the illusion of firelight, volcanic eruptions, sun and moonlight; for, like Professor Herkomer, his latter-day prototype, he was great on moons.

Early in 1781, the year of his election to the



ROUGH SKETCH FOR SCENE IN *RICHARD III.*

(By P. J. De Louthembourg, R.A. In the Possession of Henry Irving, Esq.)

full honours of the Royal Academy, De Louthembourg supplied some characteristic scenery to the Drury Lane pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*, noteworthy as the first stage treatment of the theme. By way of affording some indication to the scenic system of the period, it may be pointed out that this entertainment was arranged in four acts, with eight changes in the first act alone. Subsequently, on an attempt being made to reduce his salary by the spendthrift manager, De Louthembourg withdrew from the theatre, and concentrated his energies on the completion of his remarkable scenic exhibition entitled "Eidophusikon." This unique entertainment, the forerunner of the dioramas of more recent times, was first given at the Patagonian Theatre in Exeter 'Change, and was afterwards removed to a house in Panton Square. Sir Joshua Reynolds often went to the latter place to see it, and Gainsborough for long had "Eidophusikon" on the brain.

Here is an account of the entertainment by

an eye-witness, taken from the *Whitehall Evening Post* of March 1, 1781:—

“Mr. De Louthembourg’s superior genius in the scenic line of his profession has led him to invent in the above spectacle several of the most beautiful representations of nature that were ever effected by mechanism and painting. His different views are all formed by detached pieces, from which he is enabled to manage his keeping light and shade, &c., with the

Garriek’s *Christmas Tale*. His skilful manipulation of the Tempest scene, with the wreck of the *Halsewell*, came as a revelation and surprise. Painted in semi-transparent colours, the clouds conveyed their impression very subtly by means of the illumination irregularly bestowed upon them from behind and in front. The linen on which they were depicted was stretched on large frames made to rise or fall diagonally by means of a windlass. The mechanism, simple as it was, permitted all the wonderful varieties of cloud-motion and cloud-form to be truthfully imitated. Over the waves alone a vast amount of labour had been expended. First they were modelled in clay, then carved in soft wood, then delicately painted in tones corresponding with their relative position on the scene, and well varnished to reflect the lightning which ever and anon rent the angry sky. When fitted to the stage they were arranged to work each on its own axis, revolving the one towards the other in a contrary direction and scattering the foam, now here, now there, as in nature. Taken as a



ROUGH SKETCH FOR SCENE IN *RICHARD III.*

(By P. J. De Louthembourg, R.A. In the Possession of Henry Irving, Esq.)

most critical exactness. . . . But the *Moonlight* is really beyond every idea that can be formed from description. In the foreground of the scene a group of peasants appear sitting round a fire, the reflection of which produces the most beautiful contrast to the reflection of the moon, which, rising, sheds her silvered tints over the landscape. In each of these scenes ships appear sailing in different courses; and in the first there are moving figures of horsemen, cattle, &c.”

In connection with this entertainment it was said that De Louthembourg had introduced a new art, “the picturesque of sound.” His various devices for simulating thunder, the distant booming of signal guns, the rushing, lapping sound of the waves, the patter of hail and rain, and the whistling of the winds, all found their way to the theatre, and, in most cases, have seldom been superseded up to the present day. The stage on which these striking dioramic effects were shown was little better than six feet in width and eight feet in depth; yet so masterly was the perspective that the prospect in many of the scenes seemed well-nigh illimitable. The Argand lamps made use of were stationed principally in the borders, and contributed to the general effect by means of silken screens such as were adopted by the artist in

whole, this remarkable scene may be said to have given the *cognoscenti* an appetising foretaste of the battle-pieces which De Louthembourg was to execute in commemoration of England’s great naval victories from 1794 to 1801—a series which, for vigour combined with poetic feeling, should have earned a nation’s gratitude for the Dibdin of the palette.

With his election as R.A. the painter’s scenic career almost came to an end. He designed a few scenes, however, for Harris, of Covent Garden, notably those for O’Keeffe’s tasteful musical spectacle of *Omai; or, Obesa, Queen of the Sandwich Islands*, brought out on the 20th December, 1785. Scenic director and author were alike rewarded for their labours in connection with this production, by a fee of £100. As the piece had been evoked by Captain Cook’s recent discoveries, it is worthy of note that the costumes of the players were designed by John Webber, R.A., one of the participants in the great expedition.

While De Louthembourg’s association with the scene-loft virtually ceased at this period, his influence can be traced as late as the year 1820, when Elliston, in reviving *King Lear* at Drury



A STUDY.

(By Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)



Lane, sought to reproduce some of the powerfully illusive effects of the storm scene in "Eidophusikon." Only disappointment ensued. A commendable experiment was rendered abortive by the deafening hurly-burly raised, and by the vagaries of the many-coloured lights. Strong as was the tradition, it lacked the master-mind to put it in practice.

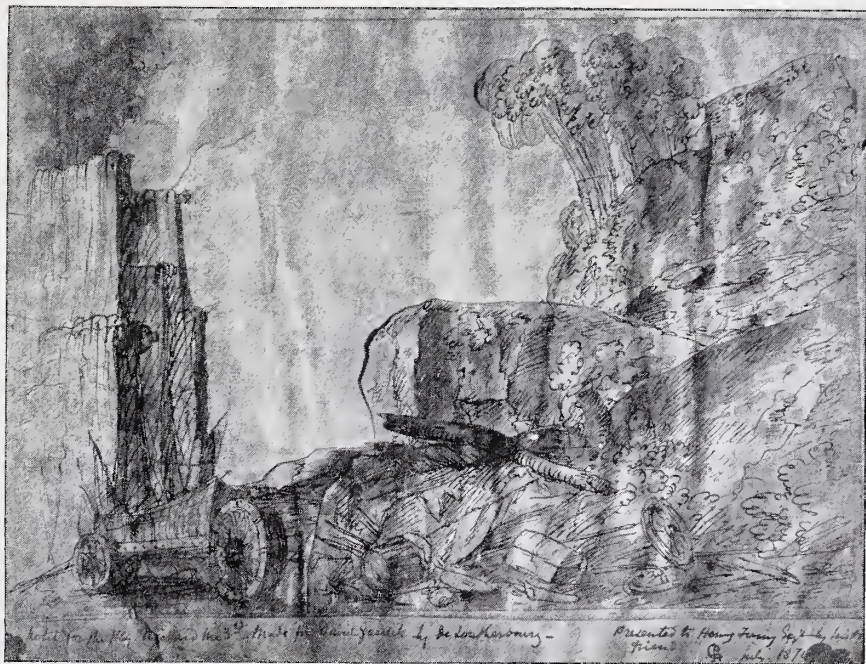
Perhaps the best that can be said of our pioneer, in summing up his labours, is that he brought a whiff of nature into regions ever fated to be cursed with artificiality. For the rest O'Keeffe credits him with the invention of breaking the scene into several pieces, by the laws of perspective, showing miles of distance. Before his time, according to the same authority, the background was one broad flat the whole breadth and height of the stage. In England he was the first to make use of set scenes with raking pieces; but the times were not yet ripe for the employment of much practicable scenery, and he was, for the most part, sparing in his resort to built-up work. Finally, students of stage technique, who marvel at the variety of atmospheric effects procured in the Wagnerian scenic system, and at the Lyceum by means of gauzes, must bear in mind that the prime conceiver of the device was none other than the resourceful Alsatian.

It is certainly strange that, while engravings after De Louthembourg were very popular among the print-sellers towards the end of last century, no scene of his was ever singled out for preservation in published form, as was the case with the Covent Garden designer, Inigo Richards, R.A. The loss, however, is not great, as theatrical experts well know how utterly valueless as evidence are the engravings of scenes produced at that period. Attractive enough in a pictorial sense, because of the gloss of composition, they never represent a "photographed moment," and seldom afford the slightest clue whereby they may be resolved into the components of their scenic prototypes. It is therefore matter for satisfaction to be enabled to reproduce here, thanks to the kindness of Mr.

Henry Irving, De Louthembourg's original designs for the battle-scenes in Garrick's *Richard III*. Shakespeare's play, it is to be noted, was frequently in the bill at Drury Lane between the 30th May, 1772, and

the 3rd June, 1776, at which latter date "Roscius" played the hump-backed tyrant for the last time. De Louthembourg died in 1812, at Hammersmith Terrace, Chiswick, and was buried close to Hogarth.

The three sketches now given in reduced facsimile must not be taken as representing three separate scenes. Internal evidence goes to show that from the first and second the scene of Bosworth Field had its origin. Eyes, and eyes alone, bearing witness, it is maintained that we have here delineated the first solidly-built bridge introduced to British boards. On that point it seems to me perilous to hazard an opinion. Rather would one hasten to say that, considering the conventionalism which hedged around the higher drama in those days, De Louthembourg's work, as a whole, surprises by its rugged grandeur and picturesque force. In viewing the originals, the idea of composition and arrangement to meet the demands of the stage business suggests itself at every glance. Indeed, the first two sketches, so far from appearing to have been executed by the artist in their entirety, seem to have been designed piecemeal with the aim of trying their effect in a scene-model. In their present form, as preserved in Mr. Irving's collection, the parts have been brought together and mounted on drawing-paper; but even in combination they



ROUGH SKETCH FOR SCENE IN *RICHARD III*.

(By P. J. De Louthembourg, R.A. In the Possession of Henry Irving, Esq.)

lack homogeneity, and betray the obvious fact that they are strictly artificial compositions so contrived as to permit of easy distribution into flats, wings, and possibly set-pieces.

# IN MANXLAND



WRITTEN BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON.

MIDWAY between the North of England and the green land of patriots and potatoes there rises from the waters of the Irish Sea a large and beautiful island, which is described by the polite as the Kingdom of Man. From its topmost pinnacle, which soars some 2,054 feet above the utmost wave of high-water, you may see, if you are fortunate, a sight which no other place will afford you; for Man is so situated that the peak of Snaefell commands a view of the adjacent realms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Elaboration of detail is not, by any means, a characteristic of the prospect, even in the finest weather—especially as regards Wales. Even in Scotland, which is much the nearest, it is only with a good glass that you make out the houses and trees of Southern Galloway. On most days nothing is to be seen on any side beyond a watery horizon, for even when it is sunny there is usually a soft, dry haze in the air. This, according to that most fervent of Manxmen, Mr. Hall Caine, is due to the old-time enchantments of the potent magician Mannanin, who, having no mind for promiscuous company, concealed his chosen home from passing seafarers in a cloud of mist. Such a comparatively tenable theory must certainly be accepted in preference to the preposterous ascription of the mists to the vengeance of a slighted mermaid, put

forward by the poet Collins in a footnote to his lines on—

“Mona, once hid from those who search the main,  
Where thousand elfin shapes abide.”

Mannanin is gone hence, and the mists called up by his art-magic have lost their old power. I have often seen the outline of distant Mona from the lofty sides of Penmaenmawr, and from the Down coast, in the clear light of dawn or sunset. I have even shown it to confiding friends (though without seeing it myself) from the much less elevated top of Bidston Hill in the Wirral Peninsula. So far as the visitor is concerned there are now no “elfin shapes” in Man, but if you can get the people of the island to open their hearts, you will find the place in their keener imaginations is still full of them—good, bad, and indifferent; potent on sea and on land, and held in unconfessed awe.

Mona (she shares the name amicably with Anglesea) is fortunate in many things; and it is not without reason the natives call it “veg veen”—the dear little island. The climate is charming, and the severities of winter—save only its storms—are almost unknown. The surface of the country is delightfully varied in character, and though the hills are of moderate height and gentle of contour, they are intersected by innumerable glens of striking beauty.

The nearest English approach to Manx scenery is in the hill country of Derbyshire, but a comparison is all in favour of the island; for, if its rivers are insignificant, it is set in the midst of the sea, and has a beautiful coast-line. Trees flourish only in a few sheltered places, but the vegetation is otherwise exceptionally luxuriant, and in the south of the island great hedges of fuchsia are as common as thorn. After beholding the radiant glory of a Manx hillside in May, one no longer wonders why Linnaeus was moved to kneel in adoration of the first gorse bush he saw.

The approach to Mona cannot fail to prejudice you strongly in her favour. Almost all the steamers ply to Douglas, which lies midway on the eastern coast, along a semicircular bay of distinguished beauty, guarded on either side by cliffy headlands. Beyond the town and the picturesque surrounding country the highest hills of the island are arranged in agreeably effective disorder of line. If the approach be, as it usually is, in the evening, the appearance of the scene, gorgeously arrayed in the colours of sunset, is so impressive as to excuse—if it does not justify—the Manxman's rooted conviction that Douglas Bay is the most beautiful bay in the world. At that hour the last touch of beauty is usually given to the picture by the graceful lines and striking colours of the boats slowly and silently setting out for the fishing grounds.

Poetical impressions are promptly dissipated when the pier is reached, and the wild, though well-restrained, bustle of landing begins. All Douglas seems to turn out on such occasions, and were it not for the excellent order preserved by the authorities, the new arrivals would be in danger of dismemberment by eager lodging-house keepers, porters, hack drivers, and other touts. In former years, ere such strict rule prevailed, one's progress from the landing-place to the town was only accomplished with much difficulty and discomfort. Douglas is the ideal resort of the toiling millions of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and often accommodates in its hotels and lodging-houses more "trippers" than the normal population of the island, which at the last census was computed to be 55,413.

As a seaside resort for the northern counterparts of 'Arry and 'Arriet it is unrivalled. All that the natural man can desire in the way of healthy and delightful recreation is here in abundance, cheap, and of the best quality. Boating is safe (unless you

insist too obstinately on over-tempting Providence); comfort and convenience in bathing are well provided for, in water of that crystalline purity only seen around islands; cliffs, creeks, glens, and country roads offer endless variety to pedestrians of all shades of capacity; hills of quite respectable bigness invite the climber; the air is perfect, the town is clean, orderly, and commodious, the people are amiable and friendly, and extortion is almost unknown. For the unnatural man, who aspires to make his annual holiday a riotous period of alcoholised revelry, the attractions of Douglas are also ample. These, however, are excellently controlled, and the recreations of the rougher sort do not seem to be allowed to come betwixt the wind and the gentility of more orderly folk. Still, Douglas is first and chiefly a place for those of the middle and lower classes who are gregarious in their enjoyments; and a more charming and desirable spot they could scarcely discover. Those who take their pleasures less strenuously do not tarry long in Douglas,



beautiful as its surroundings are, but make haste to towns and villages where the life is quiet and quaintly simple—where the dreaded trippers are unseen, save when occasional trap-loads from Douglas alight at the local public-house in quest of matter

that will beguile the tedium of hilarious travel. Even then they are no encumbrance, for they never dream of dispersing, being as unconscious as cattle of picturesque beauty. It is only when a speculator fences in a waterfall or chasm and charges twopence a head to see it that such travellers will

principal streets were mere tortuous alleys, narrow as city lanes; the spacious promenades and piers were little more than projects, and the present sea front was under water. Old Douglas still exists, enveloped in the newer town, and the old harbour with its quaint craft is little altered. The real



go to look. Probably the most generally appreciated piece of scenery in all Manxland is that hideous, colossal water-wheel, seventy-two feet in diameter, which is the ugliest thing in the once beautiful Laxey glen, now blasted and disfigured by the operations of lead-mining. The wheel is the largest in the world—the only largest thing in the world in the island; therefore how beautiful and wonderful to the unceasing parties of trippers who make it the object of their excursions! It is a fortunate law of nature that the most dreaded class of excursionists is never inclined to ramble, and above all things never walks. Douglas is all-sufficient for its lovers, and the only variations ever indulged in are a sail on the bay, a trip round the island in a steamer, or a drive at so much a head along the high roads. When I first visited the land of tailless cats nearly twenty years ago, I abandoned attempts to walk on the public ways near Douglas because of the volleys of mockery fired at me from every vehicle that passed, accompanied often enough by more formidable missiles. The simple-minded factory operative could not away with the incredible meanness of a man who would tramp the dusty roads (and they were dusty!) rather than ride in agreeable company (his company) all day for a florin.

The Douglas of to-day is a well-planned, spick and span watering-place. Twenty years ago the

native life of the town goes on here, the more attractive new quarters are merely the ramifications of a huge caravansary.

Far up the harbour you come to the terminus of the local railways, whence odd-looking toy trains bustle off along narrow-gauge lines to the west and south. The arrangements are not of the most advanced kind, and stern punctuality is out of the question, since the mail boats, uncertain like all sea things, to some extent regulate the times of departure. The trains rattle along contentedly, and are not above a halt midway between stations to pick up a passenger. A journey along the southern line is rewarded by glimpses of much beautiful scenery. Few fail to alight at Castletown, formerly the capital, and still possessing in Castle Rushen the only fortress on the island. It stands picturesquely at the estuary of the Silverburn, and is content in its old age (which easy-going antiquaries are prepared to believe is nearly a thousand years) to serve as a show place. It was in old times the residence of the Kings of Man, and, after they sold their sovereignty to England, of the governors. Last of all, it did duty as a prison. At no great distance is King William's College, an important educational institution, the tower of which forms one of the chief features in a distant view of the town. Not far off is Hango Hill, where the Manx Judas, William Christian, was shot—ending a very dubious



career in an edifying manner. Christian—"Hiam Dhoan," or Brown William, was his popular name—was the Earl of Derby's receiver-general in the stormy times of the great rebellion. Sir Walter Seott, with that fine artistic freedom of handling

took, tried, and executed him. Christian, left in charge of the island and the Countess, played a double game, sowed disaffection, disbanded his troops, seized forts, and, when the Parliament army landed, received it with instant submission.



which characterised him, mixed him up harmoniously with another Christian (the surname is a common one in the island), just as he confounded Castle Rushen with Peel Castle. The Earl naturally declared for the King—for his brother-King, he being monarch of Man—and sailed with volunteers, and £500 subscribed by his subjects, to Lancashire, where the Parliament-men promptly

As a result, he was made governor of the island, while the Countess was clapped into prison. Prosperity, however, did not remain long with him. He abused his trust, misapplied the public funds, and eventually found himself, in London, in the Fleet Prison. When the Merry Monarch came back to enjoy his own again, the island kingdom of the Stanleys was restored to them,

and the Countess-Dowager ruled it once more. Released somehow from the Fleet, Christian, trusting to the Act of Indemnity, returned to Mona. This, however, was a grave miscalculation: the Countess-Dowager had no mind to let any of her debts go unpaid, and she at once had the unfor-

island's annals may be found in Mr. Hall Caine's charming book, "The Little Manx Nation," to which I am indebted for these brief details.

A few miles from Castletown, and nearer to the Calf of Man (the island, say the humorists, has three legs, but only one calf), is the little



tunate man arrested on a charge of treason. The House of Keys tried him, and he was condemned to die. A nephew hastened to London, and got the King to suspend the sentence, but the Countess's justice was too expeditious for him, and Christian was shot. The soldiers charged with his execution desired to bind him, but he bade them save themselves the trouble—he was not afraid. Then he pinned a piece of paper on his breast as a mark, told them to aim there, gave the signal to fire, and fell, shot through the heart. A fuller account of this stirring incident in the

herring-fishers' harbour and village, named Port St. Mary. In this quiet romantic spot visitors get very near to the real unadulterated life of the island, and it is a favourite resort of those unaffected folk who prefer their seaside life without any tincture of city manners and fashions. The natives declare residence there to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism in particular, as well as all other bodily ills in general; and it is certainly a place where it is very difficult to avoid being healthy. Mr. Railton's view is taken from the near vantage-ground of Gansey Point, where the popular



Ernest A Waterlow A.R.A. pink

*The Assesey.*

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.



Liverpool portrait-painter, Mr. R. E. Morrison (who, by the way, is a Manxman), spends his summers in the distraction of landscape-painting; for painters, like the actor who employs his spare evenings in going to the play, always carry their art wherever they go. Port St. Mary and the adjacent Port Erin are favourite resorts of Liverpool painters, and they are certainly admirable as sketching centres.

It is not a very great distance from Port St. Mary to Peel, and a walk by the tracks along the cliffs will introduce a pedestrian to miles of varied coast scenery well nigh as grand and beautiful as any in the United Kingdom. From Douglas, however, the way by rail or road is directly across the island, for Peel is the western port. The railway line has now been continued in a northerly direction, till it returns to the eastern side of the island at Ramsey, sixteen miles north of Douglas; a popular watering-place for folk of the soberer sort. Not very far from Ramsey, to the south, is St. Maughold's, a place rich in ancient crosses and other remains. One cross by the roadside is popularly said to be the petrified body of an old woman who was turned into stone for sacrilegiously cursing the wind, against which she was vainly trying to carry a load of wool—a sort of Manx Lot's Wife. The poor old lady commands the sympathy of all who know the quality of Manx gales. Near the gate of the churchyard is a comparatively well-preserved four-sided cross of unknown date, figured here by Mr. Railton, who has shown the face which is adorned with a crucifix and the Manx arms.

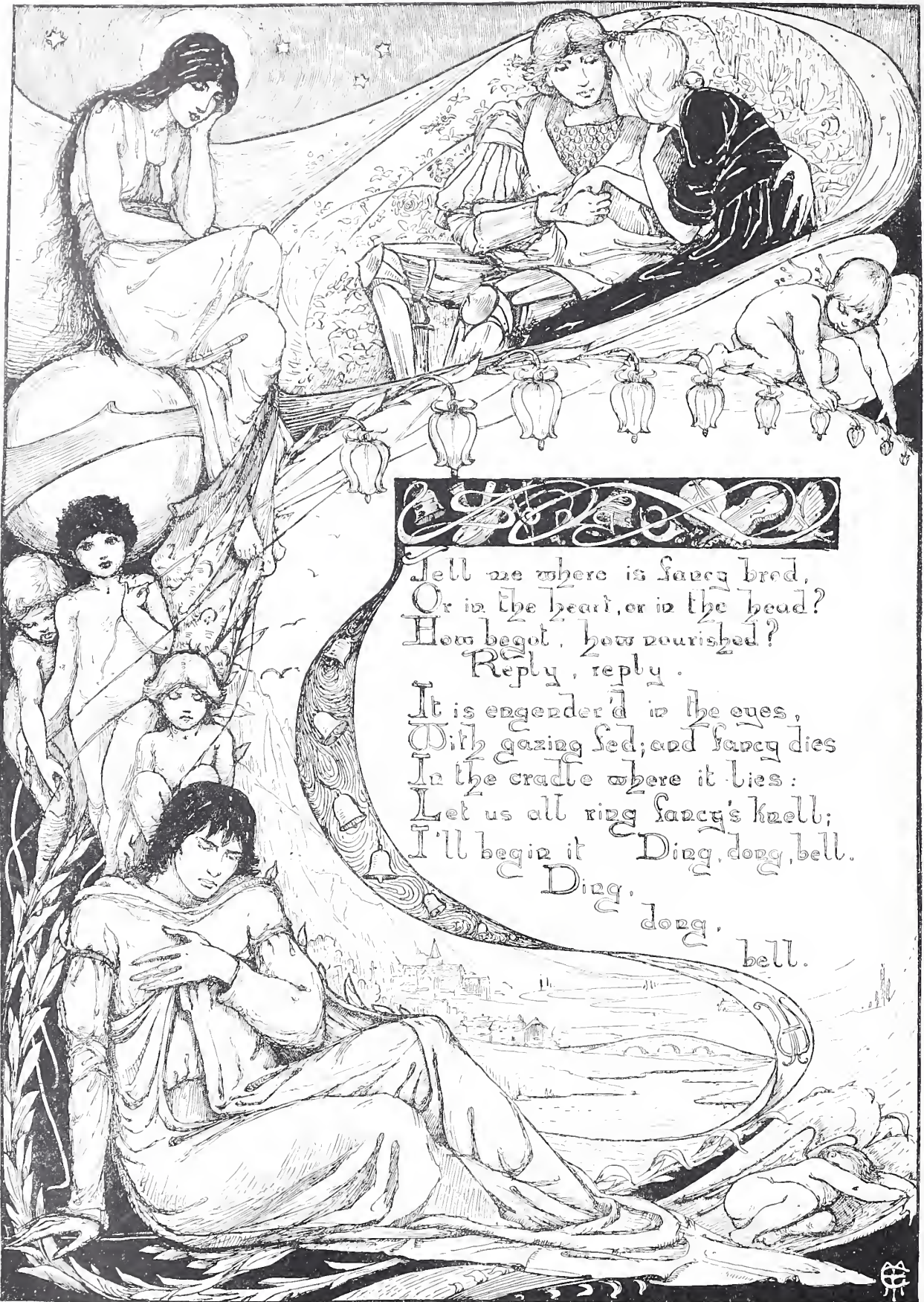
Apropos of the latter no one seems to have remarked the curious resemblance to the ancient arms, the Trinaeria, of the sun-steeped island of Sicily. The three mailed legs of Man (supposed popularly to kick defiance of England, Scotland, and Ireland) are surrounded by the motto: "Quocunque jeceris stabit," while the bare Sicilian legs have the legend: "MANOPMITAN," and are joined by the head of the Gorgon Medusa—a disagreeable female, who seems from a bas-

relief in the Palermo Museum (the oldest known example of Greek plastic art to which a date can be assigned) to have been three-legged. Scholarship should be able on the basis of this resemblance to prove a Sicilian colonisation of Man. At present, history begins with Celts of undefined origin, then goes on to the successive dominions of the Welsh, the Norse Vikings, the Scots, and the English. The Norsemen nearly a thousand years ago gave the island a constitution, which survives to this day, and provides a perfect system of home rule—the only survival of the ancient Icelandic method of government by an open-air assemblage of representatives of the people. On the Tynwald Hill, in the centre of the island, the laws are still confirmed on each Midsummer Day at a solemn gathering presided over by the Governor, attended by his "Keys," clergy, deensters, coroners, and people. "Our little nation," says Mr. Hall Caine, "is the only Norse nation now on earth that can shake hands with the days of the Sagas and the sea-kings."

Peel, the spiritual capital of Man, is a charming little fishing town, whose chief antiquarian attractions are situated on a rocky island which shelters the harbour. It is called St. Patrick's Isle because of a visit from that incorrigibly-peripatetic saint; but St. Germain's Cathedral, a roofless ruin, is named after the first bishop of the diocese. The cathedral is within the walls of the equally ruinated castle, a picturesque and storied pile of great age, best known as the scene of a large part of Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak"—

a strange conglomeration of many architectures, haunted by many ghosts by night and many tourists by day. The late Dean of Manchester, whose episcopal sympathies made his heart warm towards the seat of a cathedral, even a roofless one, prophetically declared that "Peel is the coming place of the island for cultured people." Acting on this indication Mr. Hall Caine has already taken up his residence there.





Tell me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies:  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.  
 Ding,  
 dong,  
 bell.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: "TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED."—*MERCHANT OF VENICE* (ACT III, SCENE II).

(Drawn by Molly E. Evans.)



PART OF THE FRIEZE AT THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

(By Hans Thornycroft, R.A.)

## SOME RECENT ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTURE, AND THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS; JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

By REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

AT the Liverpool Congress of the National Society for the Advancement of Art there occurred a curious controversy as to the relations of architecture and sculpture. As far as I recollect, the sculptors maintained that architecture without sculpture was a barren affair, dull and incomplete, "a plant without its flower," and so on. Mr. Sedding, with characteristic enthusiasm, insisted that architecture was complete in itself, the most intellectual of the arts, containing within its own resources all the elements necessary to its fullest expression and beauty. The point was contested with much devotion, but in the end the sculptor said he had the greatest possible respect for architecture; and the architect, that no man had a more sincere affection for sculpture than himself, which in Sedding's case was curiously true, for, notwithstanding his conspicuous ability in design, his strength lay rather in detail and colour than in line and mass. In spite, however, of this amiable compromise, the case remains as it was. Extremes of thought remain extremes, and nothing is gained in clearness of idea by offering a compromise as the last word of a discussion. It is not denied

that the most perfect results possible in architecture involve the use of sculpture. But to admit this is not to admit that architecture depends on sculpture—that without it it is dumb; and it is necessary to point out that these two conceptions of architecture are definitely opposed to each other—the view that architecture necessarily requires sculpture, otherwise it is merely building, and the

view that architecture has a definite effect on the æsthetic faculties through its own peculiar means of expression, proportion, mass, and outline, abstract qualities that appeal to one through the intellect rather than through the senses. The former is undoubtedly the popular theory. It has been urged by Mr. Ruskin with masterly eloquence and entire misapprehension, I maintain, of the meaning, justification, and fundamental conditions of architecture. The lay intelligence has readily caught up a theory so admirably expressed and so easily understood. No one has



CORBEL TO ORIEL AT INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

(By Harry Bates, A.R.A.)

any serious difficulty in admiring an exquisite bit of carving, and, therefore, in so far as sculpture is considered the essential feature of architecture, in admiring architecture; whereas it requires a serious

intellectual effort to grasp in all its complexity the full scope of a great architectural conception. As a result of this one-sided theorising of a great writer, and of that peculiar intellectual apathy with which the arts are regarded in this country, an opinion prevails in the lay mind that by fine architecture



FIGURE OF "INDUSTRY" AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.  
(By F. Pegram.)

is necessarily meant architecture covered with sculpture; and that, inversely, without sculpture it is impossible to have fine architecture. For instance, it has been the fashion to call the Romans builders rather than architects, chiefly, as it appears, because in their most characteristic work they dispensed with sculpture altogether. But this seems based on a narrow and erroneous view of what architecture means. Building does not become architecture merely because it is covered with carving, otherwise various recent buildings in Shaftesbury Avenue and the Tottenham Court Road might claim to be architectural achievements; and, on the other hand, there is more of the highest quality of architecture in the grim unbroken surface of a mediæval fortress, or in the strongly-drawn lines of one of Vauban's bastions, than in all the intricacies of Cologne Cathedral.

So, again, the scale and magnificent directness of treatment shown in Roman buildings take hold of the imagination no less surely than the more perfect workmanship of the Greeks; and, if so, it is arbitrary to say that the only method of touching the imagination shall be by sculpture and nothing else. With the one exception of his design for the Persian Court at Whitehall (which was never carried out), Inigo Jones, the greatest of English architects, used sculpture with extreme reserve; and the brilliant architects of the early part of the eighteenth century practically dispensed with it. As Aldrich said of the Augustan architects, "*Probatissimo Augusti ævo, celaturam parce colebant.*" Mr. Shaw has shown us in New Scotland Yard that a design

of first-rate importance and admirable attainment can succeed without the use of any sculpture whatever. I advance these suggestions only to show that architecture has its own intrinsic qualities apart from the help of other arts; but one is free to admit that where the two arts combine the result is something greater than can be attained by either singly. The sculptor can give that direct and obvious appeal to the living feelings of humanity which is denied to the architect, who works by abstract lines and planes; and at a humbler level there is undoubted delight in the habit of the mediæval craftsman, who, having satisfied the austere conditions of construction, let himself go in his corbels and capitals, and filled his spandrels with a filigree of exquisite detail. There is but one condition to observe, that the sculpture should be good of its kind, and should take its place in definite relation to the architectural effect of the whole, a condition which

would eliminate about ninety per cent. of the carving lavished on the modern buildings of our great towns.

Within the last few years there has been a decided improvement in architectural sculpture. This improvement has been sporadic, confined to individual artists and isolated work, but in a few cases architects and sculptors have taken to working together with conspicuous success. Mr. Armstead's vigorous spandrels at the Foreign Office, in spite of a certain violence in design, showed a good deal more grasp of architecture than is evident in the work of the architect. Mr. Pegram's work at the Imperial Institute is charming in design and in the deliberate low relief, by means of which the sculptor has obtained breadth without losing delicacy. The large flat planes adopted here are, indeed, almost necessary for fine architectural sculpture. They preserve the wall surface to a degree impossible with high relief, and they avoid the conflict with actual architectural forms which is more or less inevitable to the latter, and is clearly seen in the magnificent barbarism of Romanesque sculpture. In the fine figure of "Industry" at the Imperial Institute, there is almost a suggestion of Jean Goujon's art, at once exquisite and masculine, the very type and pattern for modern architectural sculpture. Amongst other recent examples I may mention Mr. Tyrell's figure of Atlas for Mr. Waterhouse's new bay to the Atlas Insurance Office in King Street. The figure is a little thin, but the whole treatment is direct and spirited, and the figure and the architectural



composition combine very happily. No. 82, Mortimer Street is another gallant venture in serious architectural sculpture. The design of this building, by Mr. Pite, is very original. The ground floor is set back; above this is a composition of four panelled pilasters, all in stone, enclosing three windows, and surmounted by a flat-curved pediment broken over the two centre pilasters, or rather stopped by two great seated figures which support the triangular pediment over the second-floor window, which completes the composition. The rest of the building is quite plain brickwork. The design is open to criticism in certain points. The ground floor is by no means massive enough to support the important work above, and this impression is rather increased by the introduction of certain green-glazed bricks.

Then, again, the main composition, admirably designed as it is, comes rather low in the front. The placing of the figures, and spacing of the great window in the south front of Wilton, is much happier in this regard; and the comparative unimportance of the purpose of the building raises a suspicion that the enthusiasm of the designer has narrowly escaped overshooting the mark. Notwithstanding, the work is full of originality and refinement of design. The figures—modelled by Mr. T. A. Slater, and carved, I believe, by Mr. Tyrell—are exceedingly effective, and the whole front is very interesting and by no means unworthy of its able and accomplished architect.

I have reserved for the last the admirable building by Mr. John Belcher, known as the Institute of Chartered Accountants—on the whole, the most remarkable and successful instance of the combination of architecture and sculpture carried out in England this century. This building occupies a corner-site between Moorgate Place and Great Swan Alley. On the ground floor is the entrance-corridor, leading to the grand staircase; to the left is the library; to the right, six offices, with a separate

entrance and staircase. The first floor is the principal floor. To the left, and over the library, is the great Council Chamber, which occupies two storeys, and is entered from a broad corridor which separates the committee room, members' and secretary's rooms, from the clerks' offices. On the second floor is a large Examination Hall, with an anteroom, entered from the smaller staircase out of Great Swan Alley. The conspicuous merit of the planning lies in its simplicity, and in the possibilities which it offers for architectural effect, possibilities of which Mr. Belcher has availed himself with rare ability. The intention of architectural design is often misunderstood. To the lay mind, an elaborate plan full of queer corners and obvious devices may appear a skilful piece of architecture. In fact, it

is a confession of weakness and inadequate thought. It is merely bad art to leave one's ideas naked, to reveal them inchoate and unassimilated, lacking the cohesion given by the master-mind which converts scattered fragments of ideas into an architectural whole. In architecture, of all the arts, there should be no display of the mechanism of thought. It should seem to be right as an inevitable necessity, without forcing the attention—without, as it were, shouting at the passer-by. In order to attain this result, the architect has to realise what he is doing from the first; and unless he provides for it in his plan, no amount of beautiful detail will make up for his initial failure. Mr. Belcher has evidently thought out his design with complete foresight of the result, and the building appeals to the imagination quite as strongly by its qualities of pure and simple architecture as by its wealth of beautiful sculpture.



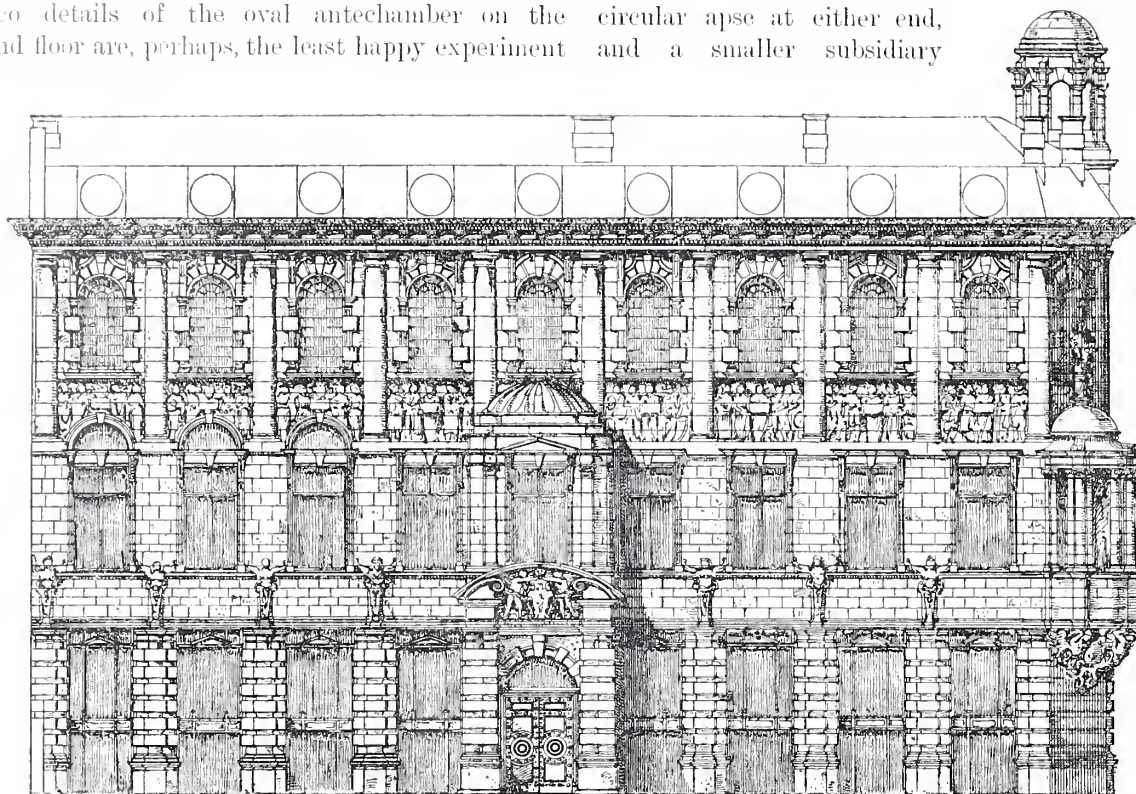
FRONT OF 82, MORTIMER STREET, W.

(Designed by W. B. Pite. From a Photograph by C. Latham, West Dulwich.)

The entrance corridor is in two bays with shallow domes. The entablature has the pulvinated frieze beloved by Inigo Jones in his Ionic order, and a very unusual and not entirely satisfactory cornice, partly suggested by Vignola's cornice to

his Doric order, but different. Mr. Belcher has throughout designed his details without strict regard to precedent. The result is undoubtedly interesting, though to a lover of the old ways and the orthodox manner the gain in beauty is not distinctly evident, and the danger of these flights into the unknown is at least suggested by certain of the details. The rococo details of the oval antechamber on the second floor are, perhaps, the least happy experiment

dangerous exuberance of invention. These details, however, are only details. They do not affect the large design, and for the building as a whole one can only express unreserved admiration. The council-chamber is a singularly beautiful design. In plan it consists of an oblong space with a semi-circular apse at either end, and a smaller subsidiary



ELEVATION OF INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

(Drawn by John Belcher.)

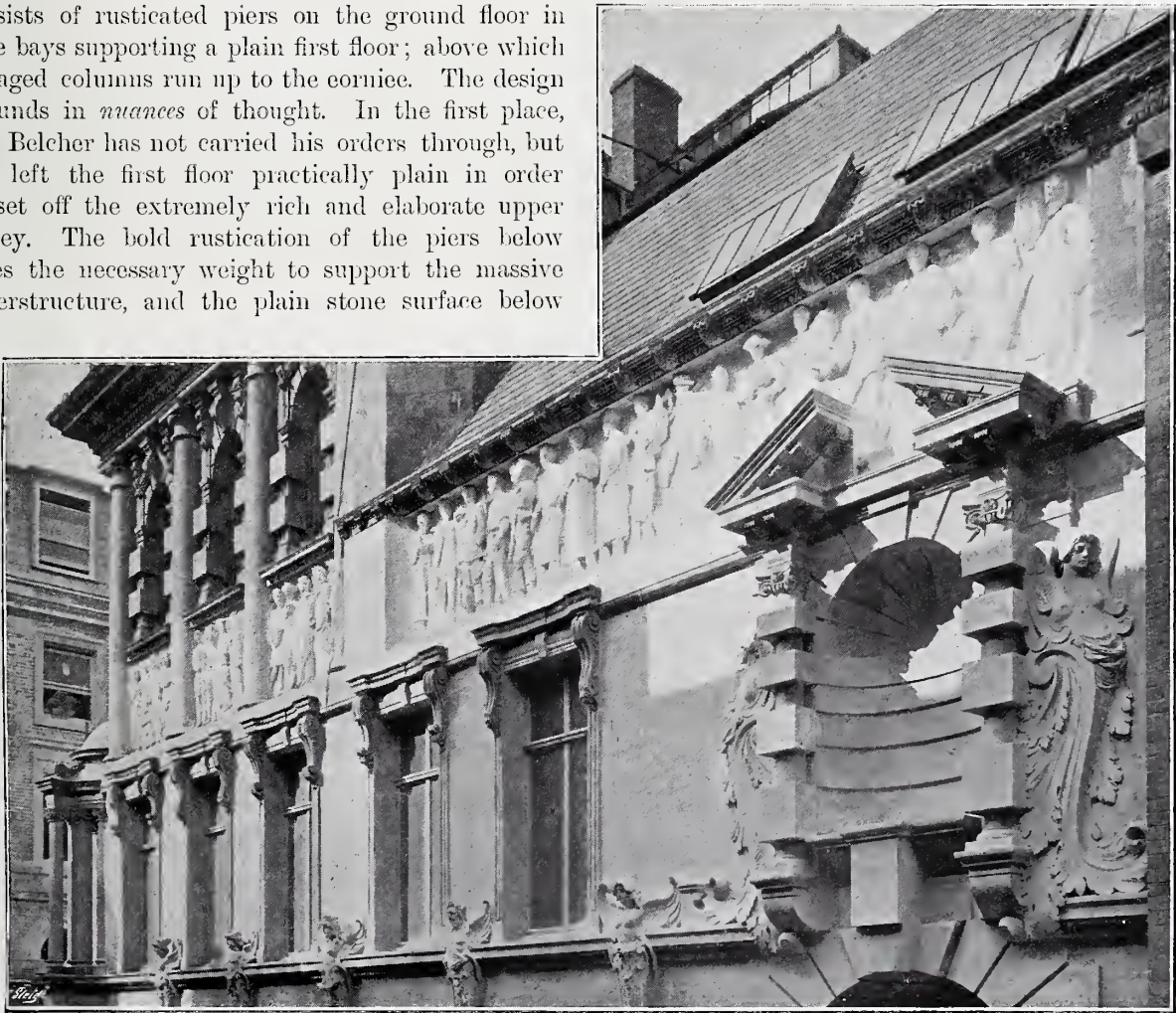
to be found in the building. Again, the entablature to the coupled columns on the staircase does not seem to me a successful combination, and the curious bridge across the library—suggested by some out-of-the-way canal in Venice, but surely irrelevant in a library—is likely to haunt the architectural mind unpleasantly. Then, again, the extremely fine design of the entrance out of Great Swan Alley, a design otherwise full of power and refinement, is partly injured by the unsatisfactory proportions of the columns which support the arch, and by the shape of the arch, which is not a true semicircle but a segment of a circle. One the more regrets these lapses from the tradition of the great architects, in that they are evidently intentional. The range of scholarship and power of design displayed throughout this masterly building show that here, as elsewhere, Mr. Belcher has deliberately ventured on a fresh expression, a new phrase, in architecture; and that the fault, if fault it is, is the result not of inadequacy, but of excess of knowledge and of a

apse in each of the four angles, an ingenious device to which Mr. Belcher had recourse in order to mask the irregularity of the site. The extreme length of the room is 47 feet by 26 feet wide. Coupled columns separate the apse at either end from the central compartment, which is covered by a lantern, with a gallery on columns, suggested by the famous design of the staircase at Ashburnham House. The entablature of the main order is continued round the apse, but stops against the side-walls of the central compartment, the intention being to leave a great space here available for frescoes. These would undoubtedly complete the room, but the effect of the stone columns and plain distemper surfaces of the rest of the room is so satisfactory that it is to be hoped that with this exception no further decoration (in the sense of house-painter decoration) will be attempted. A great corona of brass for the electric light hangs from the centre of the lantern. The designs for this, and for all the furniture of the

building, were made by Mr. Belcher, and show the originality and refinement which stamp the work throughout. The custom of allowing architects to design the fittings and furniture of a building as well as the building itself might well be revived. It was habitual in the eighteenth century with excellent results, and has only disappeared in the last fifty years, before the wholesale manufacture of cheap furniture. It is impossible for an architect to be answerable for the effect of his building, if these things are taken out of his hands, and if his client at once covers his building with discordant colour and crowds it with irrelevant furniture. At the Institute of Chartered Accountants Mr. Belcher has been allowed fair play, and the result is harmonious and happy in a degree quite unusual in modern buildings.

The main staircase, and more particularly the clever design of the upper landing, the examination room, and the library, all deserve description, but the building is so full of interest that I must pass to the outside. The front, to Moorgate Place, consists of rusticated piers on the ground floor in nine bays supporting a plain first floor; above which engaged columns run up to the cornice. The design abounds in *nuances* of thought. In the first place, Mr. Belcher has not carried his orders through, but has left the first floor practically plain in order to set off the extremely rich and elaborate upper storey. The bold rustication of the piers below gives the necessary weight to support the massive superstructure, and the plain stone surface below

the first-floor sills, broken only by Mr. Bates' exquisite terminals above the piers, is simply invaluable to the design as a whole. The equivalent space on the upper floor is filled with a continuous band of sculpture by Mr. Thornycroft, which is carried right round the building, and there is, in fact, no frieze to the building at all; for the great entablature above the upper order consists of an architrave and cornice with the frieze omitted. If this band of sculpture, therefore, is considered as a frieze, it is put in the anomalous position of starting level with the base of the columns, but this unconventional arrangement is amply justified on two grounds—first, that if put in the ordinary position it would have interfered with the lighting of the interior, and secondly, that it would have been, to all intents and purposes, invisible. Even as it is, and in spite of the skilfully calculated relief which Mr. Thornycroft has employed, its effect suffers from the narrowness of the streets which surround the building. Pediments of various design, and



FRIEZE ON GREAT SWAN ALLEY FRONTAGE OF INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

(By *Wm Thornycroft, R.A.*)

rather rococo in feeling, terminate the windows under the entablature. This façade is continued round the side to Great Swan Alley for three bays and ends in an octagonal turret, beyond which the

with figures of the Architect, the Surveyor, the Builder and his men. Mr. Thornycroft has not shrunk from realism in these figures, but it is realism refined and chastened, and his somewhat archaic austerity of manner is exactly adapted for a frieze of this kind. The design of it is eminently architectural, not only in the general conception and arrangement, but in the impressions it leaves of strength and permanence, due to a certain rigidity in the pose of the figures. It is altogether a stately and noble composition. Not less characteristic is Mr. Bates' sculpture, full of playfulness and caprice, yet never wanting in architectural fitness, and carved with a mastery of the chisel such as only Mr. Bates possesses. The great corbel, with the two figures supporting the arch, is the finest work of its kind in this country, and, indeed, it would be hard to find its equal in any other. It is vigorous in the highest degree, yet not violent, free and fanciful and yet entirely architectural in its mass and outline—altogether a masterpiece in design and execution. Mr. Belcher has indeed been happy in the sculptors who have worked with him.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

(Drawn by John Belcher.)

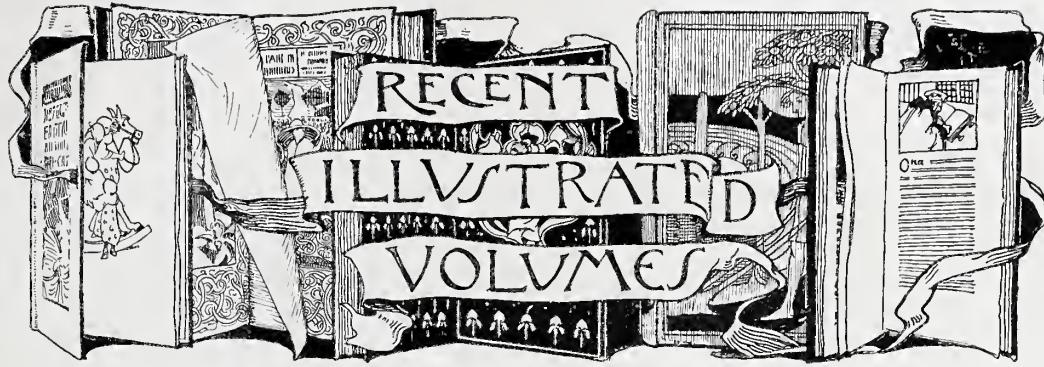
treatment is altered, owing to the exigencies of ancient lights, and the second-floor storey is omitted. The angle of the building is canted, and in the first floor is an oriel supported on a magnificent corbel carved by Mr. Bates, and crowned by an engaged cupola supporting a figure of Justice, by Mr. Thornycroft.

The great sculptured band on the second floor represents the Arts and Sciences, Education, Commerce, and Manufactures, Railways, Shipping, and the Colonies. In each case an allegorical figure occupies the centre, supported on either side by figures with characteristic modern dress. The long frieze in Great Swan Alley represents Building,

It is unnecessary to attempt to trace the genesis of such a building as this. Mr. Belcher is evidently steeped in Italian work of a certain date, and its influence is very marked in most of the detail. But no competent English architect is likely to be insensible to our own great traditions of architecture; and if one is to make the attempt, I would suggest

that Mr. Belcher has had in his consciousness some of Hawksmoor's recondite experiments in planes and masses. But whatever the source of its inspiration, the Institute of Chartered Accountants is a most original and remarkable building, doubly welcome in these days, when good architecture is the rare exception. It is undoubtedly a bold venture in design, but it is a venture of the right sort, guided by knowledge and capacity, and a true artistic insight into the essential qualities of architecture. One would give whole streets full of frippery for a building designed with the courage and sincerity of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.





WHEN the author of "The Life of Christ," as it could be described according to written and traditional records, undertook to produce a text on the same subject, as it has been dealt with in painting and sculpture,\* it is easy to believe that he was not quite aware of the hugeness, comprehensiveness, and prodigious difficulty of the task he put his hand to. Otherwise, it is a sign of his wisdom that, at once and for ever, he refused to enter into fields of technical inquiry outside the range of studies which were directed to and stringently concentrated upon the thoughts which art conveys, and the influence it exercises upon the mind of the student. In words which are entirely those of the Archdeacon himself, "This book has not been written from love of art, deep as my love of art is, but because I wished to illustrate the thoughts about religion, and especially about our Saviour Jesus Christ, of which art has eternised the ever-varying phases." That many of the great painters were, as we all know, men of deep religious feeling who have "often preached mighty sermons" is manifestly a truism; but it does not by any means follow that, as Dr. Farrar goes on to say, they have preached those sermons to "the multitude in an unknown tongue." On the contrary, it is, as it seems to us, not the obscurity of the preaching, but the dulness and lack of sympathy on the part of the audience or spectators, which needed such an interpreter of art and the motives of artists as Dr. Farrar in this book offers himself to become.

Had the accomplished Canon of Westminster stepped forth as the interpreter of the esoteric, not to say mysterious, moods and subtleties of the Italian painters of the middle of the fifteenth century, such as Botticelli, who disguised a sort of semi-Christianity in sensuous emblems and physical types which are paganisms pure and simple, there might have been grounds for an idea that here are things waiting explanation, and even exposition,

\* "The Life of Christ as represented in Art." By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (Adam and Charles Black.)

which are not understood of the multitude. Our author is, however, much too wise to attempt anything of the sort; doubtless, indeed, he knows too well where inquiries—not to say expositions—of that sort might be feared to lead him, leaving his readers out of the question; because, in fact, he could not but know that when the audacity of allegorising led a great sculptor to carve upon the door of a sacristy Pan chasing a naked nymph, and Venus was taken for a type of the Church, things had actually got to such a pass that the less said about them the better. Beyond an occasional reference to the "Song of Solomon" as a source of themes affected by artists of renown, the Archdeacon does not regard that splendid and passionate congeries of oriental types as needing exposition at all. And yet the "Song of Songs" is still as "caviare to the general"—a canticle which gave unparalleled impulses to many an artist, many a poet, and many a mute inglorious dreamer who neither painted a picture, nor wrote a line of verse or prose.

Apart from this, the text, and its numerous and generally excellent illustrations of "The Life of Christ in Art," is exactly such as a conscientious, sympathetic, and accomplished observer of Byzantine, Italian, German, and current English paintings might be expected to compile from his own observations and the recorded opinions of others, such as Messrs. Ruskin, Crowe, Cavalcaselle, Didron, Garrucci, Watkiss Lloyd, Wornum, and Stirling, to say nothing of less competent writers and specialists of high degree, on the manner in which the greater masters have treated Christian themes, incidents in the careers of Our Lord and His associates in the evolution of Christianity. We have noticed nothing in the book calculated to take out of his depth a reader of ordinary culture and pious sympathies, who has the usual knowledge of Holy Writ, and what may be called the popular attainment regarding the history of art and artists.

We read with pleasure, if not with fresh information, a capital digest of the history of Christ as represented by symbols—*e.g.*, the Fish, the Cross in

various forms, and the numerous exceedingly curious and sometimes startling adaptations of pagan types to serve figuratively in reference to the Son. And we could not fail to appreciate the value, in a popular work of this kind, of that capital section in which Archdeacon Farrar pronounces upon the reserve, instinct with reverence and tenderness the most profound, with which the early Christians of

enough emphasise the great, if not radical, difference which existed, as closer modern inquiries and wider comparisons have affirmed of them, between the earlier Romanesque pictures and those of the Byzantines proper. Analyses of the history of the dawn of the Renaissance, by means of N. Pissano, Duccio (of whom it seems the writer makes rather too much), and Cimabue, who owes a great deal



THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS.

(By Holman Hunt. From "The Life of Christ as represented in Art." By Special Permission of the Artist.)

the Catacombs and elsewhere treated Christ, the Son, the Shepherd, the Lamb, the Vine, and the Fish. He is bound to point out that this reserve of theirs had its origin in something much nobler than fear of death, the loss of friends and wealth, or even the abhorrence of idols such as were, so to say, a veritable population among which the first confessors lived and had their being. Passing from this recondite section of his theme, Dr. Farrar discusses, with, of course, absolute disbelief in their verisimilitude, the "pretended and legendary pictures [portraits] of Christ."

Poor Mr. T. F. Heaphy, who passed years in collecting these things and illustrating them, gains little in this very charitable text. Attempted portraits of Christ, due, no doubt, to the inner consciousness and mystical impressions of many would-be artists of "The Life," are passed briefly in review until the Byzantine productions are examined. We think that, while treating this part of his subject, Archdeacon Farrar does not strongly

to Dante's chance acquaintance with his paintings, precede sections treating severally of the leading incidents in the careers of Christ and His Mother, including a clear exposition of the nature of paintings (which had motives of their own) of the enthroned Madonna, in respect to which we looked for more than the Archdeacon has thought fit to utter as to their effect in that manifest Mariolatry which is, perhaps, the most un-Christian (a term here used in its obvious sense) of all the developments of pious belief.

As the progress of a well-ordered text demanded, this book proceeds to treat seriatim of Christ in art as regards the delineation of incidents in His infancy, ministry, consummating sacrifice, death, and after-death. His resurrection is illustrated, and the scenes which attended it are considered, as well as those wonderful representations of the Last Judgment which Oragna, prodigiously indebted as he was to the Gothic sculptors and Michelangelo, produced. Canon Farrar by no



RENIER ANSLOO AND HIS MOTHER.

(From the Painting by Rembrandt. Engraved by A. Class. By Permission of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.)





means over-estimates that stupendous agony of art the great picture in the Sistine Chapel, and his text terminates with an excellent "Conclusion," discussing and aptly pointing out the prodigious difference between the tender and wise Christ of the Catacombs and mosaics, and Buonarrotti's menacing and sombre ideal "grasping ten thousand thunders." With pleasure we observe how completely the Canon avoids a certain unctiousness which troubled many readers of "The Life of Christ," and other works of his. Finally, as regards Archdeacon Farrar's capacity as an art critic (ambition in respect to which he disclaims), let us say that nothing could be better than what he has written about Luini, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Bellini, Fra Angelico, whom he does not over-rate, and Sir John Millais, the painter of the absurdly misunderstood picture of "The Carpenter's Shop."

F. G. S.

THE late Albert Moore was in no sense an ordinary personality. As an artist—though he was never able to add to his name any other letters than R.W.S.—he was a painter of very distinct ideas as to his art and most independent in his way of carrying them out; as a man, he was no less fearless and independent in the expression of his ideas of men and things. His biographer,\* like some other of his friends, is rather severe on the members of the Royal Academy because they never made him a member of their august body. But there is something to be said on the other side. There is a good deal of human nature even in an artist; and whilst there were some members of the Royal Academy who could forget the man in the artist, it is scarcely

\* "Albert Moore: His Life and Works." By Alfred Lys Baldry. (George Bell and Sons.)

to be expected that any large number of members should be found willing to elect as one of themselves a man who constantly spoke of them with



A RIVERSIDE.

(From the Cartoon by Albert Moore. From "Albert Moore: his Life and Works.")

disrespect and even with contempt. They certainly may be excused for feeling that they were not good enough company for one who could, for example, say openly that there was "not one of their number who was capable of designing a brass button."

And Mr. Moore's biographer makes rather too much of the fact that to the last he remained an outsider. For the sake of the large body of men who by no chance whatever can become Academicians, it is a good thing that some men of

recognised ability should remain amongst them. Inasmuch as David Cox and John Linnell, Holman Hunt, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Albert Moore have remained outside the Academy, no outsider need feel that any reproach attaches to him: he is in company of as good men as any who comprise the academic body. It is the Academy that suffers in repute if a really great artist is left unrecognised by election to its body. Mr Baldry rightly resents any suggestion that "the mere decorative" painter is something inferior to one who is not decorative, who paints nature from the simple standpoint of realism, and who seeks to illustrate rather than to beautify; and he is no less right in his statement that the finest art in all ages has been decorative. But in these later days it is possible to treat this fact with scorn, and, indeed, to make it a reason for a refusal to continue to be decorative. We have fallen upon an age when it is common to treat all tradition with scant respect—when, indeed, there is little faith in the past—when every man is a law only to himself. Albert Moore was an exception. Years ago Mr. Sidney Colvin wrote of him as a man holding "a special theoretical conviction—a set doctrine as to what are and what are not the proper aims of the painter;" as one "who has never swerved from his habit, right or wrong, of making

the decorative aspect of his canvas, regarded as an arrangement of beautiful lines and refreshing colours, the one important matter in his work. The subject, whatever subject is chosen, is merely a mechanism for getting beautiful people into beautiful situations, whereas in modern art the aspect of people and their situations, whether beautiful or otherwise, has been generally merely an instrument for expounding the

subject." There is no doubt whatever that the modern passion for realism in the first place, and for technique in the second, has blinded our perceptions of the beautiful to such an extent that there are few men who can recognise a beautiful thing when they see it. The sense of beauty has been practically destroyed by the steady refusal to cultivate it.

This story of the life and work of Mr. Albert Moore is the story of one who devoted himself to the pursuit of beauty before everything. If his biographer is at times too enthusiastic, it may easily be forgiven him, for Mr. Moore was his master; but he has reason for his enthusiasm, and although he takes up now and then a questionable position—as when he seeks to put his master, as a colourist, on a higher pinnacle than the Venetians—all that he has written is of interest to the artist. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book to the art student is the chapter giving an exposition of Albert Moore's working principles, in which is explained most clearly, and in detail, the artist's method of work. The book is very fully and admirably illustrated, and beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press.



(From "Inns of Court and Chancery." Drawn by Herbert Railton.)

Chancery" (Seeley and Co.) to one who loves London is very pleasant reading. Mr. Railton's drawings also are some of his best; his method of work admirably suits old architecture such as "The Corner of Hare Court," or an "Old Doorway in Lamb Court," and when he does not allow the trick of his touch to run away with him, he is able to hold his own with most illustrators of this class of subject.

MR. LOFTIE knows his London well, and always writes of it with unction—especially of the old parts of the town that have a history. His charming new book on "The Inns of Court and

THE  
CHRONICLE  
OF ART.

MARCH.

**The Royal Academy Election.** THE election for an Associate, which took place on Thursday, 24th of January, resulted in a victory for Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN. After the first "scratching" Mr. Lorimer received three votes, Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Cope six each, Mr. Alfred Parsons seven, Mr. S. J. Solomon nine, and Mr. Clausen twenty-three. The final struggle was then between the two who had received the highest number of votes, and the final ballot showed—Mr. Clausen, thirty-eight, and Mr. S. J. Solomon, sixteen. In the preliminary canter four architects—Mr. Belcher, Mr. Colcutt, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. Aston Webb—received a certain measure of support; but neither sculptor, nor "black-and-white man," nor even water-colourist was accorded the slightest notice; nor did certain other excellent and popular painters, such as Mr. Tuke and Mr. J. J. Shannon, receive a single vote. As regards the election of Mr. Clausen, the Academy is to be congratulated. It is true that he has for a few years past forsworn the principles involved in the famous open letter which he signed along with Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Walter Crane nine years ago, being since convinced that the Academic system is far better than that of the Salon, with which he was before enamoured. But it is simply and purely as an artist and as the painter of exquisite canvases of rustic life—true in feeling, admirable in tone, charming in quality as in character, and sincere in handling, in realisation, and in finish—that he has been sought out by the Royal Academy for special honour.

**Scottish Art at the Grafton Galleries.** FROM "Fair Women" to the austerities of the Caledonian painter is a startling change; but the people of the South are much beholden to the directors of the Grafton Galleries

for education as to the too little known portrait-painters of Scotland, and for what has been to many of them a revelation as to the strength, dexterity, and beauty of Sir HENRY RAEBURN'S work. It is mainly of the portraits of this compeer of Reynolds, Romney, and Lawrence that the exhibition is composed—eighty-two in all. They cover his earlier and less cultured works painted prior to his sojourn in Rome, and those nobler, fuller achievements painted after his return. Essentially a

painter of men, whom he always depicted with great vitality, directness, and yet not undramatic dexterity, we would single out the two full-length figures of the stern old chieftain, Sir Alan McNab, head of his clan, and Dr. Nathaniel Spens, President of the Royal Company of Archers in his day, both in picturesque uniforms, posed with great dignity, and showing an instinctive grasp of character which is revealed by the restrained technique of a strong, sure hand. With the belles of Scotland he was perhaps less fortunate; but his pensive and beautiful harmony in grey, "Lady Mackenzie," and "Mary Graeme," a refinement in the same key, could not have been surpassed by any of his English contemporaries. Brilliant in colour also must have been that master-work of his, "Mrs. Scott Moncrieff," now scarcely recognisable in the Scottish National Gallery by reason of the betrayal of the asphaltum employed, but of which



VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN.  
(By Filippino Lippi. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

a president of the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, has made an excellent copy. The best Raeburn, however, in this exhibition is the head of an old man, "Mr. Wardrop of Torban," painted in the style of Rembrandt, by whose canvases it might endure to be hung. The face and head, perfectly modelled and reverently painted, are found deep set in an atmosphere of warm, dark-golden brown.

Native art apparently developed itself in Scotland somewhat earlier than Southern Britain. GEORGE JAMESONE, of Aberdeen, dates from 1586 to 1644. He studied under Rubens at Antwerp, and was fellow-pupil of the great but



PART OF THE DECORATION AT THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Traquair.)

much younger Vandyck, from which incident, not his merits, must spring the nickname of after-time of the Scottish Vandyck. Thirteen of the small heads he painted, all *à fronté*, are in Grafton Street. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton's full-length "Earl of Moray" could not have been by his hand or that of any Scottish painter of his period. D. Scougall and the rarer Hercules Sanders were artists of his day. In England we had William Dobson, 1610—1646; but Hogarth, the "Father" of our school, was not born until 1697. Portraits by Aikman, Geddes, Allan Ramsay, Gavin Hamilton, Herdman, Sir John Watson Gordon, and others bring the thread of the history of Scottish art up to the opening of this century. An addendum is made in favour of many large Ayrshire sea coast landscapes set in gorgeous frames, the work of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, a gentleman who obviously admired the English Richard Wilson and the Scottish Nasmyths, and whom Sir Walter Scott compared to Salvator Rosa. This clerical Apelles married a wealthy lady of proclivities akin to his own; once entertained Turner; and, though his name is not well known south of the Tweed, flourished exceedingly in his own land up till 1840. Cases distributed through the rooms contain the illustrative plate, arms, bric-à-brac, and historical relics usual at such exhibitions.

#### Some Minor Exhibitions.

THE intention of the recent exhibition, held at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, was to show the artist, THOMAS ROWLANDSON, at his best, and in his most versatile moods, under his various qualities as a portraitist, humorist, landscape artist, marine

draughtsman, facile depicter of picturesque architecture, and spirited sporting delineator; as a caricaturist, and as the inventive producer of numerous suites for book illustration. All these changeful aspects, in each of which Rowlandson has proved himself characteristically at his ease, were well illustrated in the exhibition, as the scope of the diversified gathering sufficiently demonstrated. The artist's facile grace and his ready command over the resources of his craft, as applied to the delineation of feminine beauty and charm, may be realised in the delightful drawing entitled "Harmony," the picture of two pretty women portrayed in the Gainsborough manner. In reviewing the numerous pretty faces and graceful figures which Rowlandson has bequeathed in profusion for our delectation, the reflection arises how much that artist's admirers have lost by the wicked wilfulness of those caricaturing proclivities which led him to treat of less harmonious themes. In noting the specialities of the present gathering, the observer may trace distinctly and consistently the rival claims which enlisted Rowlandson's facile pencil and brush. First we view him as a portrait artist of singular promise, fully qualified to bring out the charms of beauty; then, early in this career, we find him led into distinctly different channels. With his friend Henry Wigstead, who wrote the itineraries and descriptions of their journeyings by land and water, we can accompany Rowlandson about England. The earliest of these picturesque tours, which produced a record of sixty-



PART OF THE DECORATION AT THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Traquair.)

seven drawings, shown in the gallery, occupied a brief spell of pleasure and tolerably close work in 1782. The motive of this graphic trip, undertaken under these accidental auspices, was the foundering of the ill-fated

*Royal George* at Spithead; the series of experiences on the road and the incidents at Portsmouth are happily preserved, to be now published as a suite in the substantial form their interest merits. Singular excursions led our artist to North and South Wales, to Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Norfolk, to Oxford and Cambridge, the Brighton Road, Sussex, Hants, the Isle of Wight, Bath and its comforts, and elsewhere; the artist generally associated with his friend Wigstead, himself an amateur draughtsman, who further suggested many of Rowlandson's humorous themes. With Mitchell, the banker, another of "Rowley's" best friends and patrons, the artist accomplished numerous expeditions abroad, producing various spirited versions of continental travels when the world was more quaint and picturesque than is now the case. Henry Angelo and Jack Bannister were fellow-students with Rowlandson, and all "prankish youths" at the Academy Schools; the intimacies thus begun were lifelong. Angelo's lengthy and successful career as the fashionable *maitre d'armes* of his day enabled him to throw a considerable amount of friendly patronage in "Rowley's" way. Beyond the important drawing of "Angelo's Fencing Rooms," shown in the present exhibition, the artist produced several suites illustrative of swordsmanship and military manœuvres, to be published by Angelo

in the way of his profession. The Bannister connection is similarly accountable for Rowlandson's theatrical portraits and subjects. For a more exalted patron, George Prince of Wales, Rowlandson produced numerous sporting suites, the humours of the race-course and the hunting-field, wherein the artist represented the figure of his illustrious patron as a conspicuous performer. Examples of all these subjects, and entire suites, which owed their origin to the friendly patronage described, are to be studied at leisure in the Rowlandson gallery at the Fine Art Society's exhibition.

Black-and-white for its own sake in Indian ink, pen-and-ink, charcoal, or even sepia, much as it is used for reproductions and sketches and studies for pictures, seems to be an art less and less practised every year. Much credit is due to Mr. Mendoza for the resolute way in which he annually gives us an exhibition of works of this sort, though not a few of the vigorous drawings in the King Street Gallery have been executed for the process man and lack subtlety and gradation.

Only the best, many times refined, reaches the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, where the most important of recently-shown works have been two pictures by M. JEAN MARIS, and a noble composition full of rich deep colour and movement, a Devonshire landscape by the late CECIL

LAWSON. One of the Maris drawings is a mere sketch or suggestion, two figures in a scarcely materialised grey of an exquisite tenderness on a black ground. It was the painter's marriage gift to the proprietor, Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh.

OTAMARA, a great Japanese artist who died at the beginning of the century, has, despite his native fame, been up till now little more than a name to Englishmen, except such as had the fortune to possess specimens of his art. An exhibition of some hundred odd prints from his press, at the Goupil Galleries, Regent Street, has been peculiarly interesting, not only because of their beauty of line and composition, the refined charm of their very simple system of tint, and the efficient movement of the figures, but because Otamara deals with an unusual subject with Japanese artists—women in their homes working, netting, washing, playing, suckling their babes, and tiring their hair.

Among the Fine Art Society's recent exhibitions was a collection of water-colour drawings of our Public Schools. Mr. HENRY WIMBUSH dealt with Winchester, Harrow, Eton, Rugby, Haileybury, and Marlborough. Mr. PERCY ROBERTSON'S drawings of Charterhouse School and the Wey Valley are more successful than Mr. Wimbush's in that they are less stiff. Mr. Robertson, in a view of Charterhouse, with the mists of evening climbing the hill



THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

(By Andreas Cordelle Agii. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

on which it stands, and in a drawing of a delightful old Surrey garden, entitled "What lovelier home could gentle fancy choose?" gives us pretty little poems in colour.

At the St. George's Gallery, Grafton Street, there has been an interesting exhibition of works by four Scotch artists, Messrs. T. AUSTEN BROWN, A.R.S.A., J. COUTTS MICHIE, A.R.S.A., R. B. NISBET, A.R.S.A., and R. NOBLE, A.R.S.A. Mr. Brown's figure subjects are frankly impressionistic, and not always successful, the best being a charming little bit of colour, called "Bait Gatherers." Mr. Noble's landscapes are good when he avoids the impressionistic style, the most successful being "Sunset in East Lothian." Mr. Nisbet's water-colours are good; and Mr. J. Coutts Michie's landscapes, as a whole, are pleasing.

The works of the late ANTON MAUVE, the Dutch painter of sheep and an artist of European reputation, are less known in England than they should be; and the proprietors of the Goupil Galleries did the public good service by the exhibition of some thirty of his maturer canvases. Mauve was at first a pupil of Van Os, a cattle-painter of the old Dutch school; and though there were no such works in Regent Street, many examples of Cuyp-like landscapes and bright-red cattle from his brush exist, and a big canvas, "Hauling the Boat, Scheveningen," showed

the painter in the transition period and affected by Troyon. Later he became a lover of rather sad pastoral subjects, and a master of silvery grey and green harmonies.

Professor HERKOMER, R.A., has lent a collection of his works for exhibition in the Ruskin School at Oxford, for the benefit of the funds of the Radcliffe Infirmary. The three most interesting of the works on view, inasmuch as



M. ALEXANDER SOCHACZEWSKI.  
(By Himself.)

they have never been exhibited in this country, are a portrait of the eminent South African statesman, the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, only recently completed; and a large picture—measuring 24 feet in each dimension—representing the Burge-meister of Landsberg addressing the members of the town council. This canvas was painted for presentation to Landsberg, Professor Herkomer's native town in Bavaria. The other work is a portrait of the gentleman associated so closely with the development of Matabeleland, Dr. Jameson.

#### Church Decoration.

WE reproduce on p. 196 two portions of the scheme of decoration now being carried out at the Catholic Apostolic Church, Edinburgh. It is the work of Mrs. TRAQUAIR, the wife of Dr. Traquair, Curator of the Natural History Section of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, who has already received notice in these pages for her work in connection with the Song School of the Cathedral Church of St. Mary. This her latest work is illustrative of the worship of heaven, as accepted from the books of Ezekiel and the Revelation of St. John. The pictures entirely cover the prominent spaces between the opening of the arch and the nave walls, and between the crown of the arch and the semicircular roof. The area thus treated represents a canvas about 120 feet in length by nine feet in breadth. The method of executing this piece of decoration had been practised at the Song School with success. The walls were prepared by ordinary artisans with several coatings of white paint. Oil colours have been used, but the artist has worked with them as if they had been water-colour washes. The high lights are simply exposed parts of the white wall; and as the other colours, unmixed, have been put upon white only, and not upon each other, a desirable brilliancy of effect has been secured. The decoration commences above the arched openings of the chancel aisles, and is carried up each side of the great arch in a series of three panels, graduated in size and distinct in architectural character. In the lowest of the three are represented the four adoring "Beasts" or "Living Creatures" mentioned in the Revelation. In the panel

above are winged youths of noble mien representing the four great Cherubim, who play an important part in the symbolical worship of this particular sect. These figures are painted against a deep blue sky, broken up by narrow bands of white clouds, and illumined by a rainbow, the arch of which has the tabernacle for centre. In the panel above are choirs of worshipping angels, some with golden trumpets; carried from wall to wall, at the height of the crown of the arch, is a representation of the four-and-twenty elders of the Revelation, seated on canopied thrones, and wearing ecclesiastical vestments; while in the lunette below the roof are groups of figures typical of that throng of the redeemed who ever more sing the heavenly song. For the sake of effect, all the golden trumpets, aureoles, and ledges in the upper spaces are considerably raised above the surface of the wall, in some cases as much as six inches of relief being given, and they are also bevelled on the lower side in order to catch the light, which is admitted only by the clerestory windows. Mrs. Traquair is now engaged in the decoration of one of the side chapels in the chancel.

**Reviews.** THE papers which Mr. C. J. CORNISH has collected under the title "*Life at the Zoo: Notes and Traditions of the Regent's Park Gardens*" (London: Seeley and Co., Limited), form an acceptable contribution to popular Natural History. The author is at his best in observation and experiment, notable examples of which will be found in the papers "Tame Divers," and the series "Orpheus at the Zoo." There are thirteen illustrations from photographs by Mr. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S. Of these, by far the best is "The Martial Hawk Eagle," which forms the frontispiece. Mr. Cornish need not apologise for the Japanese drawings; they justify their insertion. The last is distinctly interesting to naturalists and artists.

We have received a copy of "*Modern Art and Litera-*

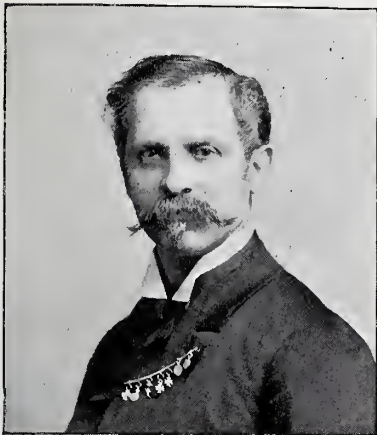


ROWLANDSON AND TWO OF HIS FAIR SITTERS.

(From a Drawing by Rowlandson.)

ture," an English edition of the German publication devoted to Herr BONG's work, and to the demonstration of how colour-printing by wood-blocks may be carried to a further point than has hitherto been done. Some of these

pages are very successful as far as they go, but where the blocks are good the excellence of the engraving is naturally quite concealed by the colour. The text does not seem to reach a point where criticism can be applied.



THE CHEVALIER DE MARTINO.

(Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen.  
From a Photograph by Van der Weyde.)

We welcome once more "*The Year's Art*," and can add no more to the praise we have bestowed upon it in past years. In one respect, however, we must find serious fault. This is in the "Directory of Artists," which contains so many errors as to make it a trap to those who use it frequently. It requires thorough overhauling on the system adopted by other directories in order to save it from

being out of date, and to bring it into line with the other well-edited sections of the book.

**Miscellanea.** WE understand that Professor W. M. CONWAY is a candidate for the Slade Professorship of Cambridge, in succession to Professor Middleton. Mr. Conway's talents fit him peculiarly for such a post.

The long and successful services of Mr. GEORGE SCHARF to the National Portrait Gallery have been fittingly recognised by the bestowal upon him of a Knight Commandership of the Bath.

A life-size bronze statue of King Lear has been offered to the town of Dover through Lord Dufferin. The offer is a magnanimous one, and is so to be entertained; but all the same it is necessary that the work be examined by a competent expert before acceptance.

We learn that a society, to be called "The Anonymists" (!), is being formed, in order that in reviewing its exhibitions the critics and the public may not be swayed by names in judging of the works. How long, we wonder, will the successful artists succeed in maintaining their anonymity—or care to?

A monument has recently been unveiled in the Père Lachaise Cemetery to the memory of BARBEDIENNE, the great bronze-founder, who accomplished so much towards the perfecting of the art of casting, and the popularising of fine sculpture. The bronze bust which surmounts the granite column is the work of CHAPU, and the rest of the monument is by BOUCHER.

The committee of the Municipal School of Art at Manchester has decided to establish and affiliate to the schools a museum of industrial art. This is admirable; but the wonder is, how the matter has been allowed to lay so long in abeyance. It is to be hoped that the new building will be erected alongside the schools, in accordance with the experience of other towns as to the advisableness of the arrangement.

The Preston municipality has advertised for an art director and curator for their museum, whose qualifications, according to the "Terms" set out, are to be much nearer those of a carpenter and joiner than art-expert or archæologist. It is impossible not to insist upon the impolitic character of such appointments, the utility of which must

be discounted wholly or in part by such ill-advised and misplaced economy.

We reproduce two pictures which were purchased from the Eastlake collection for the National Gallery. "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by ANDREAS CORDELLE AGH, hangs in Room 7 (No. 1,409), and "The Virgin and Child and the Infant St. John," by FILLIPPINO LIPPI, in Room 3 (No. 1,412). Besides these works there have been hung "A View at Southampton," by H. LANCASTER (No. 1,428); "The Dead Christ," by HANS BALDUNG (No. 1,427); "Interior of the Rotunda at Ranelagh," by CANALE (No. 1,429); and "The Baptism of Christ," by PERUGINO (No. 1,431).

M. ALEXANDER SOCHACZEWSKI, the Polish artist who, after being condemned to death for "political offence," and who, having had his sentence commuted to penal servitude for life in Siberia, was liberated after twenty-two years, of which five were passed in the mines, has during the subsequent ten years been painting a vast picture illustrative of the leave-taking of prisoners who are permitted to say farewell to their relatives and their country before crossing the frontier into Siberia; and that picture he has brought over here for exhibition. We shall have more to say on this subject in the near future.

A technical school has recently been instituted at Paisley. The funds have been found principally from the interest on a sum of £153,926, left some years ago to the town by Peter Brough, a successful tradesman. The money handed over by the trustees of this fortune was £11,000, which has been augmented by a donation of £3,000 from Messrs. J. and P. Coats, who have done so much before for the town. The site for the college has also been presented by this firm. The directors of the School of Design have also contributed £3,000; so that with such a good financial start, and so enterprising a body of governors, which is representative of the ablest men of Paisley, the school should be a success from all points of view.

There has recently been unveiled in Milan a monument to commemorate the celebrated "Five Days" in the history of the city, when the Austrians were driven out in 1848. The competition, held fifteen years ago, resulted in the work being given to a young sculptor named GRANDI. For twelve years he was engaged upon it, all that time refusing to allow anyone to see it; and not until the completed monument was unveiled on the spot selected for its erection, near



THE BARBEDIENNE MONUMENT.

(By Boucher and Chapu.)

the Porta Romana, was his conception looked upon. A week before this ceremony, however, the sculptor died, and it was decreed that his body should be borne past his life's triumph immediately after the unveiling. This tragic incident was enacted just as the spectators were expressing their admiration of the work. Our reproduction shows a portion of the group round the base of the needle. It consists of five figures and a lion, and is a most vigorous piece of work. The monument is composed of bronze and granite.

**Obituary.** THE well-known French artist, ALEXANDRE BIDA, has recently died, at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was born at Toulouse in 1813, and studied under Delacroix. He spent thirty years in the East, and there found the material for his best work. His principal pictures are "Return of Pilgrims from Mecca," "Arab Recruits," "The Field of Boaz at Bethlehem," and "Solomon's Wall." But Bida will be remembered more as an illustrator. Among the works he so treated are an edition of "The Gospels," "The Book of Ruth," Alfred de Musset's works, and Shakespeare's works. In 1848 he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and in 1870 an Officer of the Order.

A short time ago a lottery was organised for the benefit of JEAN TURCAN, the eminent French sculptor, but before the proceeds were finally announced, the artist had died. For two years he had suffered from paralysis, and had fallen into the utmost depths of poverty. Turcan was born in 1848 at Arles, and early in life gained a scholarship at Marseilles; he then went to Paris, entering the studio of Cavalier. In 1878 his "Ganymede" was awarded a second-class medal. The work which gained him the greatest attention was "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique," which he first exhibited in clay. He afterwards proceeded with what was practically a new



THE LATE ALEXANDRE BIDA.  
(From a Study Photographed by Braun,  
Clément et Cie.)

rendering direct in the marble, producing a work of marvellous power, which is now at the Luxembourg. In 1888 he gained the Medal of Honour, and at the exhibition of

the following year, the Grand Prix for Sculpture. His last work, upon which he was engaged when seized with that illness which at length proved fatal, was "Mobiles des Bouehes du-Rhone." The proceeds of the lottery—about £1,000—will be given to his widow and two children.

Mr. JAMES HAMILTON, A.R.S.A., has died suddenly at Edinburgh at the age of forty-one. He had achieved a reputation in Scotland as a painter of subjects from Scotch history. He was born at Kilsyth in 1853, and at twenty-one years of age entered the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, and from 1875 exhibited regularly at that institution. His best works, perhaps, were "Refugees from Glencoe" (1884), and a subject from the "Legend of Montrose" (1893).

Mr. EDWARD SANGUINETTI, the animal painter, has recently died. His best known work is a painting of Rotten Row, which attained considerable popularity when published in plate form. His early life was an exciting one, being spent among the Arabs, among whom he lived as one of themselves.

M. GUILLAUME-ROMAIN FOUAGE has recently died at the age of fifty-seven. He was a pupil of Yvon, and commenced his career as a portrait-painter, but afterwards became known as a painter of still-life. He was also a sculptor of no mean ability, gaining an honourable mention in 1890 for his work, "The

Last Sleep." His picture, "Ma Pêche," exhibited in the same year, was acquired for the Luxembourg.

The death has also occurred of M. DE GREEF, the Belgian landscape-painter, as well as of the well-known German writer upon art, Dr. MORITZ CARRIERE, at the age of seventy-eight. The latter was Professor of Æsthetics and Philosophy at the University of Munich.

**For Review.** "*Volgens and his Times*," by J. T. SMITH, edited by EDMUND GOSSE (Richard Bentley and Son, London). "*James Holmes and John Farley*," by A. T. STORY (Bentley and Son, London); "*Ancient Rome and its Neighbourhood*," by ROBERT BURN, M.A. (G. Bell and Sons, London); "*Finland in the Nineteenth Century*," by Finnish Authors (E. Stanford, London).



THE MONUMENT OF "THE FIVE DAYS,"  
AT MILAN.

(By Grandi. From a Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.)



THE LATE JEAN TURCAN.  
(From a Photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.)



# OUR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS

## SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

THESE can be no doubt about the fact that the *Punch* cartoons of Sir John Tenniel have for nearly two generations been an important weekly factor in English social life. They have appealed to all that is best in us in relation to the political and social questions of the day, and if they have not, in the opinion of some, been always in the right, they have erred on the side of generosity and sympathy, and in defence of those principles which *Punch* imagined to be the noblest and the best. It has from the first been *Punch's* strength that no one has ever doubted his earnestness and sincerity; and in his cartoons, which have nearly always represented the prevailing feeling of the nation, they have found the situation hit off with felicitous point, or the future foretold with the warning voice of a jovial seer. For that reason have they retained a perennial interest for the people, who have found in them a happy combination of history, satire, and art. It is not now\* for the first time that a splendid collection of Sir John Tenniel's cartoons have been reissued carefully selected from the mass of his most interesting and telling pictures; but that the edition of these two volumes was bought up before publication testifies to the merits of Sir John's creations and to their sustained hold on the public mind.

\* "Cartoons from *Punch*, 1871-1892." By Sir John Tenniel. In two volumes. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)

*Punch* was nine years old in 1850 and was at the height of its fame and influence, with Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, Horace Mayhew, and Tom Taylor on its literary staff, and John Leech, William Newman, William MacConnell (a new-comer), and Richard Doyle as its artists. Suddenly Doyle resigned, thus dealing the paper a staggering blow; and John Tenniel was invited by

Mark Lemon, at the urgent suggestion of Douglas Jerrold, to fill the place so abruptly vacated. *Punch*, indeed, had been left by Doyle without its almanack blocks; it found itself, moreover, without a second cartoonist, and, what was quite as important at the moment, without an artist of distinctly decorative ability, who would provide the fanciful initial letters and title-pages which have always been a feature in *Punch*. The circumstances of his joining the paper Sir John once recounted to me in conversation, with all that simplicity of manner and the true modesty that are characteristic of him:—

"I never learned to draw, except in so far as attending a school and being allowed

to teach myself. I attended the Royal Academy Schools after becoming a probationer, but soon left in utter disgust of there being no teaching. I had a great idea of High Art; in fact, in 1845, I sent in a 16-foot-high cartoon for Westminster Palace. In the Upper Waiting Hall, or 'Hall of Poets,' of the House of Lords I made a fresco, but my subject was changed after my work had been decided on and



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

(Drawn by Himself.)

worked out. At Christmas, 1850, I was invited by Mark Lemon to fill the place suddenly left by Doyle, who, with very good reason for himself—that of objection to the so-called ‘Papal Aggression’ campaign—suddenly severed his connection with *Punch*. Doyle had left them in great straits—with the pocket-book and almanack to come out—and I was applied to by Lemon, on the initiative of Jerrold, to fill the breach. This was on the strength of my illustrations to ‘Æsop’s Fables,’ which had recently been published by Murray. I did the title and half-title to the nineteenth volume, as well as the first page border to the almanack, together with a few initials and odds and ends for the end of that volume, and the first illustration to the next; but only the half-title, title, and tailpiece were signed. My first cartoon was that facing p. 44 in the twentieth volume, and, only signing occasionally for the first month or two, I went on from time to time doing cartoons.

“As for political opinions, I have none; at least, if I have my own little politics I keep them to myself, and profess only those of my paper. If I have infused any dignity into cartoon designing, it comes from no particular effort on my part, but solely from the high feeling I have for art. In any case, if I am a ‘cartoonist’—the accepted term—I am not a ‘caricaturist’ in any sense of the word. My drawings are sometimes grotesque, but that is from a sense of fun and humour. Some people declare that I am no humourist, that I have no sense of fun at all; they deny me everything but severity, ‘classicality,’ and dignity. Now, I believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny.

“I have now been working regularly at the weekly cartoons for *Punch* for close on thirty years (from 1862\*), missing only two or three times from illness. In all that time I have hardly left London for more than a week; yet I enjoy wonderful health, perhaps on account of regular riding. As to my work, I never use models or nature for the figure, drapery, or anything else. But I have a wonderful memory: a memory of *observation*—not for dates, for instance (for the only date I re-

\* This conversation took place in April, 1889.

member is that of the Great Fire)—but anything I see I remember. Well, I get my subject on Wednesday night; I think it out carefully on Thursday, and make my rough sketch. On Friday morning I begin, and I stick to it all day, with my nose well down on the block.



ROUGH PENCIL SKETCH FOR “ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE,” FOR “PUNCH’S” POCKET-BOOK.

By means of tracing paper—on which I make such alterations of composition and action I may consider necessary—I transfer my design to the wood and draw on that. The first sketch I may, and often do, complete later on as a commission; indeed, at the present time I have a huge undertaking on hand in which I take great delight—the finishing of scores of my sketches, of which I have many hundreds. They are for a friend, an ‘enthusiastic admirer,’ if you won’t mind my expressing it so. Well, the block being finished, it is handed over to Swain’s boy at about 6.30 to 7 o’clock, who has been waiting for it for an hour or so, and at 7.30 it is put in hand for engraving. That is completed

on the following night, and on Monday night I receive by post the copy of next Wednesday’s paper. Although case-hardened in a sense, I never have the courage to open the packet. I always leave it to my sister, who opens it and hands it across to me, when I just take a glance at it and receive my weekly pang. They are not so well engraved now—so different to what they were in 1870, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war; but with Furniss and Sambourne both doing political work, it is hardly surprising if it should have to be somewhat scamped. My work would be difficult to photograph on to the wood, as it is all drawn in pencil; the only pen-and-ink work I have done so far being for the almanack and pocket-book.\*

“As I never use a model I never draw from life, but always from a photograph, though not in quite the same spirit as Sambourne does. I get a photograph only of the man whom I want to draw, and seek to get his character. Then, if the photograph is in profile, I have to ‘fudge’ the full face and *vice versa*; but if I only succeed in getting the character

\* Since 1892 Sir John Tenniel and *Punch* have moved with the times. He now draws his cartoons upon the Chinese-whitened surface of cardboard, and they are then photographed on the block and engraved in the usual way.

I seldom go far wrong—a due appreciation being an almost infallible guide. I had the opportunity of studying Mr. Gladstone's face carefully when he did me the honour of inviting me to dinner at Downing Street, and I have met him since; but I fancy, after my 'Mrs. Gummidge' cartoon (see p. 205), and 'Janus,' I don't deserve to be honoured again! His face has much more character and is much stronger than Mr. Bright's. Mr. Bright had fine eyes and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as an earnest expression; but a weak nose—artistically speaking, no nose at all—still, a very intellectual face indeed."

Thus, it was not only Nature, but the Pope, who marked out Tenniel for the position of *Punch's* Cartoonist—the greatest "Cartoonist" the world has ever produced. Had the Pope not "aggressed" by appointing archbishops and bishops to English Sees, and so raised the scare of which Lord John Russell

to him. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was "High Art," and his severe drawing above "fooling." "Do they suppose," he asked a friend, "that there is anything funny about *me*?" He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognised as a humourist. Little did he know in the moment of hesitancy before he accepted the offer that he was struggling against a kindly destiny.

"How well I remember," we read in "Annie Gilchrist" (pp. 20-21), "Tenniel bringing a portfolio of his son's designs for the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and showing them with great pride to Miss Cahusac [the mistress of the school]. The illustrations were by the student who has since become the political cartoonist for *Punch*. Tenniel said that his son's drawings had won a prize at the Society of Arts." John Tenniel was only sixteen years old when his first oil picture was exhibited at the Suffolk Street



"WILL IT BURST?"

CAPTAIN OF GUN. "Ram 'em all down, my lads! she'll stand it safe enough!"

(From the Rough Sketch for the "*Punch*" Cartoon.)

and Mr. Punch really seem to have been the chief leaders and the principal victims, Doyle would not have resigned, and no opening would have been made for Tenniel. Sir John, indeed, was by no means enamoured of the prospect of being a *Punch* artist when Mark Lemon first made his overtures

Galleries, and he soon became recognised, not only as a painter, but as a book and magazine illustrator of unusual skill. But he and Keene had already proclaimed themselves the humourists they were by the production of the "Book of Beauty," to which much public attention was drawn when the sketches



THE POLITICAL PAS DE DEUX.

(From the finished Pencil Drawing for the "Punch" Cartoon in the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

contained in it were exhibited and sold. Tenniel and Keene had been fellow-attendants at the life-class, and in the year 1844 were both intimate visitors at the house of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. After dinner, when the lamp was brought in, the two young artists would amuse themselves, and their host as well, by making drawings in coloured chalks. Mr. Barrett, it may be said, was a thin man, signing himself "5-12ths," in recognition of the noble proportions of Mrs. Barrett, who was unquestionably his "better half." Keene chose the "Signs of the Zodiac," to begin with, as the subject of his admirable burlesques; Tenniel having already selected quotations from Shakespeare, history, poetry, and so forth, the humour which he infused into them being equal to anything he afterwards produced in *Punch*. But it may interest the present owners of these highly-priec'd productions to know that those who produced them thought very little of them as art, while Sir John expressed

the greatest surprise that in their rubbed condition they should attract any notice whatever. As early proofs, however, of the comic faculty of two of *Punch's* giants, they were interesting and valuable designs; while so far as Sir John's work was concerned, they were the forerunners of the extremely humorous illustrations of Shakesperian quotations with which he advanced his reputation and his position on the paper.

No sooner had the severe young classicist determined to accept the position offered him in *Punch's* band, than Mr. Swain was requested to wait upon him in Newman Street and instruct him in the art of drawing upon wood, just as he had endeavoured to instruct the shy, unteachable Richard Doyle. But it was only the woodblock that was likely to present any difficulties to the accomplished young draughtsman. He was a ready and appreciative pupil. He soon recognised the delights of a smooth-faced block, and at once began—and ever continued—to demand a degree of smoothness that was the despair of Swain to procure. Tenniel, indeed, always drew with a specially manufactured six-H pencil (which appears more impressive with its proper style of "H H H H H H"),

and so light was the drawing that it looked as if you could blow it off the wood. The result is that Swain has always *interpreted* Sir John Tenniel's work, not simply faesimilied it, aiming rather at producing what the artist intended or desired to have, than what he actually provided in his exquisite grey drawings. So Swain would thicken his lines while retaining their character, just as he would reduce Mr. Sambourne's, particularly in the flesh parts, and otherwise bring the resources of the engraver's art to bear upon the work of the masters of the pencil. Doubtless the artists might deplore the "spoiling" of their lines; but pencil greys are not to be reproduced in printer's ink; they must inevitably be "rendered." And though as artists draughtsmen may groan under the transitional process, they realise that in submitting their work to the woodcutter's craft, they must take its drawbacks along with its advantages.

The first drawing by Tenniel in the bound

volume is, as he says, the frontispiece to the second half-yearly volume for 1850; but his actual first contribution is the initial on p. 224 of that volume. Perhaps the most notable thing about it is the extraordinary resemblance between the artist's work at the beginning and end of his career. Of course it is much "tighter;" it is much younger. But the hand and method are strangely unchanged. It is beautiful in its exquisite precision and its refinement, and altogether superior in its character than its creator, in a spirit of severe self-criticism, chooses to believe. "My first cartoon," he wrote to me, "was 'Lord Jack the Giant-Killer,' and awfully bad it is; in fact, all my work, at that particular time, *now* seems to me about as bad as bad could be, and fills me with wonder and amazement!!" This cartoon, continuing the Papal campaign so hateful to Doyle, by showing Lord John Russell with his sword of truth and liberty attacking the crozier-armed Cardinal Wiseman, was greatly inferior to the smaller contributions. But his improvement was rapid. Tenniel's first "half-page social"—*i.e.*, illustration with a legend, or what is familiarly termed "cackle," underneath—was on page 218 of the same volume, while in 1852 we have his first superb lion and his first obituary cartoon. Gradually he took over the political "big cut," which Leech, so far as he was concerned, was happy to place in his hands; and during the long years that they worked together the two men were admirable foils to one another. Leech sketched and Tenniel drew; Leech, for the most part, gave us farce and drama, and Tenniel high comedy and tragedy; and the freedom of the one heightened the severer beauties of the other. And when Leech died, his friend continued the labour alone; and except in 1864, 1868, and 1875-6-7-8 (in which last-named year he went with Mr. Silver to Venice—his first holiday from *Punch*), when during illness or absence, Charles Keene contributed thirteen cartoons,\* and again in 1884 and

\* When in 1866 Keene contributed three cartoons, Sir John Tenniel's appeared side by side. This was the result of a revived experiment to add to the attractions of the paper by giving two cartoons—an experiment resumed in later years.

1894 (when Mr. Sambourne on two occasions took over the duty), he has never from that day to this present time of writing missed a single week. Nearly two thousand cartoons, initials innumerable, "socials," double-page cartoons for the almanack and other special numbers, and two hundred and fifty designs for the pocket-books—such is the record of the great cartoonist's career, whose only change has been in the direction of freedom of pencil and breadth of artistic view.

Of this work little need be said here, for in its main bearings it is presumably familiar to the reader who has had the advantage of examining it week by week for forty years past. But acknowledgment must at least be made how, with all his sense of fun and humour, Sir John Tenniel has dignified the political cartoon into a classic composition, and has raised the art of politico-humorous draughtsmanship from the relative position of the lampoon to that of polished satire—swaying parties



THE POLITICAL MRS. GUMMIDGE.

(From the finished Pencil Drawing for the "Punch" Cartoon. By Permission of Gilbert E. Samuel, Esq.)

and peoples, too, and challenging comparison with the higher (at times it might almost be said, the highest) efforts of literature in that direction. The beauty and statuesque qualities of his allegorical figures, the magnificent dignity of his beasts, and the earnestness and directness of his designs, apart from the exquisite simplicity of his work at its best, are things previously unknown in the art of which he is the most accomplished master, standing alone and head and shoulders above any of his followers and imitators. The Teutonic character and the academic quality of his work, modified by the influence of Flaxman and the Greeks, are no blemishes: one does not even feel, what is nevertheless the fact, that he draws entirely from memory. Indeed, the things are completely satisfying as the work of a true artist, and—a quality almost as grateful and charming as it was previously rare—of a gentleman.

Yet this practice of drawing from memory has its drawbacks for the lover of actuality, for the things remembered are apt to grow old-fashioned. The Flying Dutchman had been running for years when Sir John's locomotive still had the odour of Puffing Billy about it. The hot potato can had developed into an elaborate engine of civilisation while Tenniel was still representing it as archaic apparatus that was wont to be "moved on" by policemen in top-hats; and the artisan's square paper-cap, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, might be more often seen in his cartoons than out of them. Then the lack of that accurate study of actuality which is the characteristic of Mr. Sambourne has often raised the howl of the specialist. When, in an excellently drawn cartoon full of point (November, 1893) entitled "A Bicycle Made for Two," Sir John grafted the features of a modern roadster on to the type of 1860, the cycling world fluttered in a manner that must have been very encouraging to the artist. His machine, they said, was the most wonderful ever placed upon the market. Mr. H. H. Fowler was represented working with his heels on pedals shaped like a Mexican gaucho's stirrup, and sitting on a half-inch tube without a saddle. Nor had the lady, riding behind instead of in front, better accommodation, for she was in

suspension over a frame that lacked a back-stay and above a wheel that buckles under her weight, while the handles turn up instead of down, and their bars were so slender that they must inevitably break. The gear-case, we were told, was on



ROUGH SKETCH FOR "THOR," FOR  
"PUNCH'S" POCKET-BOOK.

one side of the frame, and the chain on the other, and the frame itself was a marvel of ingenuity misapplied. Thus did the cyclists comment in many newspapers, taking the matter *au grand sérieux*, with quite unusual regard for historic and mechanical accuracy. Similarly, in January of the same year, the "Forlorn Maiden" of Trade was shown lying across the railway lines, while an engine is bearing down upon her. But there are five rails in sight, all at equal distances apart, though the true railway gauge is four foot eight and a half inches; and the locomotive is running on the six-foot way. The maiden, it was complained, stretches across it, spanning it from waist to ankles, not

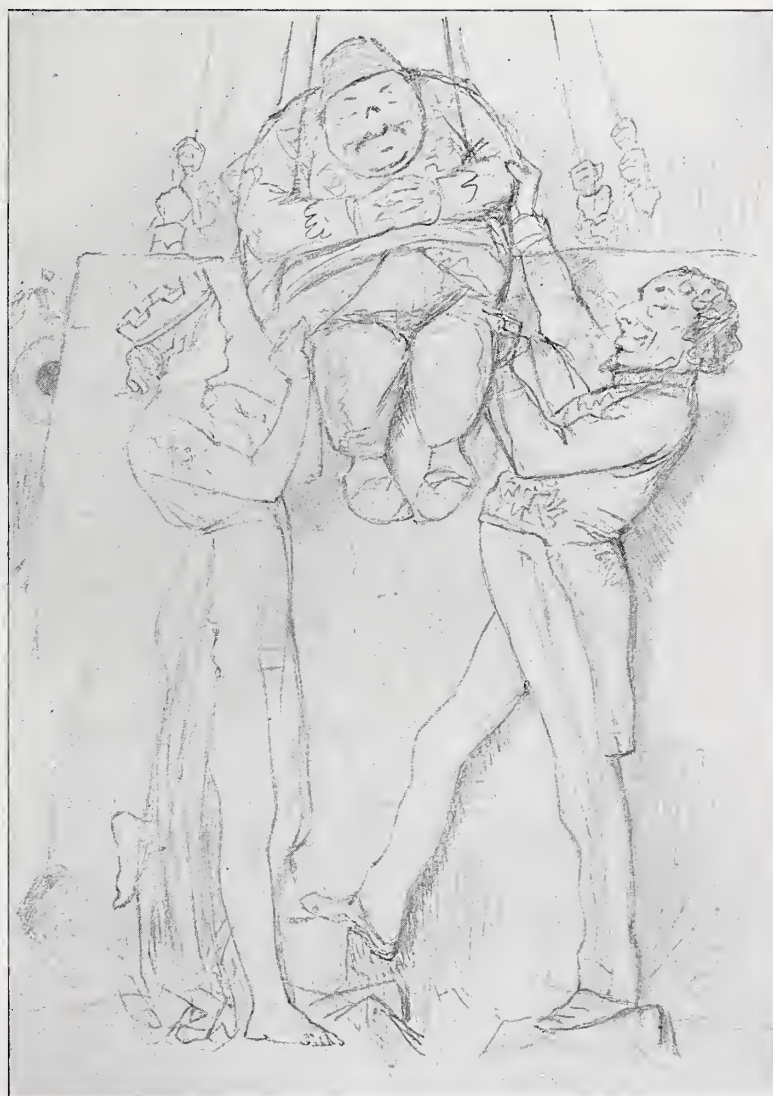
counting a bend at the knees, so that at the lowest estimate she is ten feet high. This violated the public conscience even more than the fact that the engine has chosen to rush along the inside line of the two sets of rails; but they recognised that never before had the maxim *Ars longa* been more triumphantly vindicated than in the maiden's figure. But what of it all? Is it not a striking commentary on the English taste and character, that while an inaccuracy of a mechanical description raises the protests of thousands, a score of artistic blunders might pass unnoticed and unchallenged?

And so Tenniel worked his way upwards. The fact that in a fencing bout he had partially lost his sight, through the button of his father's foil dropping off before he received the point in his eye, was to him no deterrent. He regarded it merely as an annoying, yet not a very important incident. Being satisfied that the Almighty had given us two eyes merely as a measure of prudence, to provide against such vexatious little accidents as he had experienced, he went on working as if nothing had happened. "It's a curious thing, is it not," he said one day to the writer, "that two of the principal men on *Punch*, du Maurier and I, have only two eyes between them?" Yet, it only made him the more careful. Free from mannerism,

he never allowed carefulness to interfere with fun, and his cartoon of Britannia discovering the source of the Nile, and of Lord Beaconsfield as a Peri entering the Paradise of premiership, are among the memorably funny things of *Punch*. His elevation to premier position on the paper has thus been gradual and certain—not of his own assumption, however, but the tribute of his colleagues, who have always regarded him, not only as *Punch's* great artist, but as the link incarnate of the tradition of its present with its past. So he is the favourite of the band, to whom he is the beloved “Jaekidēs” of Shirley Brooks’s christening. It was Mark Lemon who, at the dinner-table, first applied to him the burlesque line—“No longer Jack, henceforth Jackidēs call;” but it was Brooks who confirmed the practice of according to him the *sobriquet* which *Punch* (p. 148, vol. 45) had previously conferred on Lord John Russell, “England’s Briefest Peer.”

It was a startling proof of his extraordinary, and by him half-unsuspected, popularity that when his knighthood became known, the honour was received with general applause—with an enthusiasm quite unusual in its command of popular approval. “I am receiving shoals of letters and telegrams!” he wrote on the day of the announcement, “I suppose you know the reason Y.” It is said that Lord Salisbury had intended to make the recommendation himself, but that the nomination was delayed and forgotten; but when Mr. Gladstone came into office he repaired the neglect, and at the same time acknowledged the steady support that *Punch* had offered to the Whig policy from the first. By the general public it was regarded as an appreciation of the man who was the personification of the good-humoured and the loftier side of political life—who had brought the *Punch* spirit round to something a good deal higher than he found it, blending fun with classic grace and humour with dignity. To the art-world it was the recognition of that art of black-and-white which has been the glory of England and the Cinderella of the Royal Academy of Arts. It was in that sense that Sir John

Tenniel accepted the distinction. But it was to “Jaekidēs” that the *Punch* staff drank when Mr. Agnew proposed his health at the dinner following the announcement of the nomination; it was “dear old John Tenniel” that the Arts Club toasted when, with Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., in the chair, and Mr. du Maurier in the vice-chair, the new knight was the honoured guest of his club, and received its congratulations with the modest dignity and kindly good taste that distinguish him. And it was “good Sir John,” the cartoonist (who has also been at extremely rare intervals a *Punch*



FIRST ROUGH PENCIL SKETCH FOR “PUNCH” CARTOON, “HUMPTY-DUMPTY.”

writer, too\*), who was celebrated by the pencil of Mr. Linley Sambourne and the pen of Mr. Milliken—“the pride of Mr. Punch and the delight of the British Public.”

\* See *Punch*, p. 56, vol. 20.

## VENETIAN ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

By LIONEL CUST.

IT has been pleasant to turn from the snow-swept or fog-curtained streets of London into the warm, glowing atmosphere of form and colour which is to be found in the New Gallery, Regent Street,

art is perhaps the most glorious since that of Athens. Like the Athenians of old, the citizens of a growing republic took art from the service of religion, pressed it into that of the State, and by its aid reared up a



GIORGIO CORNARO.

(From an Engraving by W. Cerlton, after the Painting by Titian.)

this winter. Following up their experiment of an Early Italian Art Exhibition in the foregoing winter, the directors have organised an exhibition entirely devoted to the art of Venice and its tributary provinces on the mainland. Although circumstances intervened to prevent them from obtaining the loan of the more famous Venetian pictures from private galleries in England, the collection which has been brought together is thoroughly illustrative of Venetian art, and where the examples are not perhaps of the first quality or are of doubtful originality, they nearly all serve as food for the student's mind.

The history of the rise and expansion of Venetian

monument of that State and its people which neither the hand of man nor the ravages of time have been, or ever will be, able to efface. Like Athens, Venice was queen of the seas, and her life was drawn from her harbours and her arsenals. When one seeks for some modern object to balance the Parthenon and Pheidian marbles, the mind instinctively calls up the Ducal Palace and the paintings of Titian and Giorgione.

The early stages of Venetian art are but scantily represented at the New Gallery. Carlo Crivelli, the Venetian painter, who worked chiefly in the March of Ancona, and is so well known to an English



public from his splendid works in the National Gallery, is represented by some small pictures of interest and importance, and by one large triptych, "The Virgin and Child with Saints" (No. 5, G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, Esq.). This picture is hung too high for critical observation, but, although it resembles in composition the well-known triptych by Crivelli in the Brera at Milan, and also hails from the Aneona district, it lacks the intensity and severity which are so characteristic of Crivelli's work, and, if his, shows the softening effect of his sojourn in Central Italy. Among other noticeable pictures of an early date in the first or south room are a portrait, stated to be that of Hans Memline, by Antonello da Messina (No. 59, M. Léon Somzee), who may with justice be termed the founder of Venetian painting; the two little pictures "St. Catherine" (No. 8, from Glasgow) and "The Virgin

admit a sense of disappointment, for of all the works exhibited under these names on the walls, there is not one which can be said, with absolute certainty, to be the work of their hands. Their pupils and imitators are, however, with the exception of Vittore Carpaccio, well represented, especially Cima da Conegliano with "The Holy Family in a Landscape" (No. 53, Earl Brownlow); Marco Basaiti with the beautiful "Portrait of a Noble" (No. 25, Mrs. R. H. Benson) and "The Virgin and Child" (No. 101, G. Salting, Esq.); Bissolo with "The Annunciation" (No. 35, Mrs. R. H. Benson); and Vincenzo Catena. The last-named painter is one of those rescued by modern critics from oblivion and neglect, and the two pictures which bear his signature—"The Virgin and Child with Saints and Donors" (No. 46, Miss Hertz) and a similar composition (No. 98, the Corporation of Liverpool)—



ESTHER FAINTING BEFORE AHASUERUS.

(From an Engraving by Gribelin, after the Painting by Tintoretto.)

and Child with Angels" (No. 16, Mrs. R. H. Benson), by the rare and interesting painter Bartolommeo Veneto; the "Dominican Preaching" (No. 3, from the University Galleries at Oxford), attributed with some authority to Jacopo Bellini; and some examples of the austere art of Bellini's son-in-law, the great Andrea Montegna, especially the fine "Adoration of the Magi" (No. 22, Louisa Lady Ashburton).

On coming to the time of Jacopo Bellini's two famous sons, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, we must

are perhaps hardly convincing as to his merits. It has elsewhere been shown and generally accepted that the great Bellinesque picture in the National Gallery, "The Virgin and Child with a Kneeling Warrior," may be safely attributed to the hand of Catena; and, if this be accepted, it almost necessarily follows that the luminous and impressive "Adoration of the Shepherds" in this exhibition ascribed to Giovanni Bellini (No. 251, Earl Brownlow) must be credited to the same painter. If this be the case,

Catena at once assumes a high place in the hierarchy of Venetian art. Another painting, of which there are two versions in this exhibition, and others elsewhere (one, for instance, in the Museum at Naples), is "The Circumcision," a composition

Titian's, who Palma Vecchio's? Was it really all due to the art and teaching of old Giovanni Bellini that the extraordinary development of the art of painting under these young men was due? We learn from the letters of Albrecht Dürer, when



VIEW OF VENICE.

(From the Painting by Guardi. By Permission of Miss Cohen.)

usually ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, but which seems to fall within the class of paintings which can safely be ascribed to Catena. The unusual number of replicas of this picture testify to its popularity, but it cannot be said that either of the versions here show any convincing signs of being the original painting of all.

But it is to the successors rather than to the imitators of the Bellini that the mind of the student, or even the casual visitor, will naturally turn—to that great group of painters inaugurated by Giorgione and Titian, and comprising the great lights of Palma Vecchio and Lorenzo Lotto, and the lesser lights of Paris Bordone, Cariani, the Bonifazios, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Domenico Campagnola. Some day, perhaps, documentary evidence will be discovered which will reveal the true relations which these great painters bore to each other. Who was Giorgione's real master, who

at Venice in the first decade of the sixteenth century, that, though there were many good painters at Venice then, still the aged Giovanni Bellini held his own, not only as the *dogen*, but also as the most esteemed practitioner of the art. Possibly Giorgione, Titian, and their friends were among these artists, who looked askance on the young German artist's success, and who, as he asserts, not only threw obstacles in his way, but even caused him to be in fear for his own personal safety. The name of Giorgione pervades the exhibition, and despite the reiterated, and no doubt well justified, onslaughts of modern critics on every picture here which bears his name, these pictures diffuse a certain aroma of the love, poetry, and romance which is ever connected with the painter's name; and if they be but mere reflections of his art, let us at all events be allowed to sun ourselves in the warmth, such as it is, which they undoubtedly give. Into the vexed questions

of these attributions there is not space enough to enter here, but concerning "The Portrait of a Man" (No. 15, A. H. Savage-Landor, Esq.), "The Judgment of Paris" (No. 29, Earl of Malmesbury), the "Portrait of a Lady Professor of Bologna" (No. 91, Louisa, Lady Ashburton)—surely the portrait of a man, Giorgionesque in its effeminacy, and holding an emblem of mortality, "The Rape of Europa" (No. 94, Sir E. Burne-Jones), "The Musicians" (No. 99, from Glasgow), "The Concert" (No. 110, Marquess of Lansdowne), "The Shepherd with a Flute" (No. 112, Hampton Court), and "The Landscape with Figures" (No. 147, Louisa, Lady Ashburton), it may safely be said that if the hand of the painter be wanting, his spirit, with its mystic and undefinable charm, is present in them all. Giorgione's great contemporary, Titian, is plentifully, but hardly adequately, represented in this exhibition. Of his early days—the days when he was as Giorgionesque as Giorgione himself, and their works can hardly be separated—there is little to be discerned here. The copy, though a good one, of the famous "Three Ages of Man," in Bridgewater House (No. 1, Sir W. Farrer), does not convey any adequate sense of the beauty of Titian's early works. The student must go to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, or the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, for Titian's early paintings of the Madonna, and, above all, to see the matchless portrait of "Ariosto," from Cobham Hall, in the recent exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. To such a student the question must arise: Were these works not on irrefragable grounds credited to Titian, would they not have been at once acclaimed as the creations of Giorgione? The power of his art is best seen in the fine portraits of Doge Antonio Grimani (No. 124, Madame de Rosenberg), "Giorgio Cornaro" (No. 130, Earl of Carlisle), with his falcon and hound, and the well-known "Caterina Cornaro" (No. 252, Captain G. L. Holford). The works of his indomitable old age are, however, well illustrated by the large, though sadly darkened, "Diana and Actæon" (No. 166, Earl Brownlow) and the "Virgin and Child" (No. 244, L. Mond, Esq.), formerly in the Dudley Collection. Coming to the works of the lesser lights mentioned above, the exhibition would be memorable if only for the poetic juxtaposition of the two noble portraits by Lorenzo Lotto of "Lucretia" (?) (No. 218, Captain G. L. Holford) and "Andrea Odoni" (No. 222, Hampton Court). One word of admiration cannot be withheld from Lotto's exquisite little picture of "Sacred and Profane Love" (or perhaps "Danae"),

lent by Mr. W. M. Conway. The "Portrait of a Noble," by Cariani (No. 144, G. Salting, Esq.), is also a grand painting, worthy of the closest attention.

The later years of the ascendancy in art and history attained by the Venetian Republic are well illustrated by what may be termed the "lightning" art of Tintoretto. We have the mighty "Esther Fainting before Ahasuerus" (No. 159, from Hampton Court), and would even more gladly have had "The Nine Muses" from the same collection, a painting worthy to rank with the immortal series in the Anti-Collegio of the Ducal Palace. The "Adam and Eve" (No. 106, R. Crawshay, Esq.), the "Portrait of Andrea Barbarigo" (No. 138, A. James, Esq.), "The Raising of Lazarus" (No. 214, Sir W. Farrer), and the "Portrait of Doge Pasquale Ciconia" (No. 231,



A PILGRIM BOTTLE.

(The Property of J. E. Taylor, Esq.)

Marquess of Bute) are satisfactory examples of his art. The other great decorative painter of Venice, Paolo Veronese, is not, however, represented by any canvas worthy of his name: the large composition representing in a reduced form the colossal painting

of "Christ in the House of Levi," in the Accademia at Venice, appears to be a later painting, not without merit, with additions borrowed from the equally large and famous painting in the Louvre.

The decadence of the Republic is fairly well illustrated in its art. The picturesque topographical art of Guardi is as well shown as the better known, but less interesting, art of Canaletto is indifferently represented. The two views of Venice, lent by the Misses Cohen, show Guardi at his best, and it is pleasant to contrast the *brio* and gay flutter of his composition with the correct and conventional topography of his more famous rival. There are some excellent examples of Pietro Longhi, and enough of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo to make one feel the importance and the "modernity" of his art. Even the shallow art of Sebastiano Ricci is not undeserving of notice. Special attention should be devoted to the carefully-picked specimens of drawings by Venetian artists, mostly from the hardly accessible collections of the Queen at Windsor Castle and the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. These drawings will appeal naturally more to the student than to the casual sight-seer. The selection,

however, is of the greatest importance, especially in the section devoted to the landscape drawings of Titian and Domenico Campagnola. These drawings, taken together with those in the Malcolm Collection, now on view in the department of prize drawings in the British Museum, bid fair to settle once for all a very moot question in the history of Venetian art. It becomes a fairly simple task to separate the better balanced, better defined and composed sketches of Titian from the more crowded, virtuous, and facile productions of his imitators. Space forbids me to linger long over the spare but choice collection of works illustrating the applied arts of Venice. The collection of lace is extensive and important enough to demand a separate notice for itself. The glass so inseparably connected with the name of Venice is illustrated by some judiciously-selected specimens; and the same may be said of the bronzes, china, metal-work, and, above all, the rich brocades, which have such a genial effect on the spectator when first entering the hall. The public owe to the directors of the New Gallery much gratitude for what, with all its shortcomings, is a most instructive and fascinating exhibition.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

## "HENRY VIII."

BY HANS HOLBEIN.

AMONG the artistic treasures of Warwick Castle the portrait of Henry VIII., of which we give an engraving on the opposite page, stands in the front rank for value and interest. It is a life-size work, painted in the master's best style. The details of the black-and-gold embroidered surcoat, with its ermine lining and jewelled clasps, are worked out to the minutest particulars. The sleeves of the cloth-of-gold doublet, slashed and bejewelled; the black cap, with its brooch of pearls and rubies, and the collar of rubies and pearls, are all done with the same exquisite care and completeness.

Waagen writes of this portrait:—"There is in

these features a brutal egotism, an obstinacy, and a harshness of feeling such as I have never yet seen in any human countenance. In the eyes, too, there is the suspicious watchfulness of a wild beast, so that I became quite uncomfortable from looking at it a long time; the want of simplicity of the forms, the little rounding of the whole, notwithstanding the wonderful modelling of all the details, the brownish-red local tone of the flesh, the grey of the shadows, and the very light general effect, show this picture to be a transition from the second to the third manner of Holbein, and that it may have been painted about 1530."



HENRY VIII.

*(From the Painting by Holbein at Warwick Castle. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)*





SYDNEY HARBOUR, FROM THE DOMAIN.  
*(Showing the Art Gallery in the middle foreground.)*

## ART IN AUSTRALIA.

BY MAY L. MANNING.



ART in Australia is yet in a somewhat elementary condition: a state of things to be expected in a young, sparsely populated country, where the necessities of life are the first consideration, luxuries the second, and culture the last. It counts for

little that large fortunes are amassed from the products of the country, if the possessors merely regard them as means to get away to Europe as the proper field to spend and enjoy them; for the direct result is that a taste for foreign art is developed and gratified at the expense of the indigenous plant, which is as often made to suffer from imaginary comparison as from the real superiority of the other.

There is no reason, however, why we should not possess a National Art Life. Already straws on the stream of development are showing that the current is setting steadily for artistic culture, and in no amateurish fashion either. There is good, hard-headed, practical logic about an æsthetic art which gets itself recognised by the State at so much a year, and utilises the subsidy granted to form the nucleus of a National Gallery. It argues well, too, for the reciprocity of feeling between finance and cult that the two foremost colonies should submit to be taxed for such a purpose, and that Tasmania and South Australia have followed so admirable a lead.

Twenty years ago Sydney was without any art-centre; and to the mass of the people a picture gallery would have been a remembrance, or an effort of the imagination, but for the philanthropy of a few rich colonists, who threw open their private

galleries to the public once a week, and so kept the tiny spark alive. In 1871 an Academy of Art was established by Mr. Du Faur and the late E. L. Montefiore; but, from the lack of a local habitation, the aspirations of the infant society were much restricted for the first four years. A few exhibitions of local talent, some art-unions, loan exhibitions, occasional re-unions of its members—these gave a sort of cohesion to the institution; but it was only after three years' persistent endeavour on the part of an energetic few that Government was induced (mainly through the efforts of Mr. E. Combes, M.L.A.) to make a grant of £500 from Parliament for the Academy. With this help it struggled on till 1875, when Messrs. Du Faur and Montefiore took upon themselves the responsibility of renting the building in Elizabeth Street, now occupied by the Royal Society. Here an Art School was opened under the supervision of Signors Annivitti and Simonetti, which quickly attracted a number of art-students, whose work soon proved the desirableness of establishing a National Gallery. In May, 1875, Mr. (now the Hon.) James Watson, M.L.C., who was warmly interested in the Academy, moved an address in Parliament, praying that a grant of £1,000 be placed on the estimates in aid of the institution. This motion, supported by Sir Henry Parkes, was carried on the understanding that steps should be taken by trustees to secure the proper expenditure of art grants; and in 1876 the Hon. Sir Alfred Stephen, Messrs. Montefiore, Du Faur, J. R. Fairfax, and J. H. Thomas were appointed trustees to administer the Parliamentary vote for the formation of a National Gallery of Art. This was the nucleus of our present National

Gallery, vitalised by a yearly exhibition of the works of a small band of struggling local artists. It was a faint beginning, but it was instinct with life. Each year saw its limits expanding, till the room in Elizabeth Street began to be inconveniently small. Just at this juncture art received a great fillip in the loan collection of pictures sent out to the Exhibition of 1879, and upon the dispersion

of art is now equal to, if it does not surpass, the water-colour collection, including, as it does, some world-renowned pictures.

About the year 1880 the artistic profession began to be recognised as a factor in the national life, and practised sufficient cohesion to institute yearly exhibitions of its work. There is now an Art Society of New South Wales, counting some 350 members, which holds spring exhibitions in rooms of its own. These are opened with some amount of *éclat* by the Governor when he can be secured—by a Minister in his absence.

The trustees of the National Gallery wisely encourage local talent by expending £500 a year in purchasing pictures at this exhibition. It is a proud moment for the artist who finds his is *the* picture of the year, and bears the notice, "Purchased by the Trustees of the National Gallery." As the selection is made impartially, without reference to the question of native-grown or imported talent, so long as the work has been done in the country, the competition is severe to native artists, who have not had the advantage of training in English or foreign studios. In several instances they have come out of the contest with flying colours, notably in the case of two young artists, F. Mahony and P. Spence, whose studies of animals would be remarkable anywhere. "Rounding up a Straggler," by the first-named artist, is as fine for vigour and life as it is for its fidelity to one of the daily occurrences of cattle-station life. The whole picture is tense with motion. It found a deserving place in the Australian Gallery of the national collection, and was at the Chicago Exhibi-



"AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD."

(By Frank P. Mahony. From a Sketch of the Picture by the Artist.)

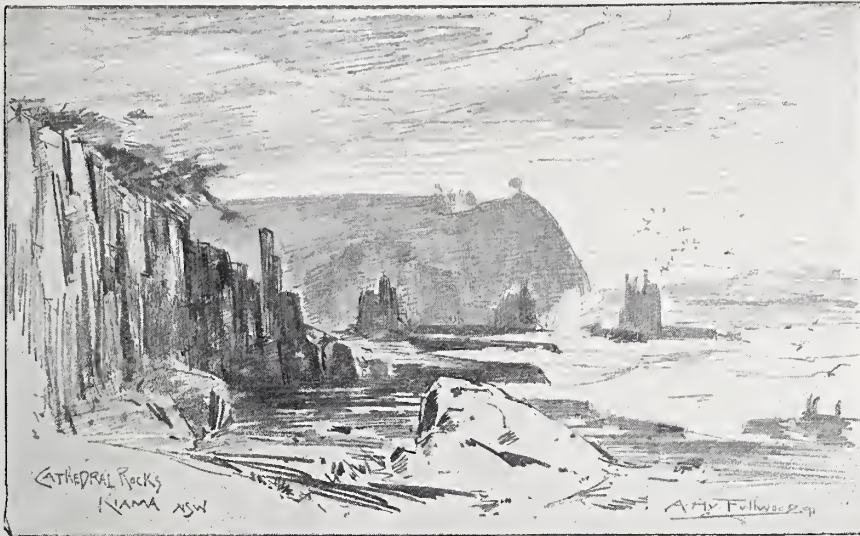
of those pictures the Government handed over the wood and iron structure at the entrance of the Botanic Gardens, built for their reception, to the trustees of the Gallery of Art. Five years later the present National Gallery was formally opened by Lord Carrington. In the interim, so great was the progress of art, the Government was induced to give a very material helping hand, in the shape of a yearly grant, to enable the trustees to purchase examples of good work at the Paris Salon and London galleries. At first this subsidy was small, and was wisely expended upon water-colours, by which means a very fine collection is now in possession of the colony. Later, when the annual grant was increased, the selecting committee in London turned their attention to oils, with the result that this more elaborate branch

bition among the loan collection from New South Wales. "The Ploughman Homeward Plods His Weary Way" is even more remarkable, for Spence was barely twenty-one when he painted it. He is native born and bred, yet his ambitious subject is English to the backbone, except for the man's dress, the "billy," and the split fence. It might be the twilight of a Suffolk summer evening, when the tired labourer follows his two great horses as they tramp homeward over the freshly-turned earth, their patient eyes drooping with weariness. It has defects of drawing plain to the initiated eye; nevertheless, the power of the composition won for it the place of honour in its year, and great things were predicted of the young artist if he could only win his way to opportunities of culture in a wider field than Australia offers.



In the matter of helping budding talent, New South Wales and Victoria hold opposite views. The former judges that she accomplishes the

haste to be rich as in Victoria, and consequently its people can afford time to consider it in detail. The contents of the Sydney Art Gallery are



CATHEDRAL ROCKS, KIAMA, N.S.W.

(By A. Hy. Fullwood. From a Sketch of the Picture by the Artist.)

greatest good for the greatest number by purchasing works of art from the exhibitions and studios of London and Paris, by which means she has already a far finer National Gallery than Melbourne. The latter holds that it is better to help local talent by awarding scholarships in the art schools, that young aspirants for fame may be provided with means to proceed to Europe and study in its art-centres. Time will prove which is the better plan. They both have their advantages, though some of us are inclined to think that the former is most likely to lead to the foundation of a National School of Australian art.

In a few years, when our artists have learnt by contact what the Old World can teach, they will assert the individuality which has been the formative influence of their unconscious youth, and evolve a national art distinct in itself; as our literary men and women will surely evolve a national literature more characteristic, because more unique, than America at her most typical period.

It is significant of the temperament of the various colonies that New South Wales should rank first in art-possessions. Life there is not such a making

already so crowded that when the east of the Ghiberti Gates arrived some time back considerable difficulty was experienced in finding wall space for it.

The collection is creditable, not only for its size, but for its quality, which is higher than might be looked for in a city cut off from the Old World by 12,000 miles of sea and land. It speaks well for the



"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."

(By P. F. S. Spence. From a Sketch of the Picture by the Artist.)

trustees' judgment, too, that so few mistakes have been made in the difficult task of selection; while they are to be complimented on their acumen in

securing such renowned pictures as "Roche's Drift," by De Neuville; "The Widower," by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.; "Rising Mists," by Mr. Peter Graham, R.A.; "Arundel Castle," by Vicat Cole, R.A.; "Wedded," by Sir F. Leighton; "Their Ever-Shifting Home," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.; "The Cavalry Charge," by M. Detaille; "The Relief of Leyden," by Mr. A. G. Gow, R.A.; "A Summer Squall," by David Cox; "The Armada in Sight," by Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.; "Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," Mr. Poynter, R.A.; and "The Snake Charmer," by E. Dinet.

The court devoted to English water-colours is remarkably strong and good, the trustees having lost no opportunity of acquiring works of master hands; and they have been singularly fortunate, both in their opportunities and in the judgment of the Committee of Selection in London, in whose hands rests the task of choosing pictures there and abroad. From the Prouts onwards and upwards there are examples of all the best English colourists, as well as many valuable examples of the French and Italian schools. There is, however, one striking and unaccountable defect in the judgment of the Home Committee which calls for explanation. In many instances they have allowed their preference for a style to run away with their selective faculty, and have spent large sums of money in acquiring several examples of the same artist—a commendable enough practice if the artist is a master spirit, with a mind broad enough to conceive new subjects for every fresh picture; but when we find quartettes of the work of less good artists—for the quantity is usually in inverse ratio to the quality—we begin to reflect upon the mutability of a judge of art. It is, to say the least, a somewhat incomprehensible practice for the necessities of a young country, which looks to its National Gallery to teach its children, by means of comparison, what are the canons of true art.

Some three years ago a competitive exhibition for colonial artists alone was established, with the idea of forming a collection of purely Australian subjects

for the National Gallery. Pictures up to the number of twelve might be purchased if approved of; but out of the forty-seven that were considered good enough to be hung the first year only five were chosen, at a value of £75 each. For various reasons the idea did not work satisfactorily, and the project was abandoned.

The total value of the National Art Collection is now about £90,000, and deserves much better accommodation than the present limited space can provide.

Of the cities in New South Wales outside Sydney, Bathurst is the only one which has as yet risen to the dignity of an Amateur Art Society, and the annual exhibition last spring produced some very creditable work.

The Melbourne National Gallery occupies premises in the Free Public Library building in Swanston Street. One large gallery is devoted to oil paintings, while screens down the centre are occupied by a modest collection of water-colours, which do not seem to find favour with the trustees. In a succession of small courts near by are a good collection of rare prints, engravings, photographs, portraits of royalties and famous men, with a few miscellaneous pictures. There is also a fine

collection of statuary and pottery. The student's exhibitions are held in rooms above the gallery, and the spirit of competition speaks well for the colony's artistic possibilities. In the main gallery there are some very fine pictures; among them, "Esther," and "A Question of Propriety," by Edwin Long, R.A.; "The Crisis," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.; "Quatre Bras," by Lady Butler; "The Arrest for Witchcraft" and "The Challenge," by J. Pettie, R.A.; "Autumnal Showers" and "The Pass of Glencoe," by Mr. Peter Graham, R.A.; "Noli me Tangere" and "A Dream of Latmos," by Sir Noel Paton; "The First Cloud," by Mr. Orchardson, R.A.; "A Salvation Army Shelter," by E. Borough Johnson; and "Ulysses and the Syrens," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. But, as has been already remarked, the Victorian policy is to expend the art subsidy



CRESCENT HEAD AND POINT PLOMER FROM  
PORT MACQUARIE.

(By B. E. Minns. From a Sketch from the  
Picture by the Artist.)

in the culture of its native talent by scholarships, rather than in the formation of a strong collection of paintings.

Bendigo and Ballarat (Victoria) are each the proud possessors of art galleries. That at Bendigo being a particularly stable institution; a special Act of Parliament having permanently vested the power in the trustees of the institution. Further, a bequest of some £1,500 by the late Mr. G. Drury, and a Government grant of £10,000, have provided the nucleus of a local art gallery in which to house an already creditable collection of works of art. The gallery contains one hundred and thirty-two pictures, of which forty-five are loaned by the Melbourne Gallery and others. But amongst the permanent works are examples of Messrs. Herbert Schmalz, A. W. Hunt, E. A. Waterlow, F. W. W. Topham, of J. C. Ward, J. Giles, Opie, Sir John Burnet, and Dickenson's celebrated picture, "Gordon's Last Watch at Khartoum," which was specially selected by Sir Frederic Leighton.

The Adelaide Art Gallery (South Australia), though smaller than those of Sydney or Melbourne, contains a good collection, and every year finds it increasing. At present it has no habitation of its own, but is content to be housed under the roof of the museum; however, as there is a Government grant of £1,000 per annum, the question of a permanent abode must ere long come up. The present paintings number one hundred and seventy; and among them are Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius" and "Circe Poisoning the Sea;" "Chloe," by Monsieur J. Lefebvre; "Lady Teazle," by Mr. F. Dicksee, R.A.; "The Rialto," by Mr. W. Logsdail; "Waiting for the Homeward Bound," by Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A.; and "Our River," by Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A.

In Tasmania, Launceston, the second city of the island, has scored a point over Hobart by building a

Victoria Museum and Art Gallery to commemorate Jubilee Year, out of a grant of £5,000 voted by Parliament for the purpose; and here are to be found a good permanent collection of paintings, largely supplemented by loans from private citizens. Hobart contemplates a gallery, but at present is contented with a wing in the museum, where wall space is found for a small collection.

Of the five capitals of Australia, Brisbane is the only one without a National Gallery, but as it has an Art Society established five years since, and an instructor to the Brisbane School of Art in Mr. R. Godfrey Rivers, who is also President of the Art Society, it may be considered that the first seed of a public gallery is planted, which will grow with appropriate tropical speed when the present financial crisis shall have been overcome by the strong recuperative powers of the country, and when Federation binds the colonies more closely together, making feasible that suggestion of lending for exhibition purposes which the recent experiment in British pictures has prompted. Tentative steps to exchange pictures for mutual benefit by the Melbourne and Sydney galleries were taken some time ago, and the idea has been enlarged to include South Australia. The system provides for the exchange of pictures or loan to each Colony for a term of six months, so that at the present moment each Colony has a loan exhibition of twelve of the best pictures from the other two National Galleries. Further than that, the question of decentralisation is being discussed to the extent of permitting the chief country towns of each colony to borrow pictures at intervals. Should the scheme be carried out it would materially vitalise stagnant interest in art-matters, as it would provide the opportunity of studying pictures at leisure without the confusion of numbers, and in environments best calculated to impress the mind of the student.



PUBLIC MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, MELBOURNE.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

## WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. II.—THE GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

SINCE the Water-Colour Room at the Royal Academy was, in the year 1888, occupied with a collection of sculpture, bronzes, medals, and plaquettes of the Renaissance period, no experiment till this had been tried of adding to the annual exhibition of paintings by Old Masters a group of works illustrating the minor branches of plastic art, pure and applied. The recent collection, which, to give the full title furnished by the catalogue, consisted of "Works illustrating the art of the sculptor-goldsmith and gem-engraver," was necessarily restricted in extent, but, nevertheless, of unsurpassed interest in some branches, and especially in that of goldsmith's and silversmith's work proper. Even those who are familiar with the marvellous riches of the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre, with the, if anything, still more phenomenal treasures of the Imperial House of Austria, now lodged in the new museum of Vienna, with the Uffizi, the Grünes Gewölbe of Dresden, the Gewerbe Museum of Berlin, the Reiche Kapelle of Munich, and the great miscellaneous display at South Kensington, will find much to admire, and one or two things to surprise them here.

It is a thousand pities that, partly owing to the exiguity of the space at command, and partly to the natural desire of collectors that their contributions should be seen grouped together, it was not

possible to utilise the rich mass of material at command so as to make the exhibition an historical and progressive one, showing in their due order the various Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic styles, the transitional period when the late Gothic and the early Renaissance are seen side by side in the same work, yet never completely merged, and then the onward course of the Renaissance through the periods of its vigour and decadence. The cases containing the works displayed are, however, placed in such convenient proximity to each other that many instructive comparisons can, nevertheless, be made, particularly between the contemporary styles of various nationalities.

Leaving out of the question the cameos and engraved gems, which cannot be discussed to any useful purpose in a short notice like the present one, the only pure Greek things in the display were Mr. J. P. Heseltine's necklace of gold, with onyx beads and a clasp formed by two bulls' heads (Case G, No. 36), and the incomparable pair of earrings consisting of winged Victories of gold, east, beaten, and wrought. These show the art of Magna Græcia, probably in the fourth or third century B.C. With all their extreme delicacy and elaboration, they are marked by a restrained and, as it were, aristocratic beauty, which places them entirely apart here amid their gorgeous surroundings of the later ages.

There was nothing in the present collection to





From a Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co Paris.

*In the Church (Green)*

Theodore Reilly, pupil

Magazine of Art

illustrate the rude splendours of what, in contradistinction to the ogival style—falsely styled, for the purposes of convenience, Gothic—may be described as the true Gothic mode: nothing, for instance, like the seventh-century treasure of jewelled crowns and ornaments found at Fuente de Guarrazar, near Toledo, and now in the Cluny Museum. Nothing, again, showed the filigree on the niello-work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries like that marvellous group (belonging to the early years of the latter period) of holy vessels, reliquaries, and book-covers, made by the Fleming, Frère Hugo, which formed the crowning attraction of the great retrospective exhibition held at Brussels in 1888.

Enamels were not made a prominent feature of the display, but cropped up, nevertheless, here and there in isolated examples. There was no specimen, unless it has been overlooked by the writer, representing that delicate Byzantine process, the true *cloisonné*. As such were put down, though they are really *champlevé*, a series of plaques of the twelfth century (Case B, No. 56), showing designs of a Romanesque style, closely approximating to the true Byzantine: these are probably of Rhenish origin.

The best example of translucent enamel on silver was the splendid Morse (Case G, No. 4), which its owner, Sir A. W. Franks—the highest English authority in such matters—puts down as Sieneese work of about 1420. The finest extant specimen of enamelling in this style, which appears to have been practised contemporaneously in Italy, France, and Germany, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is the wonderful Pichon cup of 1391, in which the radiant enamels are on pure gold. It is nothing short of preposterous, by the way, that this unique treasure, in the acquisition of which a group of public-spirited collectors so generously co-operated with the State, should be stowed away in that unalluring little prison-house, the Gold Room of the British Museum. Its proper place is, of course, in the Mediæval Room there; and, indeed, the whole collection of gold work, should indubitably be thrown open without restriction and arranged with a view to the instruction of the public, to whom it belongs, like the Campana collection in the Louvre.

The exuberant late-Gothic styles, especially those of Germany and Spain—so much more satisfactory in decorative work on a small scale than in architecture—were splendidly represented at the Royal Academy. The Spanish and Portuguese style of Gothic decoration in the middle and latter half of the fifteenth century was most distinctively shown in Sir J. C. Robinson's superb rose-water salver, in silver-gilt (Case C, No. 99), decorated with high reliefs in *repoussé*, showing combats between Christian knights and Moriscoes. The rich, heavy floral

work which frames and binds together these reliefs, with all its exuberance, preserves a coherent and, as it were, structural form of decoration. To an earlier date (*circa* 1450) is put down another Spanish bowl or salver in *repoussé* from the same rich collection (Case C, No. 100). Spanish Gothic, too, is a silver-gilt cup (Case F, No. 13), contributed by Lord Rothschild. The most prominent example of German Gothic—and a very late one, since it belongs to the first years of the sixteenth century—was Lord Battersca's superb silver-gilt cup (Case F, No. 3), a typical example of work not, as a rule, to be seen in perfection out of the German and Austrian museums and private collections.

It is the contemporaneous style of the early Renaissance which was so scantily represented by important works, not only here, but even in the richest of the great collections cited. Perhaps the greatest extant example of this rare class is the so-called Reliquary of Gran, originally made for that enlightened patron of Italian Quattrocento art, Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, and now in the treasury of the cathedral in that Hungarian city. This, in its splendid silver-gilt pedestal, supported by sphinxes, shows the North Italian, probably the Milanese, style in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. What the style of the Venetian goldsmiths may have been at that period can be guessed from the extraordinarily elaborate drawing for a chalice which from the Holford collection has passed into its final resting-place in the British Museum. Formerly put down to Mantegna, and as such finely engraved by Hollar, it has now been more prudently ascribed to the Venetian school. Had such a work as this been carried out—as it well may have been—with a finish adequate to express its beauty of form and infinite variety of sculptural and decorative detail, it would surely have braved all comparisons with the works of such later men as Benvenuto Cellini, Leone Leoni, and the Italianising Augsburgers, who ran the best Italians so hard in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The fanciful, but not yet unbridled, style of the earlier Renaissance was perhaps best shown here in some of the bronzes and plaquettes, which cannot on the present occasion be enumerated, and in such pieces as the bronze lid of a casket, or *calamaio* (inkstand), attributed to the great Caradosso of Milan (Case D, No. 153). It was also seen in some of the minuter specimens of goldsmithery here, and especially in a circular jewel of silver-gilt, adorned with translucent enamels showing half-length figures of saints and religious inscriptions. This is on convincing grounds ascribed to a North Italian, probably Milanese, goldsmith of the period 1490–1500. The enamels showed a curious agreement as regards style

with some of the borders in the unique Book of Hours of Bona Sforza, Duchess of Milan, presented to the British Museum by the late Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch. To about the first quarter of the sixteenth century, or a little later, belongs the beautiful Miniature Altar Shrine, of Milanese or Brescian work, lent by Lady de Rothschild. The entire work is damascened in gold and silver on steel, and decorated with statuettes in the round of the same intractable material.

That the Spaniard could, on occasion, show himself almost as great a master of the earlier and finer Renaissance as the Italian himself, is proved by the exquisite Leetern in gilt-bronze, lent by Sir J. C. Robinson (Case B, No. 49), and by him attributed to Becerril, a famous goldsmith of Cuenca. Spanish, too, and very characteristic in its over-rieh luxuriance of style, though it dates no later than 1530, is Mr. G. Salting's splendid high-relief "Sant' Iago," in gold, wrought and in part overlaid with translucent enamel. This is more or less based on the genuine Cellini style, but in manner of workmanship rather than artistic fashion; it comes from the Spitzer collection. It is interesting to compare with this the so-called "Holbein George," made for Henry VIII., and lent by Her Majesty the Queen from Windsor Castle (Case G, No. 51). It appears to the writer, though he does not venture to make the assertion positively, that the blue enamel garter-ribbon, with Gothic lettering, which frames this jewel must have been executed within the last hundred years.

Much nearer to the finest style of the Renaissance than many of the most splendid Italian pieces shown, though it is avowedly of German origin, is Lord Rothschild's unique cup in silver-gilt, ornamented with *repoussé* reliefs, translucent enamels, an engraved frieze, applied foliage, and statuettes (Case F, No. 9). This must have been yet more beautiful when the reliefs were still set off by the translucent enamels which formed their groundwork; the major part of these have now unfortunately vanished. So near does this great piece come to the style of the younger Holbein, as shown especially in his masterly series of designs for goldsmith's work and objects of decoration—chiefly in the British Museum—that one must believe that many of his motives to have been appropriated for the occasion. This is especially the case with the engraved frieze, the foliage, and some of the exquisite reliefs. Shall we not go a step further, and consider whether the master of Augsburg and Bâle did not himself furnish the entire design? There is much, as has been shown, to favour this hypothesis, while against it must be put the objection that the architectural building up of the cup is less harmonious than we should expect to find in Holbein's own work.

To many people the most attractive thing in the whole of this magnificent display was Lord Cowper's famous Ewer and Salver—the ewer east and chased, the salver *repoussé*—which is on serious grounds attributed to Benvenuto Cellini himself—that master whose name, if not necessarily with the connoisseur, yet with the world in general, still stands for the very pinnacle of achievement in goldsmith's work. The execution is throughout of wonderful finish and beauty, both in the conventional masks or, more properly, *mascarons*, the innumerable low reliefs with subjects from the Old Testament, and the delicate strap and arabesque work which enframes them and covers the whole surface of the two pieces. The relatively late character of the work, which cannot well belong to an earlier period than 1550, is shown, on the other hand, in the purely formal and decorative treatment of the dramatic subjects in the reliefs, and further in a certain over-anxious elaboration of the whole scheme, in which no one part sufficiently dominates any other. The ewer, though its surface decoration is magnificent, is squat and ugly in shape. Much finer in mere workmanship, and considerably later in fashion, than the too much vaunted "Salt-cellar" belonging to the Imperial House of Vienna, which last-named piece is in style based upon the Medici tombs in San Lorenzo, Lord Cowper's envied possession is, at any rate, more than good enough for Cellini, who had many superiors among the earlier Italian goldsmiths, and a good many equals, too, among the Italians and the Germans of his own later period.

As a pendant to these exceptional pieces appeared another splendid Ewer and Salver (Case F, No. 8), lent by Lady Wallace, from the Hertford House collection; these are of about the same period, but of Portuguese origin, and they show Netherlandish or German rather than pure Italian influence. The decoration is overloaded, sometimes coarse in style, and yet the general effect is undeniably sumptuous.

A further advance, though the reverse of a true progress, in the Italian Renaissance, is shown in Sir J. C. Robinson's *Appliqué Riviero*—a *repoussé* work in gold on a ground of black glass, by the Venetian goldsmith, Maestro Cesare di Treviso (Case C, No. 98). It is, notwithstanding its Venetian origin, markedly Michelangesque in style, with something of that heaviness and turgidity which is to be noted, for instance, in the miniatures of Giulio Clovio. Here we have one more proof, if it were necessary, of the unsuitability of the Michelangesque style to works of pure decoration like the present one. Even the much earlier style of Michelangelo cannot, in the hands of his followers, perfectly adapt itself to the purposes of decoration in relief.





*MY* flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss:  
 Love's denying,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's renying,  
 Causer of this.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd  
 in love,  
 There a noy is plac'd without re-  
 move.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss:  
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle  
 dame!  
 For now I see  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men  
 remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall:  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 O cruel speeding!  
 Frighted with gall.  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no  
 deal,  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
 My curtail dog, that wont to have  
 play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
 My sighs so deep  
 Procure to weep,  
 In howling wise, to see my dole-  
 ful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men  
 in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
 Forth their dye;  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
 Fearfully:  
 All our pleasure known to us poor  
 swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,  
 Thy like ne'er was  
 For a sweet content, the cause  
 of all my moan:  
 Poor Corydon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him  
 I see that there  
 is none.



THE DRINKING PLACE.

(From the Painting by H. S. Bisbing.)

## AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE commendable superiority of the artist over the man of commercial instincts and pursuits is perhaps in no manner more strikingly exemplified than in the treatment which American artists residing in Paris receive at the hands of their French *confrères*. Apart from an occasional grumble in the foreigner-baiting press—grumbles which are certainly not inspired from any French artist's studio—nothing is ever heard about the absolutely unfair position in which the French artists are placed by the presence in Paris of so large a colony of American artists in permanent residence there. The United States have been for years past the best, and, indeed, almost the only customer of the French studios, and many times has it been remarked, in even the best-known studios, that but for American patronage few but the most successful painters would be able to make a living in their profession. This being the case, it is obvious that the French artists suffer considerably from the competition of the American painters settled in Paris. To begin with, other things being equal, the American painter has of course a better chance of finding a purchaser in his own country than a foreigner, and furthermore, whereas French pictures have been subjected under

tariff to a very heavy duty on entering the United States, pictures painted by American artists are admitted free. The American artist is therefore able to compete on price; and in matters of art also the question of price is, unfortunately, paramount. The American artist enjoys free trade with the States; the French artist is the victim of a heavy protective tariff. This might all the more be considered a grievance by the latter—that, with but a few exceptions, the American artists in Paris entirely owe their powers of production to France. They have been trained in French schools of art under the best French painters; they have enjoyed at the Beaux-Arts and other public establishments the same privileges as the natives; and in the French exhibitions they have been allowed to compete on terms of absolute equality with French artists. Then when, thanks to these advantages, the American artist is able to enter the market as in competition with the French artist, to whose country he owes everything, he finds himself privileged to the extent that, other things being equal, he can defy the latter. Commenting on this anomaly in his article on the Paris Salon of 1888, M. Albert Wolff, the well-known critic, wrote that

“in imposing a cruel tax on French art” America showed herself very ungrateful. This, he pointed out, was only “another proof of the fact that it is the rôle of France to spread civilisation, and to receive in return nothing but the basest ingratitude.” These remarks were the preface to a highly laudatory criticism of two pictures exhibited that year

American customers. The writer remembers a long conversation which he once had with M. Edouard Detaille in his studio, in the course of which that distinguished artist complained bitterly of the refusal of certain American customers of his to grant him the temporary loan of certain famous pictures painted by him and sold to them for the



AT THE PIANO.

(From the Painting by John W. Alexander.)

by Mr. Walter Gay—an “Asile,” which M. Wolff described as “interesting,” and the famous “Benedicite”—which the critic pointed out as “a pure gem,” as undoubtedly it was. “French art,” he added, had “fashioned this young man after its image. Mr. Gay would never have learned all that in Boston, where he was born.”

This is an example of those occasional grumbles to which reference has been made. It is to the credit of the French artists that such complaints are never either uttered or inspired by them. The most patriotic of people in other respects, in matters of art the French have effaced all frontier lines. This is all the more commendable on the part of the French artists, that certain serious grievances exist in their minds against their

purpose of exhibition at the Paris Exposition. He said that he had been extremely anxious to have his best work at this important exhibition, and had asked his American purchasers to lend him his works, offering every guarantee in the way of insurance for their safety; but, with the exception of the Corcoran Gallery, he had met with no courtesy from any of his customers. The owner of one of his most important works had qualified his refusal by saying that anybody who wanted to see it would be admitted to his gallery on presentation of M. Detaille’s card. He added that he considered his pictures in America as buried, and stated that he was determined in the future, before parting with any of his work, to insist on the condition of being allowed to exhibit them at any

exhibitions which might take place at which he might desire to be represented. In conclusion—and this is an illustration of the praiseworthy solidarity to which allusion has been made—M. Detaille went on to speak of his high admiration for various American artists resident in Paris and in direct competition with his brother-artists of French birth, with special reference to Edwin Lord Weeks (the American painter of British India), to Julian Story, and to Walter Gay.

It is fair to add that the American artists are themselves the first to recognise the entire unfairness of the duty on pictures by foreign artists imported into the United States.

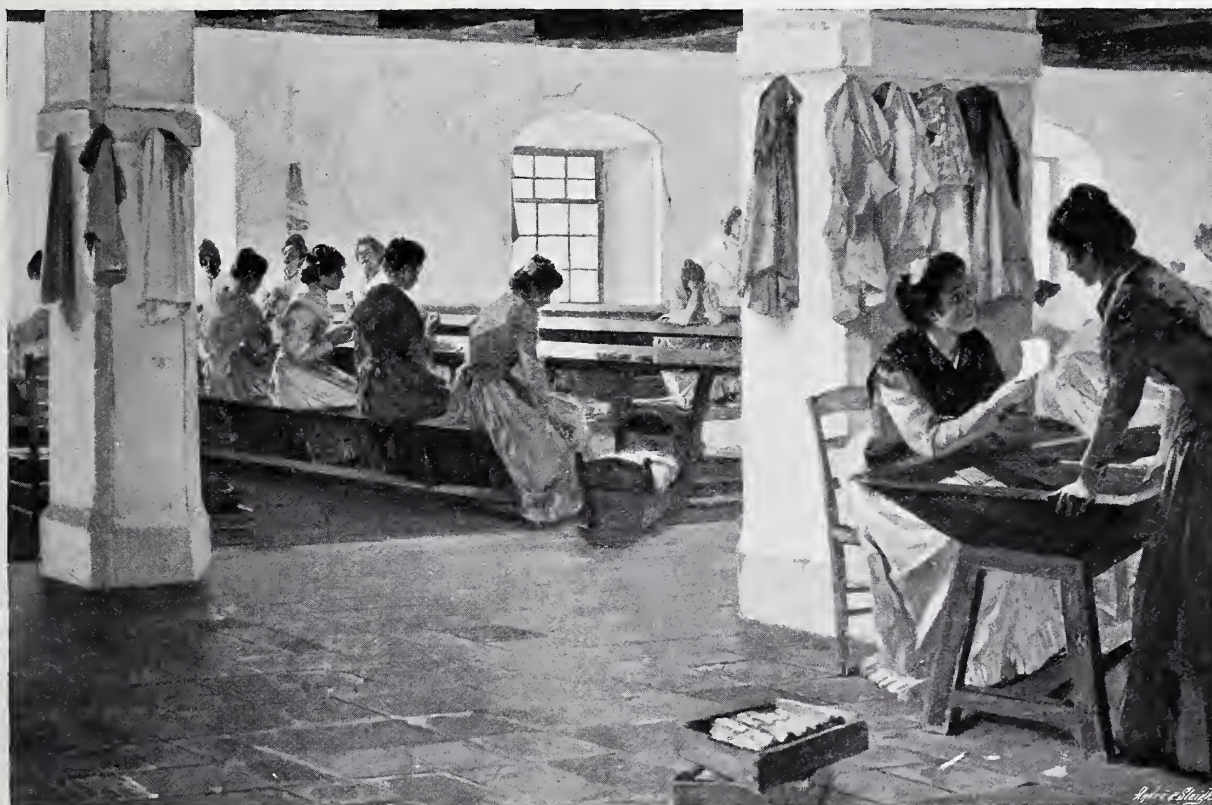
Their deep indebtedness to France, cheerfully recognised by themselves, is made patent every year at the Paris Salons. Without agreeing, in the case of Mr. Walter Gay, with M. Albert Wolff's statement that this distinguished painter is entirely fashioned after the image of French art—for that would be wilfully ignoring his distinct originality—the statement holds good with the majority of the American artists who exhibit each year. In this majority it would be in vain to look for any characteristic differentiating the American school from various of the French schools of art. But for constant reference to his catalogue or to the signatures on the pictures, the visitor to either Paris Salon would in nine cases out of ten fail to recognise the origin as French or American of the various pictures examined. In nine cases out of ten the American artist, sacrificing such originality as he may possess to docility, is content to enrol himself in the ranks of those who follow this or that of the great French masters. You have your American pupils of Bouguereau, your American followers of Bastien-Lepage, your disciples of Degas. A long residence in France, the training in the French *ateliers*, the study of French models, the teaching of the French masters, the contemplation of French masterpieces, and the effective and constant influence of French inspirations, combine to cast in a mould entirely French the American art-student. This is a striking example of the transforming powers of exteriorities over inherited and national characteristics. The American man of letters never loses his particular perceptions; in the majority of American artists living abroad these are entirely effaced. It is regrettable; for America, with her magnificent landscapes, her boundless horizons, her lakes, her mountains, her forests, her bright and vivid colours under the purest of skies, might produce a school of artists superior to any possible to the Old World, for nowhere in the Old World can be found such a combination of stimulating influences as exercise themselves from

one end of the United States to the other. These influences have given America a distinct and admirable school of literature; they have even invested American commerce and industry with a grandeur which is almost artistic. On the other hand, their action has failed in the case of the majority—the very large majority of American painters and sculptors in Europe. There are at present in Paris, or in the provinces of France, more than three hundred American artists who have exhibited in the Paris Salons, and, apart from these, there are as many more art-students of the same nationality. Very few indeed of these can be pointed to as possessing any noticeable originality either of conception or of execution; for the most part, they are the docile pupils and imitators of one or the other of the French masters. Exceptions there are of course, and notable ones; and, though it is impossible in the limits of a short article to do justice to them all, attention may be called to certain of the most remarkable amongst them.

When one remembers the names of John Sargent, A.R.A., of Whistler, and of John W. Alexander, the statement that it is amongst American artists now or lately in Paris that some of the best portrait-painters in the world are to be found will not be considered an exaggerated one. It may be a subject for discussion which kind of portrait-painting is the best art—that of Sargent, with his fondness for striking colours and his accentuation of the leading characteristics of his subject, which in some cases has been carried almost to the point where caricature begins; or that of Whistler, who so spiritualises that in the picture with its infinite subtleties the portrait is almost overlooked; or that of Alexander, who, with greater sobriety, remembers the portrait whilst not forgetting that the portrait must, above all, be a picture—the fact remains that each in his special branch is a master and has been recognised as such. It is unnecessary to speak here of either Sargent or Whistler any further, for these are cosmopolitans, hardly to be dealt with under the heading of this article. Mr. John W. Alexander, however, as one of the foremost American artists in Paris, may well be mentioned amongst those who distinguish themselves by originality both in conception and execution. Mr. Alexander, who is a native of New York, and is now thirty-eight years of age, has resided many years in the French capital, where he enjoyed that training the fruits of which have been so justly admired in the Paris Salons for several years past. After displaying a remarkable versatility in various branches of art, he appears to have resolved to devote himself almost entirely to portrait-painting. At the same time, either for

relaxation or in order to establish *de visu* the fact that he is well able to compete in other fields, he usually exhibits side by side with numerous portraits—his exhibit at the New Salon of 1894 included five portraits—one or two pictures of another kind, a landscape, or more often a *genre* picture, as “La Glace” or “Le Piano,” which were shown at the afore-mentioned Salon. But it is in portrait-painting that Mr. Alexander excels, and all English lovers and admirers of our dear Robert Louis Stevenson who is dead will hope that the day may come when Mr. Alexander’s portrait of the dead master, which is now in New York, may one day find a lasting abiding-place in some English public gallery. The Americans could all the better spare it to us that in the portrait of Walt Whitman, now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, they have an equally excellent example of their countryman’s poetical if technical art. These two portraits are Mr. Alexander’s best-known pictures, and are perhaps his best. One remembers, however,

French capital, where he has lived now for upwards of eighteen years. In 1885 he received an honourable mention at the Salon, and in 1888 was awarded a third-class gold medal for his picture the “Benedicite,” which was purchased by the French Government for the Luxemburg Museum. This was the second picture by an American artist which was ever admitted to that ante-chamber to the glory of the Louvre, the first being Mr. Henry Mosler’s remarkable “Return Home.” In the following year Mr. Walter Gay received a second-class medal, and with it his brevet of “Hors Concours.” In 1891 he was represented by a large canvas, by many considered his best work, entitled “The Music Lesson.” It shows the interior of a convent, with two Sisters of Charity giving a lesson in music to a class of young girls. One of the Sisters is sitting at the organ, and the other is leading the class. There are nine life-size figures in the picture, and the whole scene is lighted by large windows hung with white curtains, producing the same effect of light



CIGARETTE MAKERS.

(From the Painting by Walter Gay.)

with pleasure, amongst many others, his portraits of M. Thaulow, and notably the one of the great Russian painter, M. Pranshnikoff.

For many years Mr. Walter Gay has held a most distinguished position amongst artists resident in the

which was so greatly admired in his picture in the Luxembourg. It is, indeed, in his wonderful handling of light that Mr. Walter Gay pre-eminently distinguishes himself. The same may be said also of Edwin Lord Weeks, who, in the grey of a Parisian

studio, floods his charming canvases with that bright sun- light of British India which, for the purposes of

bered by those who were fortunate enough to see it in the Paris Salon of 1888. The warmest note of



SPRING-TIME.

(From the Painting by Ridgway Knight.)

his art, he explored in every direction. His "Fin d'une Promenade," a Jodpore scene, will be remem-

colour in this picture is the warm blue of the Indian sky, seen athwart the glittering minarets; but

there is art in this use of subdued colours as displayed in the general effect of brilliant sunlight. For a skilful use of rich colours may be commended Mr. F. A. Bridgman, whose series of 230 sketches and studies of Egyptian and Algerian scenes, entitled "A Glimpse at the East," exhibited in Bond Street in 1887, was highly appreciated by the critics. Amongst painters of marine subjects there are few contemporary artists worthier of attention than Mr. Alexander Harrison. "The Wave," now at Corcoran Gallery, Washington, is considered a masterpiece in this branch of art, whilst all lovers of pictures will always regret the destruction by fire, at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, of his remarkable picture, entitled "By the Seashore." Of late years a certain tendency towards impressionism has manifested itself in his work, though by no means to his disadvantage. Mr. Bisbing, again, is to be mentioned as a skilful painter of animal life. Unlike most American artists in Paris, previous to his arrival in Paris he had received certain training in his native city, having studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. This was followed by a course of three years at the Royal Art Academy in Munich, after which Mr. Bisbing spent two years in Brussels. In Paris he studied under M. Felix de Vuillefroy. One of his best known pictures is called "A l'Abreuvoir," representing some calves on the banks of the broad and lazy Issel River, in Holland. One also remembers his "Springtime," another picture of animal life. In this picture are some calves lying in the shade of the gnarled trees of an apple-orchard all bright with blossoms. It is painted in a high key of colour.

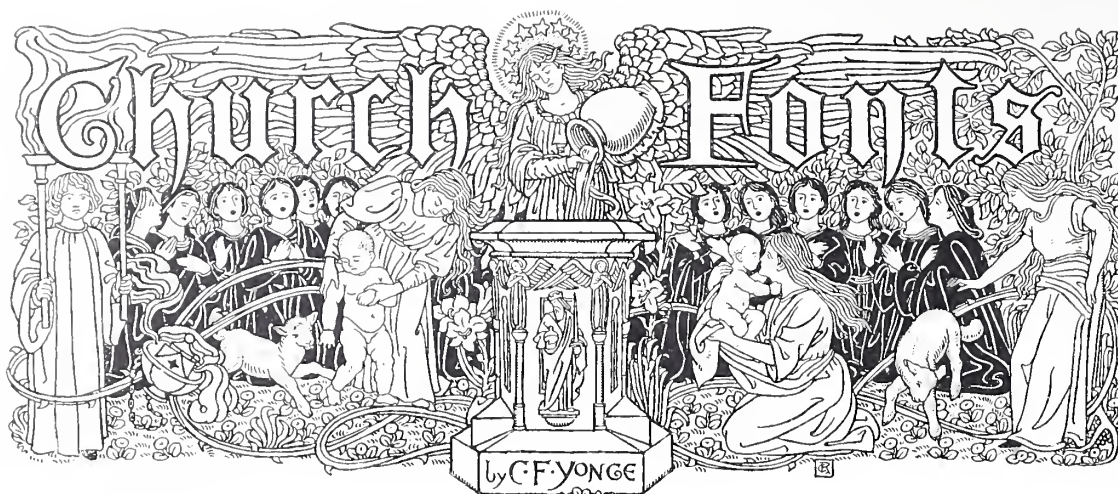
Without being distinguished by any great originality of conception, Mr. Ridgway Knight's pictures have attracted great attention by their admirable draughtsmanship and a very skilful management of lights. His best known picture, originally exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1888, is entitled "L'Appel au

Passer." It is a picture of 2 metres in length by 1 metre 65 centimetres in height—a fresh, pleasant picture, representing two girls, half life-size, beckoning to a ferryman on the other side of the river. The time is spring, with a grey effect of light. Mr. Dannat's vivid blues and reds and greens, the exquisite movement of his dancing girls and his weird effects of artificial lights, are always looked for by visitors to the New Salon; and of him it may be said that, of all American artists in Paris, he has perhaps struck out the most original line. There is certainly nobody who can in any way be compared with him, though it must be added that the value of his particular art is much discussed by the critics.

Only the briefest mention can be made of Mr. Henry Mosler, who enjoys the honours of the Luxembourg; of the industrious Miss Elizabeth Gardner, the first American lady to whom a medal at the Paris Salon was ever awarded, the pupil of Bouguereau and Lefebvre, and a distinguished painter of women and children; of Charles Sprague Pearce, whose "Toilers of the Sea," now in the Astor Collection, established his reputation; whilst certain other names must be passed over in silence.

In the matter of industry, of attention commanded and appreciation won both from the public and the critics—of successes achieved and distinctions acquired, every commendation is due to the American colony of artists in Paris. It is, however, to be regretted that amongst so many artists there should be so few who distinguish themselves from the thousand-and-one French painters whose works crowd the walls of the two Salons every year. It is still more to be regretted that America, with extraordinary indifference, should in so step-motherly a fashion abandon to the generosity of the Old World such of her children as are desirous to study art, exiling them abroad, and holding them in exile, till all the characteristics which might be her greatest glory are effaced and stamped out.





IN nothing belonging to a church does there exist a greater variety than in the different fonts, and they are of all the more especial interest to the antiquary and the archaeologist, as, generally speaking, they remain more in their original form, untouched by the hand of the iconoclast, of the church restorer, or of destroying Time (save in the rare cases of wooden fonts), than any other parts of the edifice. Look at the brasses—or, too often, the place where the brass ought to be; the whitewashed frescoes; the chancel screens, if not with their carvings and paintings mutilated, at least denuded of the roods which formerly crowned them, as well as of the figures, of which now usually only the brackets remain; the cracked bells; the windows where small bits of coloured glass, collected together in the upper part of the tracery, are the only signs of past glories; the doors and poppy heads, which are worm-eaten and fast decaying, or else patched up with new woods, sometimes happily, but sometimes very much the reverse—reminding one of the injunctions against “new wine in old bottles” and “crabbed age and youth,” so inharmonious is the result. Look at all these, I say, and then we may congratulate ourselves on finding some one thing, such as the font, which we can truly imagine to have remained the same through many hundreds of years, a silent witness through many changing generations.

In old days a church or chapel was often built

over a spring or well of water, and that was used for baptism, in preference to water gathered for the purpose into a font. For the baptism of King Edwin of Northumbria a chapel was so built. Afterwards York Cathedral rose over the remains of that chapel, and the spring still exists in the crypt. At St. Madern’s Oratory, in Cornwall, a stream flows under its north-west angle, where a little basin is excavated to form a font. The holy well of Fymon Vair, near St. Asaph, rises at the west end of the church, and is conducted into the south transept, where a bath or font is made to receive

it. Many of the holy wells dedicated to Celtic saints probably supplied water for the baptism of their converts, such as the well of St. Bruered, in Cornwall.

In its most primitive form, a font generally consisted of a rude block of stone, with a basin-shaped cavity scooped out of its upper surface for holding the water used at baptism. Later on this would be raised on one step or more; later still a pillar would be added to raise the block from the steps; and so gradually it has grown into the triple form of bowl, steps, and stem, as we usually see it, with more or less of ornamentation.



FONT AT NYMET ROWLAND.

This ornamentation often proves its age. Occasionally an inscription contains the exact date. Sometimes the carvings determine it; for instance, the shape of a shield, or, as in the octagon fonts with representations of the seven sacraments, the dress



of the groups of figures (especially the tall conical head-dress of the women in Holy Matrimony, as is seen on many Norfolk fonts) mark it to be about the time of Edward I. Old wooden and leaden fonts have, in many cases, disappeared. The wood has decayed, and the lead being a useful metal, and easily melted, doubtless was often converted to other uses. In old times there was a font at Canterbury of silver, which used to be sent for to Westminster on the occasion of a royal christening. (*See Harl. MS. 6079.*) At West Wycombe, Bucks, there is a silver-gilt font, but it is comparatively a modern one, only dating back to 1760.

There are leaden fonts in the following churches:

—Ashover (Derbyshire), Avebury, Woolston Childrey, Warborough, (Oxon.), Long Whellington, Clewer, Warcham, Brookland (Kent)—ornamented with signs of the Zodiac—Parham (Sussex), Cloinbridge and Siston (Gloucester), Pitcombe Clifton (near Dorchester), Walton-on-the-Hill, and Great Plumstead. In the church of Brundall, Norwich, the

font is of lead, with figures outside, and is painted all over in imitation of oak. Another is at Barnet-by-le-Wold, Lincoln. To quote from a report of the Archaeological Society for 1858: "A circular leaden font of the late Norman period has been brought to light by the Rev. B. Street, who found it in an obscure corner of Barnetby-le-Wold Church, where it had long been used for the purpose of containing lime-washes, &c. It is adorned externally with three bands of scroll work, cast in relief. Its height is 1 foot 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; its internal diameter a little more than 2 feet."

Inscriptions upon fonts are rare, and those few are too often much defaced or illegible. On the

Newark one is "Carne rei nati sunt hoc in fonte renati." Difficulty in deciphering it is shown by five different versions being given of it by various historians—Stretchley, Shilton, &c.! In Threkingham Church there is a black-letter inscription, rather badly cut: "✠ Ave Maria, gracie, p. d. t." (*plena dominus tecum*). Goodmarham Church, East Riding,



FONT AT EASTDOWN.

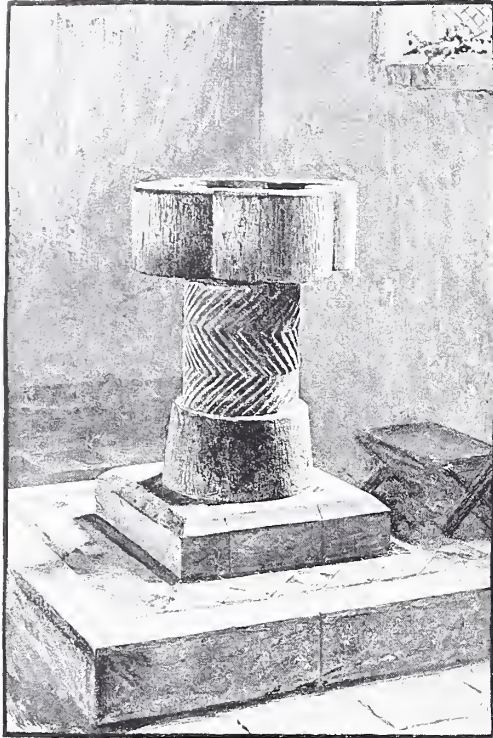


FONT AT LANDCROSS.



FONT AT KEYSOE.

Yorks, contains two fountains—one low, plain, and massive, in which Coife is said to have been baptised by Paulinus; the other very ornamental, of the age of Henry VIII, which bears the inscription: "Wythowt doubte all may be saved. Of your charity pray



FONT AT FRITHELSTOCK.

for them that this font made." On the font in Allerton Mauleverer Church, Yorks, is: "This worke is done as youe may it see Let no thing be a want in me: X T. H. 1663: m:." The inscription on the font at Radley, Berks, shows that the ancient use can be well carried out in this century: "Vas sacrum antiquissimum, diu apud rusticos in pago neglectum tandem denuo inter res sacras servandum curavit Johannes Radcliffe hujus ecclesie Vicarius, A.D. MDCCCXL." Another modern one is in Holy Trinity Church, Ryde, which records a father's and his children's thank-offering for the preservation of a son in his attempt to save two companions who were drowned: "D. O. M. Patri, Filio Spiritui Sancto propter filium ex aquâ servatum dum duos ipse comites submersos servaret D.D. gratus cum liberis pater." At Keysoe, in Bedfordshire, is a font dating about 1200. The inscription, translated into modern French, runs thus: "Restez: qui par ici passerez, Pour l'âme de Warel priez: Que Dieu par sa grace, Merçi lui fasse voir. Amen."

Some inscriptions may have been purposely erased. In the parish register of Lynn, Norfolk, in

1645, is recorded: "Paid to William King for defacing superstitious epitaphs, 5s." Blomefield, the Norfolk historian, remarked that it was too great a reward for so bad a service. Much "bad service" was indeed done in those days—sometimes for payment, as at Lynn, but oftener for mere wanton destruction. We of this age should feel all the more impelled to restore and carefully preserve what we have remaining of our old buildings, as they are comparatively few and far between.

Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his constitutions, 1236, required that fountains should be of stone, and the 81st Canon of our Church says: "According to a former constitution, too much neglected in many places, we appoint that there shall be a fountain in every church and chapel where baptism is to be ministered, the same to be set in the ancient usual places, in which only fountain the minister shall baptise publicly."

There was an ancient custom of especially hallowing or consecrating a new fountain on Easter-eve or Whitsun-eve, and Grose mentions that "In the beginning of holy church, all the children weren kept to be crystened on thys even at the fountain hallowing:



FONT AT FYNNON VAIR.

but now for enchesone that in soe long abydyng they might dye without crystendome, therefore holi church ordeyneth to crysten at all the tymes of the



PEACE—BURIAL AT SEA OF THE BODY OF SIR DAVID WILKIE.

(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the National Gallery. Engraved by O. C. Lacour.)



year save 8 daies before these eveyns, the child shall abide till the font hallowing, if it may be savey for perill of deth, and ells not." (Grose's *Antiq.*, vol. i., p. 156.)

There is a custom in many eountry parishes—particularly, I believe, in the Eastern Counties—of baptising on Good Friday, most of the babies born since the previous Good Friday being then brought to church. Has this perhaps arisen from that old "hallowing-time" of Easter-eve?

The various forms of decoration upon fonts are architectural features, such as moulding and panelling; geometrical ornaments, conventional foliage, and figure sculpture. Arcading is the characteristic ornamentation of the Norman period, moulding of the Early English, tracery of the Decorated, panelling of the Perpendicular.

A small, old Norman font in Blisland Church was discovered some years ago, after being long put aside.

It is now carefully preserved, though not used, as there is another (of the Third Pointed period) in the church. It is not said whether Blisland was in the same case as West Down, where, during the restoration of the church, the old long-disused font was found under the floor!

Among the illustrations are the font at Ringmore, which is chiefly interesting from being dated. At Frithestock the bowl of the font is a very uncommon four-sided shape, upon a shaft with roughly incised lines, probably dating about 1300. The Eastdown font is a very peculiar shape, and also is unusual in being a mixture of stone and wood. The carved oak stand, with the stone bowl above, is about fifteenth century work. The one at Minster, Cornwall, is of porphyry, and of early First Pointed work, with intersecting incised lines.



FONT AT RINGMORE.

Nymet Rowland is a handsome Early English font, and the one at Landercross of a slightly later date.

## “PEACE—BURIAL AT SEA OF THE BODY OF SIR DAVID WILKIE.”

By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

IT was in August, 1840, that Sir David Wilkie, in company with his friend, Mr. Woodburn, left England for the long tour in search of health which was to have so sad an end. They had journeyed through Holland, Germany, and Austria, and finally reached Constantinople. Here they stopped for Wilkie to paint a portrait of the Sultan, and then went on through the Holy Land to Egypt, starting for home from Alexandria on board the steamer *Oriental* in May, 1841. All went well till the 1st of June, when almost immediately after the vessel had left Gibraltar Wilkie was taken suddenly worse and died. The captain put back to Gibraltar and asked permission to land the body for burial, which request was refused. Steaming out again to sea, the body was committed to the deep in the quiet stillness of the summer night.

Turner was greatly affected by the death of his friend, and in painting the picture representing this scene sought to invest it with all the pathos of which his art was capable. There is an air of

peacefulness about the whole composition that would be pleasing were it not subdued by the black sails and hull of the ship and the mysterious glare of light amidships, revealing the mournful work that is proceeding. This does not oppress, however; and the effect of all these details is still of “peace—perfect peace.”

Mr. Hamerton records that Clarkson Stanfield expostulated with Turner for making the sails of the ship so black, to which Turner replied, “If I could find anything blacker than black I’d use it:” inferring that even this tone of mourning was not sufficient to express his sorrow for his friend’s death.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842 under the title of “Peace: Burial at Sea,” with the two following lines from “The Fallacies of Hope”—

“The midnight torch gleamed o’er the steamer’s side,  
And merit’s corse was yielded to the tide.”

It is mounted in a frame which shows the picture as an octagon 2 feet 8½ inches in diameter.

A. F.



APRIL.

**Recent Spectacle.** **T**H**ERE** has been much talk lately of a ballet at the Alhambra on the subject of "Ali Baba," and of a wonderful "flying dance;" but the latter proved to be merely a long-delayed development of the graceful but somewhat monotonous movements introduced some years ago by Md'le. *Ænea*. The cave scene in which the effect is exploited is quite of the conventional stalactite pattern, but it is admirably lighted, and the lines of the scene certainly serve the purpose of concealing the wires supporting the *figurantes*. Mr. RYAN'S "front cloth" of Ali Baba's home is far more satisfactory as a picture, with its pleasing composition and nicely-balanced contrasts of light and shade. If there be any truth in the theory that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Mr. Wilhelm should be happy, since the final scene of the Alhambra spectacle is evidently directly inspired by his famous Oriental "Blue Ballet," not only as a whole but in detail. Here shades of yellow are employed, but the hues are not too skilfully harmonised, and the designer, Mr. H. Russell, has scarcely mastered his lesson, though he may be credited with excellent intentions. The familiar "evolutions" of the "Forty" in the cave scene, again, derive no assistance from the colouring of their costumes, which are crude and elementary in themselves and ineffective in combination.

It is somewhat puzzling to understand the why and the wherefore of the praises lavished on the spectacular features of that curious medley of music and manners—*An Artist's Model*—at Daly's Theatre. The first act misrepresents a Paris studio, where the work accomplished seems to be quite on a par with the eccentricity of its system, which apparently encourages some students to sit at—we had almost written "on"—the feet of the model, provoking a pardonable

curiosity on our part as to the possible results achieved. The few studies in course of execution that are vouchsafed to critical eyes in the audience would be repudiated by the average pavement-artist. The ball-room scene of the second act, despite its solid ceiling, will do little to enhance the artistic repute of Messrs. Collinson and Lock; and of the costumes generally it may be sufficient to add that, with but few exceptions, they are on a level with the *mise-en-scène* and the midsummer madness of a stray moonbeam that follows Mr. Coffin about the stage during one of his solos with touching pertinacity.

**The Batheaston Vase.** TULLY'S vase, otherwise called of Batheaston, a Roman urn sheltered by a stone fabric, still stands firmly on its pedestal, but not inviolate, in the Royal Victoria Park at Bath. Recently



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

(By Perugino. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. See p. 199.)

some Mohawks, of malice aforethought, attempted to overthrow it, and grievously injured the base of this curious and beautiful relic of antiquity, fantastically associated, since its excavation in 1769 from Cicero's Tusculum, near Frascati, Rome, with the harmless frivolities of the group of modish guests who were accustomed to assemble once a week at the hospitable villa of

Batheaston, under the fostering auspices of the blue-stocking, Lady Miller. Fresh from her tour in Italy, this accomplished and amiable lady, after enrolling her name on the scroll of writers by the publication of a pleasing journal of her travels, amused herself and her friends by transforming the above-mentioned Roman urn into a strange use. It was bedecked with ribbons and wreaths of myrtle or laurel, when *vers de société*, *bouts rimés*, &c., were placed inside it, and, as they were drawn forth successively, read by some fair priestess appointed to the function. The fortunate aspirants to poetic fame were duly selected by

vote of the company, and generally prizes were awarded to the three most successful ones. The authors were then called upon to repeat their strains, and Lady Miller presented them with crowns of myrtle. Some of these effusions (humorously alluded to in Boswell's "Johnson" and Horace Walpole's

"Letters") are collected in three volumes, entitled "Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath," and printed in 1776. Lady Miller died in 1781, aged only forty-one years, and lies buried under a white marble monument in the Abbey at Bath, near the altar. Among the list of frequenters who deposited their verse in the urn (which one of them terms "sacred") we find the names of Lord Palmerston (not our Pam), Miss Seward, Anstey, Dr. Graves, David Garrick, and others better known as members of society in Bath than elsewhere. Carved in stone, this old Roman urn, with handles of twisted snakes, should endure for ages yet to come; the human figures are



"HIGHLAND MARY."

From the Model for the Statue to be erected at Dumoon. By D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A. See p. 233.)

weather-worn, but a winged boy carrying a cup is less mutilated than the four or five others in relief. A large acanthus adorns nearly half of the surface, and the neck is surrounded by a chain of trefoil. Below it is a cable pattern, all in excellent preservation. The urn bears no resemblance to the fancy vase depicted on the frontispiece of the book of quotations, which is, to all appearance, a reproduction of that by Bacon the sculptor, on the Abbey monument.

**Exhibitions.** It is five years since Mr. ALFRED EAST returned from Japan, laden with drawings and sketches which furnished forth one of the most successful exhibitions ever held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street. From that date until to-day, all the time he could spare from the painting of important canvases for the larger annual exhibitions he has devoted to a series of English landscapes, all executed with a definite purpose and intention, their mission being to set forth their painter's theory of landscape painting: that it is the duty of the artist not so much to trouble himself with topographic accuracy in representing a scene as to catch the passing mood of nature of the moment, and realise the actual hour and weather of the day or night as they impressed the painter at the time. Mr. East is, perhaps, less original than he thinks in this attempt. Very much the same idea must have occurred to Constable, on the back of some of whose sketches we find not only a note of the hour, the weather, and the wind at the time of painting, but of the way in which it developed, thus: "Looked like rain; but cleared—and a fine night." So Mr. East paints his pictures, and describes them as im-

pressions of flying moments thus: "April: yellow dawn;" "August: against the rising moon—night not come." Fortunately he has not allowed the beauty of these four-score and more canvases to be subordinate to his message; and never has his work been tenderer in poetry of sentiment, better balanced in composition, happier in colour and atmospheric effect, or more varied in theme.

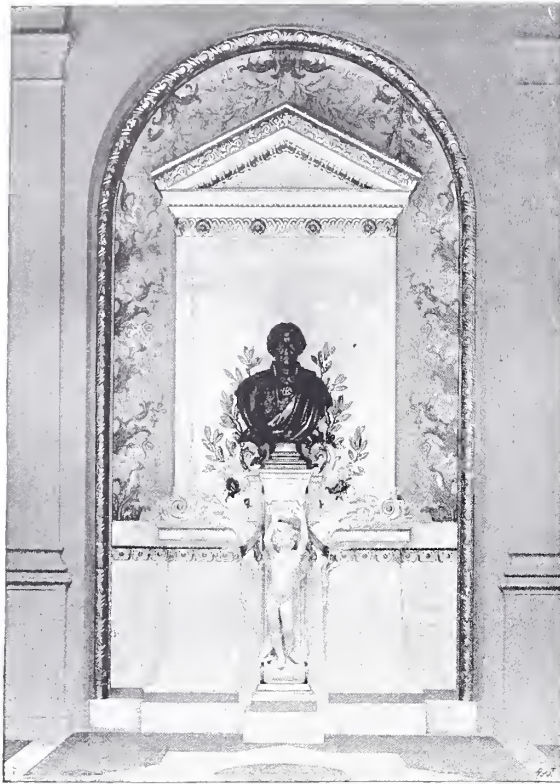
AT Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.'s, in Pall Mall East, there has just been held what is, perhaps, the most important exhibition of "Coloured Prints of the Last Century" that we have yet had. We are not in want of another, for two reasons. In the first place, no representation of this particular subject could well be worthier or more attractive than that which Messrs. Colnaghi have succeeded in making in their historic house—a place in which, close upon a hundred years ago, some of the work now exhibited was actually first carried out. In the second place, there cannot be among the real connoisseurs any desire to extend that mania for colour-print collecting which is already too pronounced. It has not, of course, affected those educated and masculine amateurs of art who have been wont, and will still be wont, to cherish the achievements of men of genius in black and white with the burin and with the etching needle. The colour print will never displace Rembrandts and Dürers, Turners, Méryons, and Whistlers. But the prices given for it by the less instructed collectors, who appreciate the art of the boudoir rather than the art of the study, are already excessive, and the interests of high taste are not served by the extension of this pretty fad of the moment. It may not be generally known, and it is worth knowing, that in many cases colour-printing was not resorted to until the once noble mezzotint had become worn and exhausted.



THE BATHEASTON VASE.

(From a Photograph by A. F. Perrien, Bath. See opposite page.)

Mr. HARRY QUILTER's temperament is one of restless variety. He loves, one would say, to appear simultaneously in different characters; and the exhibition last year



THE DUBAN MEMORIAL, ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS, PARIS.

(By MM. Bernier and Guillaume. See p. 238.)

of his drawings, paintings, and writings at the Dudley Gallery formed a curious glossary to the meaning of much in that human document—himself. More recently, in the same rooms, Mr. Quilter has appeared in another and a more successful capacity, that of collector of pictures and man of taste, with one hundred and twenty-six paintings and drawings from his own home walls. The collection opens with a panel of the Virgin enthroned, painted on a gold background, which Mr. Quilter discovered on his Italian travels, and claims, and we believe proves, to be the centre of a triptych, now distributed, painted by SPINELLO ARETINO, in 1384. Early Italian, late Italian, German, Dutch, and eighteenth-century pictures follow, all purchased with great judgment and very characteristic, all most instructively illustrating the protean changes and evolution of art. Bringing the long sequence to a period, we find a select group of WILLIAM HUNTS, "The Eaves-dropper" being a marvellously fine example of that artist; an excellent COX, "Green Lanes;" FRED WALKERS, G. PINWELLS, CECIL LAWSONS, ROSSETTIS, early J. W. NORTH, MILLAIS, and BOUGHTONS.

Mr. A. N. ROUSSOFF has been exhibiting for the third time at the Fine Art Society's rooms a collection of water-colour drawings of Egyptian and Venetian scenes. His work is always clear and untroubled; and while many of his pretty drawings would make a boudoir brighter, others are perhaps worthy of solider commendation.

Mr. HERBERT SCHMALZ possesses two valuable gifts: that of being able to treat sacred themes in a manner so graphic and dramatic as to bring their story vividly home

to the hearts of the general public, and that of rousing the interest of that public in all that he does. To accomplish his ends he spares no pains; and has made a long sojourn in the Holy Land, where so many of the abandoned cities sleep much as they were in the days of their glory, and where the same human types perpetuate themselves, and costume remains unchanged; and he is thus enabled to "stage," if the word be permissible, his subjects with effective realistic accuracy as to physique, clothes, vegetation, and landscape. On these lines was the popularity of his "Return from Calvary" earned, a success the recently-finished pendant, "Resurrection Morn," exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells' in Bond Street, is likely more than to repeat.

At the Dutch Gallery the brothers Sickert recently joined forces to cover the walls with a very interesting group of their joint works. Mr. WALTER SICKERT is the victim of a constant terror that the public should take him in earnest. He is happiest when he is hinting to us what he could do if he chose; and amongst the most successful of these most audacious and dexterous displays was his "Portrait of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley," in distemper, a panel-shaped sketch, the result, apparently, of half-a-dozen strokes of the brush, marvellously realising the morbid young designer's lank figure, drag of gait, and curious hang forward of weary head from the shoulders. Different, though less "clever," are Mr. BERNARD SICKERT's canvases—beautiful tone studies, full of atmosphere, low in key, brown and blue, and most of them canals or harbours, painted for the filigree of masts and cordage against the sky.

At the Continental Gallery Mr. R. PONSONBY STAPLES has been exhibiting a large collection of his works, executed in various mediums, which served to show the versatility of his talent. He appeared to the best advantage in



RACING TROPHY.

(By Alfred Lewis. See p. 236.)



the sketch portraits for the two large groups, "Cardinal Manning's Last Reception," and "House of Commons, Feb. 13, 1893."

In the second British water-colour exhibition at the Japanese Gallery there were many works that were of a very ordinary character, and few which succeeded in claiming individual attention. Among the hundred and four drawings, contributed by forty-four artists, we can only single out for special mention "Poaching," by Mr. E. F. BREWTON, R.W.S.; "A Street in Lelant," by Mr. ALFRED EAST; "A Misty Morning," by Mr. G. C. HAITE; "A Country Road in October," by Mr. W. TATTON WINTER; and "Twilight, Loch Awe," by Mr. A. W. WEEDON, R.I.

**Reviews.** It was not till early in the present century that there appeared in England any manual of book-binding. In 1811 there was printed at Oswestry a 12mo of sixty pages, entitled "The Whole Art of Bookbinding," which, as far as we know, is the oldest English printed work

his preface Mr. Hannett asked him "to revise, rearrange, and rewrite." Of the history of binding down to the period of gilt tooled bindings, which occupies one hundred and seventy pages out of the two hundred and seventy of which the work is composed, we may say that it has been done with care and research, and presents the best detailed and consecutive account that we have, with due examination of the more recent writers on that part of the subject that deals especially with English stamped leather binding. Of the latter part, dealing with Italian and French gold tooled bindings, we cannot, unfortunately, say as much. When Mr. Brassington deals with English bindings he is on comparatively firm ground; but it would have been almost better to have confined his attention to native work, when he came to gold tooled bindings, than to have dismissed the whole subject of foreign binding in those days when alone it was really a fine art, in a space of about thirty pages. The French are, with reason, very



RUSSIAN EXILES AT THE BOUNDARY OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

(From the Painting by Alexander Sochaczewski. By Special Permission of the Artist. See p. 199.)

of the kind. In 1817 followed a rather more pretentious one by Parry, and in 1820 "The Bookbinder's Manual," issued anonymously, like the first, which it strongly resembles. These, it would appear, sufficed for the craft until 1835, when John Hannett, at once author, printer, antiquary, and bookbinder, issued his "Bibliopectia, or the Art of Bookbinding in all its Branches," under the name of John Andrews Arnett. Two years later he published "An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of Bookbinding from the times of the Greeks and Romans to the Present Day," which was the first attempt to give to the public a consecutive account of the development of the art. In 1837 Hannett left London, where he had been employed in the publishing house of Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and started as a printer and bookbinder at Market Rasen, in his native county of Lincolnshire. In 1844 he moved to Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire, where he brought out the sixth edition of his "Bibliopectia" in 1865, and there ended a long and useful life only two years ago, at the age of eighty-nine. Mr. SALT BRASSINGTON now issues in quarto form "A History of the Art of Bookbinding, with some Account of the Books of the Ancients" (Elliot Stock, 1894), based upon Hannett's second book, which he tells us in

proud of the history of binding, as it may be traced in the annals of their great collectors and famous craftsmen. The last ten or fifteen years especially have been fruitful in researches made by men who have devoted years to a study of the subject, and no one who treats of it nowadays with any view to thoroughness can afford to neglect the recent works of such men as Thoinan, Bosquet, and Béraldi. Mr. Brassington's book is very fully illustrated, mostly with plates that have served the same purpose before. Here, again, we must put in a word of criticism. Students of binding, and buyers of such books as Mr. Brassington's, are wearied with the constant repetition of the same illustrations. It is a pity not to try and introduce fresh material, which in itself would give value and fresh interest, apart from the letterpress. The plates selected for reproduction here are among the least known. The first shows the arms of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, about 1560. The second is of a panel stamp of Jehan Moulin, a Rouen stationer, who visited England early in the sixteenth century. It is one of the punning devices much loved by the French, and is taken from a book in the library of Worcester Cathedral.

The art of gardening in Japan differs by a wide interval

from that of Europe. In "*Landscape Gardening in Japan*," by F. CONDER and K. OGAWA (Sampson Low and Co., London), the author judiciously defines it as "an expression of nature built upon a charming system of ethics." It is—whether in park or house-garden, and on however miniature a scale—a model suggestion of historic scenes and celebrated landscapes. Rocks, trees, stones, bridges, lakes (or it may be puddles), waterfalls, islands, and stone pagodas, or lanterns, play a main part in every work of the gardener, large or small. Even the shapes of trees are carefully reduced to artificial and symbolic types. The gardener's model pine there is not the ordinary pine of the forest, but the abnormal specimen which age and tempest have moulded into quaint and unusual shapes. Mr. Conder analyses the laws, types, and traditions which govern the shaping of these quaint playgrounds; the scale, sex, and symbolism of the garden stones (for in Japan stones have sexes, and trees a moral meaning); the varieties and nomenclature of the pagodas; the shapes, uses, and relations of the water basins, wells, bridges, and arbours which play so large a part in the Japanese garden. The laws of garden composition and vegetation are also discussed with great and, sooth to say, somewhat tedious fullness. It is a matter of curious and æsthetic interest which well repays, taking it altogether, the depth and accuracy of research and the wealth of illustration which signalise these two monumental volumes. The supplemental volume of photographs by Mr. K. Ogawa are especially welcome, because they include many delightful views of celebrated scenery in Japan, without which the garden pictures would seem in many instances fantastic and artificial. A Japanese garden speaks also to the lettered mind, instructed in the traditions and limitations of the symbolism of the East; so that these remarkable volumes appeal to the literary and historic, as well as to the artistic and æsthetic student.

"*Sir Philip Sidney*," by ANNA M. STODDART (William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh), is a concise study of the life and virtues of the great Elizabethan hero. With the exception of the frontispiece—a portrait of Sidney—the illustrations are exceedingly poor, and not worthy a volume so excellently printed as this.

A new series of "*The Antiquary*" (Elliot Stock) is being published at a reduced price. This useful journal is as well produced as ever, and the lower cost should bring it renewed popularity among all interested in its programme.

THREE miniature books reach us from Mr. Zaehnsdorf, which are curiosities well deserving to be included in the category of works of art. They measure not quite one square inch; yet these little volumes, covered in crushed

morocco, are perfect little specimens of the bookbinder's art, both in respect to forwarding, binding, inlay, tooling, and finishing.

**New Members.** MR. EDWARD R. HUGHES has been elected a member, and Messrs. E. A. ABBEY and R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Messrs. C. MARTIN HARDIE and GEORGE W. JOHNSTON, painters, have been elected members of the Royal Scottish Academy. Messrs. W. S. HALE, J. C. MURRAY, and C. R. CARROLL have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

**Miscellanea.** MR. W. W. MAY, R.I., has been appointed Curator of the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

MR. W. Q. ORCHARD ON, R.A., has been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honour.

The late Sir CHARLES NEWTON has left all his archaeological drawings, &c., to Oxford University.

The figure of "Industry," reproduced on p. 186 of THE MAGAZINE OF ART for March, is the work of Mr. H., not Mr. F. PEGRAM.

MR. ROBERT GIBB, R.S.A., has been appointed to the post of Principal Curator and Keeper of the National Gallery of Scotland.

We are gratified in being able to announce that at the recent *Exposition du Livre* held in Paris, the highest award, the *Diplôme d'honneur*, was gained by THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

As FÉLIX DUBAN was the designer of the building, it is a graceful tribute to his memory to place a monument in the vestibule of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, Paris. The form of the monument may be seen from the illustration on page 236. It is composed of coloured marbles—the bust being of bronze—and designed

by W. BERNIER, M. EUGÈNE GUILLAUME being responsible for the sculptural work.

Another monument recently unveiled is reproduced on this page. It is that raised to the memory of Dr. TESTELIN at Lille. It is one of the many that have been and are being raised throughout France to commemorate the deeds of valour done in the Great War of 1870-1. The monument is the combined work of M. BONNIER, architect, and M. CORDONNIER, sculptor.

Scotland is to have still another memorial of Burns. It is to take the form of a statue of "Highland Mary," which is to be erected on the rocks in front of Dunoon Castle, on the Forth of Clyde. Mary Campbell, the inspirer of the poet's muse, was born at the farmhouse of Auchamore, situate in close proximity to the castle; hence the selection of this site for the monument. The execution of the work has been entrusted to Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, R.S.A., and it is by the courtesy of the artist we are enabled to reproduce the sketch-model for the statue. It



THE TESTELIN MONUMENT AT LILLE.

(By MM. Bonnier and Cordonnier. See below.)

is intended that the completed work shall be unveiled at Dunoon on the centenary of Burns' death, July 11th, 1896.

We reproduce on p. 236 a yacht-racing trophy, designed by a very young sculptor, Mr. ALFRED LEWIS—a late old Academy student—a pupil of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., at the Royal Academy school club classes in Denman Street. The influence of the master is, of course, much in evidence; but it is a new and promising departure from the solid old



ARMS OF ANNE DE MONTMORENCY (1560).

(Reduced from "A History of the Art of Bookbinding." See p. 237.)

tankard, goblet, or vase, of which the chief recommendation in the eyes of those who fought for it was that it "looked worth the money." Our photograph is of the sculptor's unfinished plaster model. Sundry details were subsequently altered—especially that of gilt spray held by the lower figure of bright silver, the Spirit of the Waters, which rides the oxidised silver fish—and something done to the figure with the wreath of conquest, the Lady of the Favouring Breeze. Messrs. Lewis of Bond Street, whose name only by accident resembles that of the artist, are responsible for the silver in which Messrs. Gould, the American yacht-owners, have invested the £100 won by their *Vigilant* from the royal yacht *Britannia* in the Solent last August.

**Obituary.** THE death of Monsieur JEAN PORTAELS, the Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Brussels, was quite unexpected. He was a hale old man, and at table, when, like a true Fleming, he did full justice to the bill of fare, he would often say that his frame was a sound case. Jean Portaels did good to his country's art. He threw a window open in the academic course through which the outer air—the air of modern thought—could blow in. Under his direction the Academy ceased to be a school where every student was expected to stifle himself, and bend to uniform and unyielding methods. Before his appointment as official Director of Art in Belgium, he had opened an *atelier*, whither had gathered Emile Wauters, Cormon, Van der Stappen, Oyens, Aggneesus—all artists of diverse if not of opposite temperament. And to all he preached freedom, not subservience. Far from repressing individual tendencies, he studied them, and endeavoured to develop and

encourage them by his counsel. He would not, as a professor, allow his pupils to "get into his skin" and to paint like him; on the contrary, it was he who, for the moment, tried to get into theirs—to find out what they aimed at, of what they were capable, and from what fount of art they drew inspiration. And when he had read his man, he was quite delighted, and told all his friends. At the exhibitions he, the veteran, always held a brief for the artists who were the boldest and the most discussed. He surprised everyone by his eagerness in pointing out the fine but embryonic qualities of some picture which by common opinion was pronounced "mad." Jean Portaels made long journeys to the East and to Egypt. He also spent some time at Buda Pesth, where he painted the picture called "La Loge," which was purchased by the State, a fine and distinguished work, suggesting some of the Venetian pictures by Titian or Veronese. He tried repeatedly to represent the Oriental type of woman, placing his figures in Biblical scenes, or in dramatic modern situations. "The Simoom," also purchased by the State, is a famous instance. His chief anxiety in his work was for the composition. He was a skilful draughtsman, a clever colourist; but beyond drawing and colour, he felt that his subject should be set forth with completeness and mature thought. He tried his hand at portraits: Mme. Caron, Mgr. Simon, court chaplain, and others. The best he painted was one of M. Paul Deroulède. Two large works in the church of Saint Jacques (Place Royale, Brussels), "The Crucifixion" and "Calvary," occupied him for some years. He has conceived of these solemn scenes in a very modern spirit, especially the second. Jean Portaels had an



PANEL STAMP OF JEHAN MOULIN.

(From a Book in Worcester Cathedral. Reduced from "A History of the Art of Bookbinding." See p. 237.)

exquisite nature. He was a faithful and infinitely generous friend. The poor of his neighbourhood well knew the day when he drew his quarter's salary. He laid it all out in rows of five-franc pieces in one of the rooms of his little

house in the Rue Royale, and gave it away, to the last coin, to the necessitous who crowded in, many of whom had in their youth sat as models in his studio. And Jean Portaels would say to them: "Do not thank me. I made so much money in the early days when I painted famous pictures from your beauty! I am your debtor."

M. PAUL MANTZ, one of the leading art writers and critics of France, has recently died at Paris at the age of seventy-four. As early as 1844 he held the post of literary and art-critic to *L'Artiste*, and in 1848 he wrote also for *L'Événement*, *La Revue de Paris*, and *La Revue Française*. He also contributed later to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and the *Temps*. He was an elegant writer, and possessed of wide knowledge



THE LATE PAUL MANTZ (1857).  
(From a Photograph by Nadar, Paris.)

of art matters, whether affecting old or modern work. His three greatest contributions to the literature of art were the monographs on Holbein, Watteau, and Boucher.

M. EUGENE FICHEL, the painter, has recently died at Paris, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a pupil of Delaroche and Drolling, and turned his attention first to the painting of historical subjects; but his reputation was acquired by the miniature pictures executed in the style of Meissonier. He gained his first



THE LATE JEAN PORTAELS.  
(From a Photograph by M. Ganz, Brussels.)

medal—a third-class one—in 1857, with "Une Matinée Dramatique" and "Partie d'Échecs." His Salon picture of 1863, "L'Arrivée à l'Auberge," is in the Luxembourg.

We regret to record the death of Mr. HYMAN MONTAGU, vice-president of the Numismatic Society. His collection of coins was in its way one of the finest in the country, and he was a recognised authority on his subject. He was the author of the standard work on the "Copper and Bronze Coinage of Great Britain," and his occasional contributions in

the reviewing of numismatical books will be missed by the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

Mr. EWAN CHRISTIAN, the well-known architect, has recently died at eighty years of age. He was architect to the Ecclesiastical Commission; and the new National Portrait Gallery is being built from his designs.

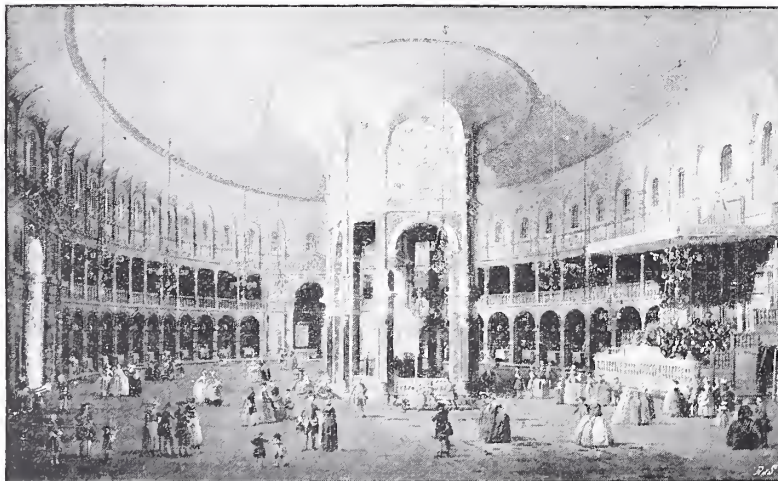
We have also to record the deaths of Mrs. EMMA MACKENZIE, the last surviving daughter of John Landseer; of ANTOINE WAGNER, Professor of Sculpture at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts; of FRANCESCO PODESTI, the Italian painter, at the age of ninety-five; and of Mr. LAMBERT WESTON, at the age of ninety. To the late Mrs. THORNYCROFT we shall refer next month.

For Review. "The Student's English Dictionary," by JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D., new edition, edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. (Blackie and Son, London); "A Handbook of Illustration," by A. HORSLEY HINTON (Dawburn and Ward, Limited, London); "A Book of Words," reprinted in part from *Punch*, by A. A. S., with a few sketches by the author (Archibald Constable and Co., Westminster); "Pen Pictures and How to Draw Them," by ERIC MEADE (L. Upcott Gill, London); "The Crystal Ball," by ALICE SARGANT, illustrated by MARY SARGANT FLORENCE (George Bell and Sons, London); "Hercules and the Marionettes," by R. MURRAY GILCHRIST, illustrated by CHARLES P. SAINTON (Bliss, Sands, and Foster, 1894, London); "The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice," by JANE BARLOW, illustrated by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD (Methuen and Co, London); "The End of Elfin Town," by JANE BARLOW, illustrated by LAWRENCE HOUSMAN (Macmillan and Co., London); "Round about Helvellyn," by THOMAS HUSON, R.I., R.P.E., illustrated by the author (Seeley and Co., Limited, London); "Moderne Innen Dekoration," parts for January and February (Alexander Koch, Darmstadt); "Shakespeare's Stratford," by W. HALLSWORTH-WHITE, illustrated by the author (J. L. Allday, Birmingham).

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THE LATE EWAN CHRISTIAN.  
(From a Photograph by A. Bassano.)



INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA, RANELAGH.

(By Antonio Canale. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

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Sir Frederick Bart, P.R.A. painted

Art of Art

*Girls, Maying at Bull.*

By permission of the Berlin Photographs Company.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—I.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

IT is matter for congratulation that the Royal Academy opens its doors under somewhat happier auspices than have been signalised within

pacified by official recognition of the most distinguished and advanced of their number, the critics conciliated by the grant of an additional press-day, the lady-students satisfied by the tardy permission to study the semi-nude, the main causes of the distrust with which the Academy even lately was still regarded have for the most part been swept away. Only one other important concession still remains to be made—the establishment of one or two Academicianships, or even Associate-ships, for masters in black-and-white, whereby noble workers such as Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel, and Sir Seymour Haden, may be recognised as artists, and a scandal in the Academy and a lamentable insult to the widest and most vital of the arts be absconded for good and all. A similar reform was granted in years gone by in



STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR "LACHRYMÆ."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

the past few years. In its internal affairs it has advanced steadily along the road to reform, though the greatest and most needed reform of all—that of nullifying by simple limitation the paralysing industry of the incompetent outsider—has once more been deferred. It has followed up the election of Mr. Swan and Mr. Sargent by that of Mr. George Clausen, who, while he is still an ardent supporter of the measure of reform I have just indicated, admits that the Academical system as at present established works better in practice than the theoretical principle which in years gone by he headed the Outsiders in trying to foree upon Burlington House. Thus with the Outsiders



STUDY FOR "A ROMAN LADY."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

the ease of line-engraving—after a severe struggle, it is true; but what has been done before may be done again, and in the more catholic mood of



STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF "FLAMING JUNE."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

the Academy which now prevails it should surely be effected without incurring any serious opposition.

And apart from the administrative improvements in the Academy itself is the brighter commercial outlook that has unmistakably manifested itself. For the last few years protest has persistently been made in this annual review of the Academy's exhibition against the selfish, though, no doubt, very prudent, policy of "art patrons" and collectors in preferring to buy pictures of deceased painters rather than to encourage living talent that must be encouraged to live at all. It was such encouragement as this of Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Vernon that has adorned to-day the walls of many a picture-owner, who, however, declines in his turn to render a similar service to posterity and to art. It is therefore the more agreeable to learn that the "deceased-master boom" is at last coming to an end—not through any new-born disinterestedness, to be sure, but chiefly through the supply of genuine old English

pictures giving out; and that a tendency has manifested itself to revert, *faute de mieux*, towards the acquisition and encouragement of contemporary effort. It may therefore fairly be hoped that as a result of this increased appreciation, and the consequent elation on the part of the workers, artistic achievement during the coming year will justify the support of the public.

It was expected that the influenza-plague, from which the artists as a body have enjoyed no immunity, would disastrously affect the quality of the present exhibition; indeed, many statements to that effect have already appeared in the Press. But judging from such works as at this time of writing I have been enabled to examine, I must say that little trace of such inferiority is apparent. In a few cases unfinished pictures will certainly have to be kept over until next year; but their places will be filled by others, not less important perhaps, which were overtaken by time and omitted from last year's show; and while several of the younger men, whose names are hardly yet familiar to the general public, will contribute notable works, the older artists who have for years been the mainstay of the exhibition will show little falling off, either in artistic power or in popular attraction. Indeed, in some



STUDY FOR ARRANGEMENT IN "FLAMING JUNE."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)



eases, as in that of Sir John Millais, a revivification, so to speak, is to be observed.

Sir Frederic Leighton maintains a level of excellence that would be wonderful if the reason of it were not so manifest. He invariably sets up a lofty standard, and to that standard he as invariably attains; for he knows his own power so accurately, and in accomplishment is so certain, that he is as unlikely of failure as he is indisposed of shooting beyond the mark which he presumably regards as his limit. His "Flaming June"—a lovely *motif* which



STUDY FOR "LACHRYMÆ."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)



STUDY OF FOLDS FOR "LACHRYMÆ."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

appeared last year as a *bas relief* on the fountain in his picture of "Summer Slumber"—is perhaps even more satisfying than usual. The utter *abandon* of the pose, the complete lassitude first revealed to him by a weary model, the beautiful drawing of the figure, half-concealed, half-disclosed by the added drapery of apricot gold; the vigorous colour and rich impasto of the sea beyond, combine to form an admirable composition at once graceful and opulent. In striking con-



STUDY FOR "FLAMING JUNE."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

trast is "Lachrymæ." Cold and, if one can say so of the President's palette, eruder in colour, this figure, the very personification of depression, stands in a sad myrtle grove, through which bursts the faded glory of a coppery sunset. Expression indicative of hope and fear and wistfulness is the motive of his "Roman Lady," and refinement pure and simple, tender and exquisitely felt, of the two fine female heads typical of the beauty with which Sir Frederic's name will in the future be associated. Of the studies for the former of these pictures reproductions are here presented in accordance with the wish of the Academy that



STUDY.

(By E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

no engravings of the finished pictures should be published before the opening day. A study is also given from Mr. Poynter's dainty picture, illustrative of the lines of Horace's Ode—

"Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura virgo et fingitur artibus"—

a picture, it is understood, that is one of a long Horatian series to which the artist is devoting himself henceforth.

From Mr. Dicksee come two pictures utterly unlike in all points, save in virile handling and in the natural dramatic instinct that is so strong in him. The first represents the guilty lovers, Francesca da Rimini and Paolo, seated together in passionate embrace; and the other, in a far warmer and more powerful scheme of colour, a modern poetic scene of a girl at the piano, while her brooding husband (?) sees the memory rise behind her, ghostlike, of a former love. The study here re-

produced is that for the head of the "memory" that has almost become materialised. The work is treated with great skill. Painted in a ruddy lamplight scheme, it is not for that reason "hot." The subject, dangerous enough in itself, does not fail, as it well might, by becoming theatrical; the figures keep their places, and the sentiment does not unduly interpose itself between the painting and the spectator. The mind of the beholder naturally reverts to earlier pictures of the painter which practically handled the same subject, sentiment, or treatment; but we have here a great artistic advance, a greater breadth and grip, and in them the Academy will probably find two of the most appreciated canvases among the subject pictures of the year.

In Mr. Peter Graham's sea-shore picture, "The Sea will Ebb and Flow," there is equally an advance to be noted—or perhaps one ought to say, a "forward change." Abandoning sea-spray and puffins, the artist has given us, in this study of sea and a Hook-like group of fisher-children, a work in which the drawing of the water is as fine as its colour, and its handling as fine as either.

(To be continued.)



STUDY FOR "MEMORIES."

(By Frank Dicksee, R.A.)

24.



STUDY.

(By E. J. Poynton, R.A.)





STUDY FOR "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

(By Frank Dicksee, R.A.)



## THE PORTRAITS OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

BY LIONEL CUST.

IT is well known that the great landscape-painter, Joseph Mallord William Turner, had a rooted objection in the latter part of his life to allowing any portrait to be made of him, alleging as an excuse that if the public got to know what he was like, they would cease to care about his pictures. A man with such keen powers of observation as Turner could hardly fail to be sagacious enough to see that his appearance and dress were sufficiently grotesque and uncouth to make it incredible to some that he should be the author of those wonderful poem-pictures which they were accustomed to admire and go into ecstasies over at the Royal Academy exhibitions. Turner's resolve was a good one, so far as related to his immediate contemporaries, but was an unkind one in the interests of posterity. It is all the more satisfactory to find that it was wholly ineffectual, although it was before the days of Kodak cameras and thumbnail artists, and that posterity has a sufficient number of counterfeit presentments of the great painter to be able to form a fair estimate of his general appearance.

In his earliest days, Turner—like most young artists—dabbled himself in portrait-painting, and even contemplated it as the easiest way by which a painter could earn his living. Like Albrecht Dürer and Rembrandt, he found a certain amount of attraction in his own features. In the possession of Turner's great champion, Mr. Ruskin, at Brantwood, there is a small painting of Turner as a boy of fourteen or fifteen, with longish curling hair, such as would befit the son of the little barber in Maiden Lane. According to Mr. Thornbury, this portrait was painted at Bristol for some friends of Turner's there, named Narraway; and it was done in his bedroom, before a looking-glass, like the famous silver-point drawing of Albrecht Dürer, by himself, in the Albertino collection at Vienna. Another youthful portrait, by himself, is in the possession of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, the art-critic and biographer

of Turner, to whom the present writer is indebted for many suggestions. A third portrait of a boy, with a strong resemblance to Turner, and for some



(From a Painting by Hoppner, in the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

length of time accepted as a portrait of the great artist, is attributed to the hand of John Hoppner, R.A., and after some wanderings has passed into the possession of Mr. M. H. Spielmann. Here the eyes are blue, as Turner's were, and the nose is suggestive of the prominence to which Turner's nose attained in later life. The hair, however, is cropped behind, and the mouth rather more delicately modelled than that which is shown in the recognised boyish portraits of Turner.

The most important portrait which Turner has left of himself is that in the National Gallery, formerly in the Vernon Collection. This shows the painter at the age of seventeen. Here we have some

of the salient features of Turner's face in the keen, blue-grey eyes, looking straight at the spectator, and the thick upper-lip and full, sensual lower-lip. His light-brown hair is massed thickly on his forehead, and the shadows under the eyes indicate a combination of assiduous work with some indulgence in the pleasures of youth, to which the two brethren in art, Turner and Girtin, seem to have been addicted. In 1799 Turner was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, at the unusually early age of twenty-four. In the following year—1800—he actually gave a



(From the Painting by Himself. By Special Permission of Mr. Ruskin.)

sitting to George Dance, the Royal Academician, for a series of outline profile portraits of the Academicians, which were for the most part engraved by Daniell, and published. The original drawings are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy. The young painter is seated in profile to the right, with his long hair tied behind him in a knot. The nose is pronounced and Jewish in shape, the eye large and open, the lips thick, with a touch of sensuality, though the shape of the mouth is by no means unattractive, and the chin is prominent and advancing. This is by far the most



(From Pencil Drawings by Charles Turner.)





F. Gérard, pinx<sup>t</sup>

G. A. Manchon, sculpt<sup>r</sup>

MADAME DE RECAMIER.



attractive among the portraits of Turner, and it is difficult to foresee in this rather *soigné* dandy the strange, uncouth figure of Turner in his later days.

At a time not very much later, the two drawings must have been made which were acquired lately for the print-room at the British Museum from the family of Charles Turner, the well-known engraver, and which purport to have been drawn by that artist. They show Turner front-face, one being taken at a moment when he was out of temper, and apparently ready to fly in the face of his opponent, and the other taken when he was in a gentler mood. These two portraits corroborate the likeness in the drawing by Dance. They are highly and artistically drawn, but, as Mr. Monkhouse has pointed out, they differ so much in the style of drawing from the later and well-known engraving published by Charles Turner, that it may be doubted whether they were actually drawn by that engraver. Charles Turner, who was not in any way related to the great painter, did not come into close connection with the painter until about 1807, when he was selected by J. M. W. Turner to engrave the plates of the "*Liber Studiorum*." The story of the breach between the two artists is well known. Later on, Charles Turner painted, from notes and memory, a portrait of Turner, seated in profile to the right, with a sketch upon his knees, which he also engraved in mezzotint. An oval drawing by Charles Turner of this same head—either

a preliminary study or a careful copy—was acquired from his family, with the two previous drawings, for the print-room at the British Museum. This portrait is perhaps the best-known and most characteristic portrait of the great painter. It lacks, however, the vitality of a portrait drawn from life. Mr. Thornbury, in his "*Life of Turner*," says that "Mr. Mulready also possesses an inimitable little sketch of Turner *furens*—taken by stealth at an Academy Council, where the artist was thwarted. He looks ready for a spring; Achilles chafing in his tent could not have appeared more grandly furious. Mr. Mulready has caught the true yet momentary expression." Can this be the first of the two drawings

mentioned above? It being impossible to obtain any portrait of Turner except by stealth, it was arranged that facilities should be given to the well-known painter, Mr. Linnell, to study Turner's face and figure at a series of dinner-parties given by Turner's friend, the Rev. E. T. Daniell. In this way a striking, full-face likeness of the painter in



(From the Portrait by George Dance, R.A. By Permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.)

the prime of life was obtained, the features naturally not being so prominent as in the profile portraits, but showing the keenness of the glance in the painter's eye. Turner is richly dressed, with a red velvet waistcoat and satin stock, a gala dress for his friend's parties. It forms a worthy pendant to Turner's youthful portrait of himself in the National Gallery, and is now in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. One cannot help expressing a hope that so valuable a portrait may some day find its way into the National Portrait Gallery, which institution has hitherto been unable to acquire a portrait of this great Englishman. This portrait by Linnell was engraved in mezzotint by C. W. Wass.

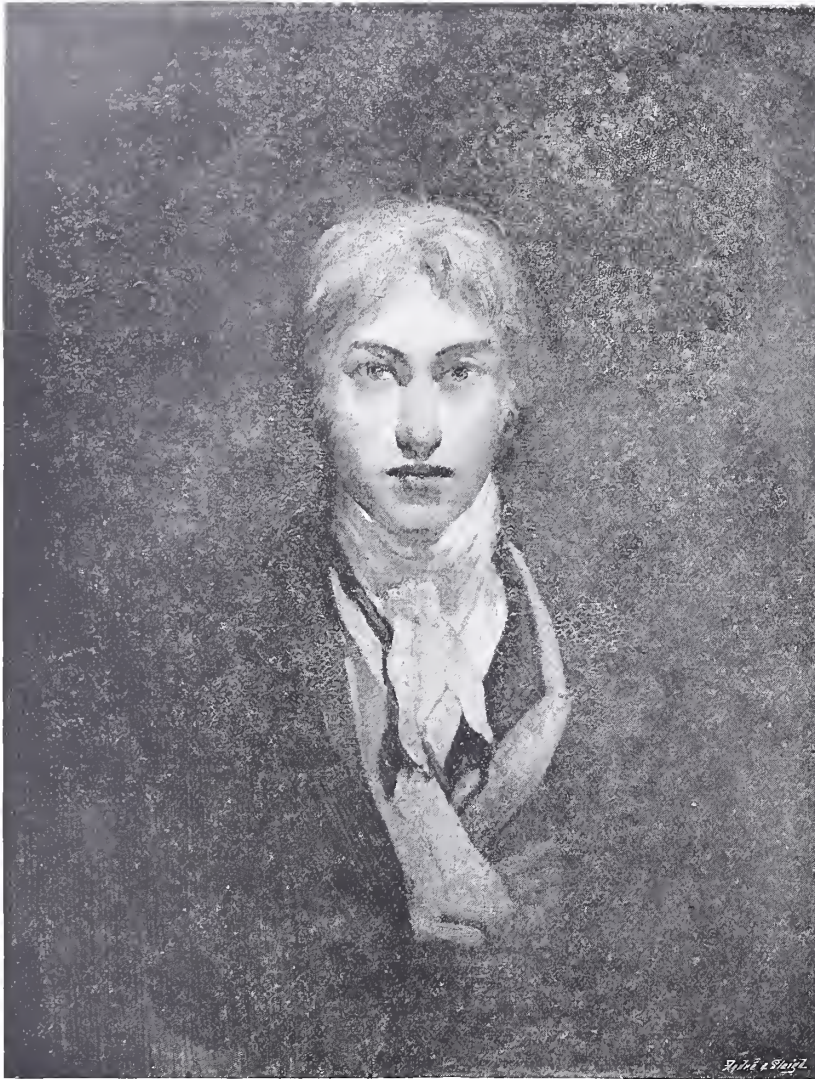
As Turner advanced in years he grew slovenly in his habits and in his dress. His rude and irregular mode of life made his face rough and red, his hair was unkempt and ragged, and increasing stoutness made his figure seem short and squab even to the extent of exciting ridicule. One can easily understand his objection to having his portrait

own incoherent attempt at poetry. An engraving of this portrait was published by Hogarth in 1851.

The portrait of Turner which is probably the most familiar to the general public, is the slight sketch made by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., on the varnishing day at the British Institution in 1846. In this the appearance of the painter, in his old swallow-tailed coat, with a great red handkerchief sticking out of the side-pocket, is very happily rendered. It is little more, however, than a very hasty sketch. Through the kindness of Sir John Gilbert and of Mr. (now Sir) George Scharf, the director of the National Portrait Gallery (to whom the present writer is also indebted for much assistance), the following letter from Sir John Gilbert to Mr. Scharf concerning this portrait is published for the first time. A drawing having come into the possession of Messrs. Graves and Co. which purported to be the original drawing by Sir John Gilbert, and was reproduced in lithography as such, Mr. Scharf, in October, 1882, consulted Sir John Gilbert as to its authenticity, and elicited the following reply:—

“Many years ago I had a picture placed on the east wall, north room, British Institution, Pall Mall, in the centre of the wall, directly opposite to which was a square or almost square picture by J. M. W. T., who was busily working upon it. He had—I was told—been there all the morning, and seemed likely, judging by the state of the picture, to remain for the rest of the day. He was absorbed in his work, did not look about him, but kept on scumbling a lot of white into his picture—nearly all over it. The subject was a Claud-like composition—a bay or harbour—classie buildings on the banks on either

side, and in the centre the sun. The picture was a mass of red and yellow of all varieties. Every object was in this fiery state. He had a large palette, nothing in it but a huge lump of flake-white; he had two or three biggish hog tools to work with, and with these he was driving the white into all the hollows, and every part of the surface. This was the only work he did, and it was the finishing stroke. The sun, as I have said, was in the centre; from it were drawn—ruled—lines to mark the rays; these lines were rather strongly marked, I suppose to guide his eye. The picture gradually became wonderfully effective, just the effect of brilliant sunlight absorbing everything, and throwing a misty haze over every object. Standing sideways of the canvas, I saw that the sun was a lump of white standing out like the boss on a shield. However, all this is nothing. But here was an opportunity to get a sketch of the painter, and I



(From the Portrait by Himself, in the National Gallery.)

taken. He did not escape, however, from the pencils of his contemporaries. The famous fop and *dilettante* artist, Count Alfred D'Orsay, used to meet Turner at the parties given by the once well-known art-connoisseur, Mr. Elkanah Bicknell. Ever ready to portray the lions of the day, D'Orsay drew a full-length sketch of Turner standing and stirring a cup of tea. It is little more than a caricature, though no doubt intended to be a serious likeness; but the artist has caught rather happily one of the peculiarities of Turner's gait and attitude. Underneath is inscribed "The Fallacy of Hope," the title of Turner's



(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Charles Turner.)

seized it, making a hurried pencil sketch. From that sketch I made a drawing on wood, which was well engraved by W. J. Linton. It will be found in 'The Illustrated Exhibition and Magazine of Art,' published by John Cassell. I have from time to time searched diligently for the pencil drawing made in the gallery, but unsuccessfully. Whether some one laid unlawful hands on it I know not; at all events, it has long since disappeared. My sketch was very slight. When able to get to town I will call on Graves; of course I should know my own work. My portrait—that is, the one in Cassell's book—has been copied over and over again and engraved."

A few days later Sir John Gilbert wrote to inform Mr. Scharf that he had seen the pencil sketch in Mr. Graves's possession, and that it was a precise copy of the woodcut, with the exception of some alterations in the face. With reference to the incident of this drawing, the following additional anecdote, also kindly supplied by Mr. Scharf, is of great interest. Mr. Scharf writes:—

"In 1846 I contributed two pictures to the modern Exhibition of the British Institution in Pall Mall. They were views of the rock sculptures in Lycia, a district of Asia Minor, first visited by Sir Charles Fellows. Whilst working at one of these pictures on varnishing day,

at the Institution, a gentleman came up to me and said, 'You have a very interesting subject, sir,' and proceeded to ask me many questions about the people and the country. I did not recognise him; but after his departure friends came round me and said, 'Well, you are honoured to have had all that talk with Mr. Turner.' Mr. Turner's own picture, 'Queen Mab's Cave,' was in the same exhibition. It hung in the north room, and was No. 57 of the catalogue. Here, and then, Sir John Gilbert must have seen him. Gilbert's picture, 'The Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' hung in the same room, and was No. 144 of the catalogue. My picture, noticed by Mr. Turner, represented rock tombs at Myra, and was hung in the south room—No. 386 of the catalogue. Turner did not contribute to the British Institution between 1841 and 1846, and never exhibited there afterwards."

Another surreptitious portrait of Turner on a varnishing day was drawn by W. Parrott, and worked up into a small oil portrait, which is now in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. In this Turner's short, thick figure is very well portrayed. There are many anecdotes of Turner's eccentric behaviour on varnishing days; and Mr. Scharf again contributes the following, which was told him by the painter, W. J. Müller, who was a great admirer of Turner's work:—"When Turner prepared to exhibit one of his finest marine subjects at the Royal Academy, the picture was sent,



(From a Water-Colour Drawing by John T. Smith.)

without a frame, to Somerset House. It was hung, and Turner went on the varnishing day to work at it. His brother artists greatly admired it, and all remarked on the absence of the frame. Day after day they exclaimed, 'Where's the frame?' Turner replied, 'All right, it is coming.' Only on

new and interesting aspect. Two versions of this drawing exist: one was acquired for the British Museum, and the other is in the possession of the Rev. B. Gibbons, the owner of one of Turner's fine paintings of "Bonnevile," by whom it was lent to the recent Victorian Exhibition at the New Gallery.



(From the Painting by W. Parrott, in the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield. By Permission of the Trustees.)

the morning before the private view did he make this good. He brought four lengths of the thickest ship's cable, and nailed them round the picture; this he painted with yellow ochre, and heightened the prominent parts with real gold. The effect was excellent, and people went so far as to admire the richness and appropriateness of the frame."

Turner also fell a victim to the omnivorous pencil of Mr. John Thomas Smith, the former keeper of the prints and drawings at the British Museum, who drew the painter while he was examining some of the prints or drawings under Mr. Smith's care. This portrait is also little more than a caricature, though it presents the painter under a

This list probably exhausts the number of portraits of Turner to which any importance can be attached. The following, however, may be noted, as helping to make it more complete.

A version of Sir John Gilbert's woodcut, in which the painter wears a hat, and is standing in the reverse direction, was drawn on wood, and published in the *Illustrated London News* for May 10th, 1845. An etched copy of this woodcut was also published.

A small, full-length caricature of Turner was drawn by his friend, Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, and was published in an article on Farnley Hall in "Old Yorkshire" (Bradford, 1857).

A weak and ineffective profile portrait was published in *Bailey's Magazine* in 1857, and is there stated to be engraved by J. B. Hunt "from an original sketch."

A full-length lithograph of Turner in his studio is nothing more than a "make-up" of various ingredients, taken from the D'Orsay portrait and the large engraving by Charles Turner.

In the Victorian Exhibition at the New Gallery there were exhibited two oil portraits of Turner, one by C. Wass, the engraver of Linnell's portrait, and another small head, in a broad-brimmed hat, by Sir W. Allan, though it seems doubtful whether the latter really represents the painter. Another oil portrait, which has been recently in the market, is attributed to B. R. Haydon, and has been considered in some quarters

as a good likeness. Yet another oil portrait, in the possession of Mr. Llewellyn, cannot be accepted as a likeness of Turner at all.

A drawing by Maclise is stated to be among the portraits in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum; and Maclise also drew the posthumous medallion portrait (engraved by Wyon) for the Turner gold medal at the Royal Academy. According to Mr. Thornbury, Turner's portrait was drawn by Dr. Monro; and an etching is said to exist from a drawing by Charles Martin (brother of John Martin, the painter), though the last is possibly identical with the portrait en-

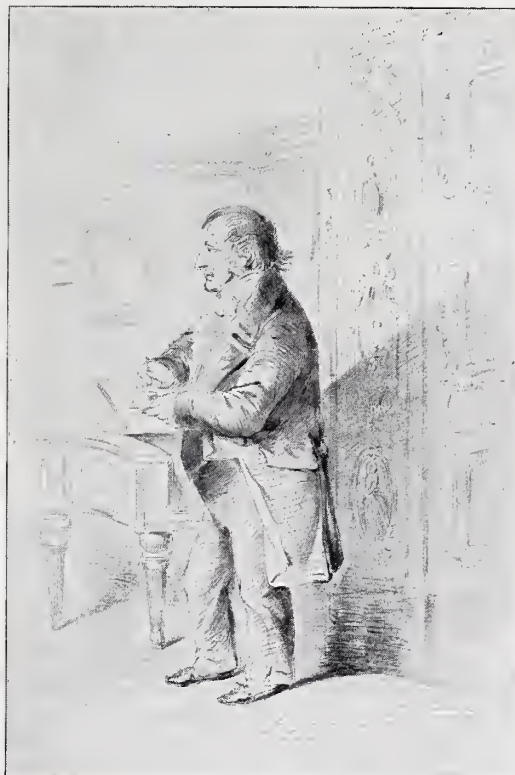
graved for *Bailey's Magazine*. Two portrait-statues were made after Turner's death, one by E. H. Baily, R.A., and the other by P. McDowell, for the painter's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.



(From the Royal Academy "Turner" Medal. By W. Maclise, R.A., and L. C. Wyon.)



(Drawn by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)



(From the Portrait by Count D'Orsay.)

## M. HELLEU'S DRY-POINTS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE copper on which some master of etching will, sometimes in an hour, engrave in dry-point the latest of his conceptions, the newest impression he has received from the world, is like the page of a draughtsman's sketch-book—the revelation of just that thing that strikes him most, or of that which he feels ablest to record. The character—in a sense, the temperament—of the artist is betrayed or hinted at by his selection, notwithstanding that the selection, if the man is wise at all, owes something to

beautiful or the refined interior, with its charm of artistic and harmonious detail, its charm, above all, of feminine life, or of the life of children.

It is as an artist working in pastels that M. Helleu—a man still in young middle age—has been longest known. And his pastels have, not unnaturally, been for the most part portraits. In them he has evinced, and more, it may be, than in his latest portraits in dry-point, the skill of the likeness-taker. But likeness-taker merely he has never



STUDY OF A GIRL.

his knowledge of what are the limitations of his capacity. The work of the great etchers—Rembrandt apart, and he was practically unlimited—shows this. The subtleties of the figure interested Sir Seymour Haden less than the curve of a great stream, the light and shade in an old garden, or the undulations of a Dorset Down. It is, at least, not emotional incidents that have been the main-spring of the art of Mr. Whistler, for he has been inspired by the material that he was readiest to receive. And so in the work of that brilliant artist in dry-point to whom we are turning to-day, there is evident the sign of his own leanings, the engaging suggestion of those things in his daily life which he most sympathetically notes. And M. Helleu is, above all things, the recorder of the

been; the artist has invariably asserted himself, and, if in nothing else, at least by this or that dexterity of craftsmanship—fine jugglery of execution. Only three or four years ago did it occur to M. Helleu to turn to the processes of the engraver, and to sketch rapidly upon the copper; and then he turned to that department of engraving in which the step once taken is most of all irretraceable, for in dry-point, almost as in silver-point itself, the error when it is committed is evident—so evident is it, that it must not be committed.

In Paris, of late years, M. Helleu has been much associated with M. James Tissot, an artist whom Englishmen knew as an etcher in almost the last generation. To the association with Tissot—a bold and sometimes graceful recorder of contemporary



life with the etching needle—is due, I have no doubt, M. Hellen's first practice in dry-point. To some extent he has seen the same world as Tissot, but he has seen it always in his own way, and has portrayed it with a singular economy of means that marks him as the brother of the greatest in etching. Tissot, with all his virtues of independence and vigour, has shown little of this economy, nor has he displayed the peculiar refinement which counts for so much in M. Helleu's charm. Briefly, this is a case in which the pupil—if pupil you can call him—has improved upon the master. It has been given to M. Tissot to have some share in the formation of a craftsman far more subtle, a poet far more sensitive, than himself.

Up to the present time, sixty or seventy plates have been executed by the brilliant and delightful sketcher whose eulogium I make. Scarcely one of them, I think, has involved more than a single sitting on the part of model or artist. One hour or two of strenuous and delighted but untired labour has sufficed for the production of each dainty and each masterly work. In an hour or two the lady or the child of M. Helleu's choice has found herself recorded on the copper—she and whatever accessories



GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR.



STUDY OF A GIRL.

were deemed desirable to indicate her *milieu*, to place her amidst the surroundings which assist in the telling of her story. There is not, as far as I am aware, a single piece of M. Helleu's that is not a figure subject, and among his work, so far as it has yet proceeded, I do not recollect a single portrait of a man. Edmond de Goncourt calls his dry-points "*les instantanés de la grace de la femmes*"—"snap-shots," shall we translate it, at the charm of modern womanhood—the womanhood of the drawing-room—"snap-shots," sometimes, at the charm of refined childhood. In Helleu's etched work, the connoisseur will welcome what is practically the complement of the etched work of Vandyek, who, in his score or so of plates (wonderful painter though he was of women), undertook only the portraiture of certain distinguished men.

Helleu's method of dealing with his subjects is not always, or even very often, the method of direct portraiture. His conception has a certain affinity with that of the artist in *genre*, in that the model or models, be they women or children, do not only stand for their portraits, but are discovered in *poses* which suggest an incident this moment happening—be it only the incident of a woman having her hair brushed, of a girl struggling into

her jacket, of a woman stooping forward over the drawing-room fireplace, of a child playing with its toys. Helleu's models are not long stationary, their attitude is never stereotyped: what he portrays mainly is movement just now making, or movement only just arrested. Hence, perhaps, the sense of spontaneity in all the work, the sense, when you have looked through his plates, that you have been living in the intimacy of charming people who in their daily ways turn this way and that, stoop, stretch themselves, smile, get suddenly grave, dress themselves, lift their eyes inquiringly, or toss the great long hair upon their shoulders; their movements, whatever they are, are made with the immediate freedom, the complete absence of self-consciousness of well-bred, natural folk—the folk whose presence, even when they are not actually handsome, or when no personal affection binds them to you, gives a legitimate charm to the passing hour. The spectacle of the world is pleasanter when it is they who are on its stage.

Helleu's etchings prove him to be in sympathy with the most alert, and yet also the most dignified and distinguished of modern youthful beauty. I know of no plate of his in which he has realised the dignity of age as Rembrandt realised it in the etched portrait of his mother smiling, and in that of his mother with a black veil and folded hands. But several times he has realised what Whistler realised in the dry-point of "Fanny Leyland"—the dignified beauty, the reticent tenderness, the mood, courageous or contemplative, of the better order of young girlhood. Admirable in this way is that "Étude de Jeune Fille," which shows the

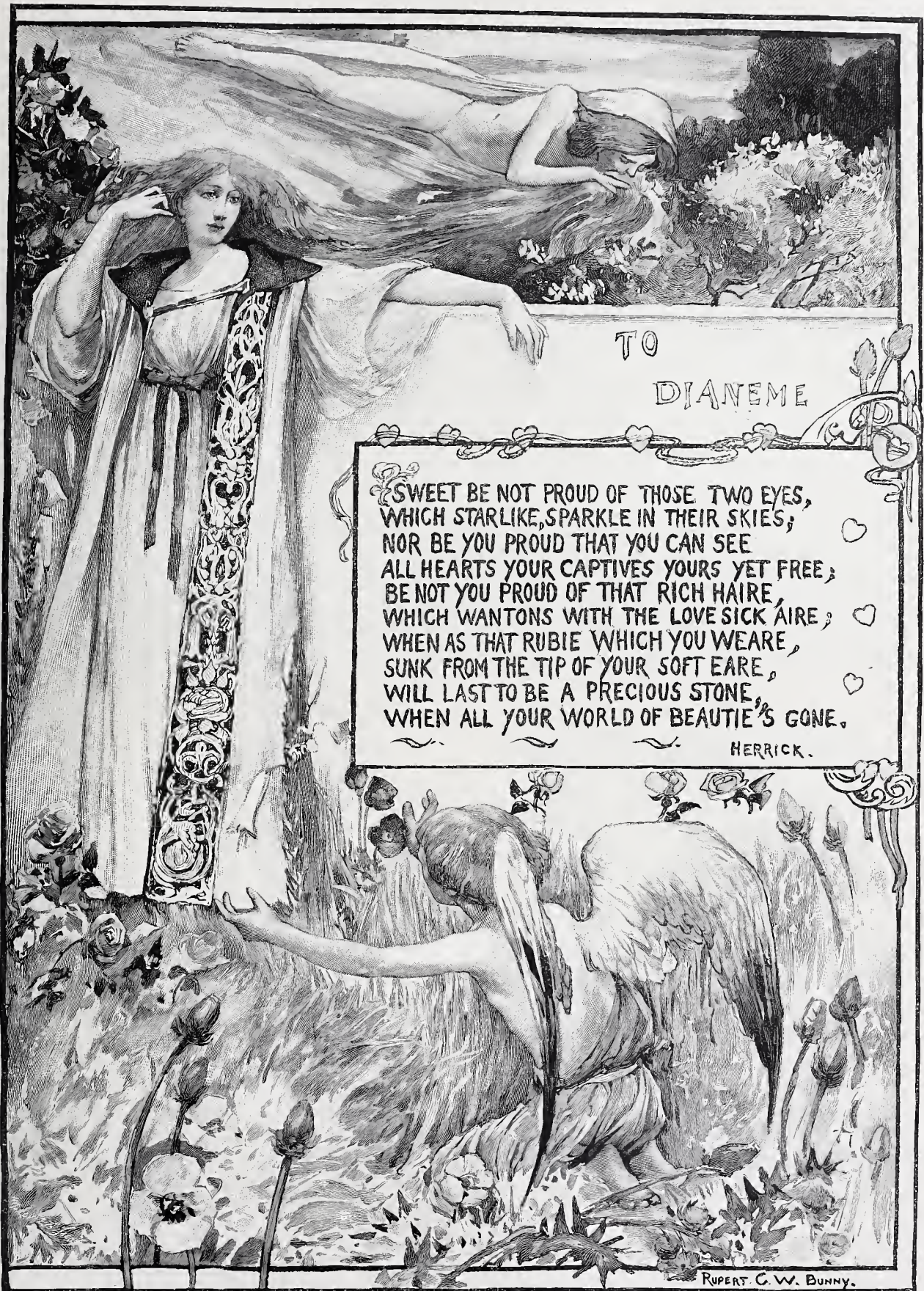
quick and earnest, fearless glance—the girl with the lifted elbow and the streaming dark hair. Hardly less admirable, that other study of a child a little younger, the head on a large scale, and the head alone. It may be added, as a detail of both these rare plates, that no others, either by M. Helleu or by any other etcher, show quite so obvious a mastery in the treatment of hair. Dry-point, as M. Helleu handles it, would seem to have been made for the magical suggestion of all that you may notice in hair except its colour, of its flow and texture, weight and life.

"Femme à la Tasse," a study of two uplifted hands holding between them delicately, in the fingers, a porcelain eup out of which the reclining figure drinks, is a most delicate arrangement of "line." And the "Salon Blanc," or one especially of the several plates which bear that name, is to be noted not for the figure only, not, perhaps, for the figure even chiefly, but for the dainty suggestions of tasteful furniture, the line of a screen, the mouldings of a mantelpiece, the curve of a girandole. We have had etchers amongst us, and clever ones, too, to



THE WHITE SALON.

whom the presence of character in their living models, and in those models' backgrounds, has been, above all things, precious, to whom the presence of the eccentric has been valuable; the presence of beauty, superfluous, not to say burdensome. But, with M. Helleu, beauty—beauty of no conventional order, the rapid charm of movement, of contour, of expression—is the inspiring and satisfactory thing. He seeks to live in its intimacy. And he reveals it—much as Watteau did—to the spectator of his work.



TO  
DIANE ME

SWEET BE NOT PROUD OF THOSE TWO EYES,  
WHICH STARLIKE, SPARKLE IN THEIR SKIES;  
NOR BE YOU PROUD THAT YOU CAN SEE  
ALL HEARTS YOUR CAPTIVES YOURS YET FREE;  
BE NOT YOU PROUD OF THAT RICH HAIRE,  
WHICH WANTONS WITH THE LOVE SICK AIRE,  
WHEN AS THAT RUBIE WHICH YOU WEARE,  
SUNK FROM THE TIP OF YOUR SOFT EARE,  
WILL LAST TO BE A PRECIOUS STONE,  
WHEN ALL YOUR WORLD OF BEAUTIE'S GONE.

HERRICK.

(Drawn by Rupert C. W. Bunny. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)



THE APSE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH, ROME.

## MOSAICS BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES AT ROME.

IN his "Life of Titian" Vasari remarked that "it is to be regretted that mosaic, that art as precious for its beauty as for the durability of its materials, should not more be cultivated by artists and encouraged by princes." In one city of the world, at least, it has never been entirely neglected. Since, in the earliest years of her civilisation, her domestic architects began to ornament her surface with pavements representing hunting-scenes and gladiatorial combats, down to the present day, Rome has never ceased to be the living centre of the art of mosaic. During the darkest period of modern decadence, through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, it was the pontifical manufactory of mosaic in the Vatican which kept alive the traditions of what, without it, would almost have been a forgotten art. It is not, perhaps, so widely known that it is to one enlightened pontiff, in particular, that we owe the special cultivation and revival of the practice. It was Urban VIII. who, from 1623 to 1644, revolutionised the art of mosaic under the auspices of the pontifical factory. He started the ambitious enterprise of reproducing

the oil-paintings and the frescoes of the basilica in this more durable process. The Pope was not aware of the practical difficulties which retarded and presently crippled his design. If his scheme was but inartistically carried out, it none the less concentrated upon Rome the attention of the world, and gave an extraordinary impetus to the neglected art of mosaic.

There is therefore a special appropriateness in the fact that a great English painter of our own day, skilful in many departments of handicraft, has chosen Rome for the scene of his triumphs in a medium hitherto unfamiliar to him. The decoration of the American church in the Via Nazionale is still incomplete, and the work which Sir Edward Burne-Jones began there nearly ten years ago will not soon be finished, but it has progressed so far that we believe our readers will be glad to hear some account of its character and its extent. His is a talent peculiarly fitted to excel in work of this formal and traditional kind. The restraints of archaism have never checked the natural flow of his fancy, nor has he ever been

hampered in the expression of his personal impulse by the necessity of enclosing it within hard and fast lines of external convention. We can easily imagine Sir Edward gazing at the apse of the church of St. Pudentiana, with its glorious choir of saints



URIEL.

and martyrs, its colossal Christ, its mystical and apocalyptic beasts floating in the glassy sea, and saying to himself, "I will show that in this very manner, with no less grace and majesty and piety than here in the fourth century, an artist of the nineteenth century can express the aspirations of the Christian church." A word must now be said about the building in which Sir Edward Burne-Jones's decorations are being placed. In 1872 the American Episcopalians in Rome succeeded in obtaining a building site on the Via Nazionale, at the corner of the Via Napoli. The foundation-stone of the new church was laid early in the next year, and it was consecrated in 1876, receiving the name of St. Paul's-Within-the-Walls. The architect was George Edmund Street, R.A., who was assisted in the construction of the foundation-walls by Rodolfo Laneiani, the distinguished archaeologist. We know not at what time it was decided to fill the whole of the roof of the apse, a space of about eight hundred feet, with mosaics executed by the Venice and Murano Glass Company, nor when the commission for producing the cartoons was entrusted to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, but the first completed specimen of the work was put in its place in the course of the early spring of 1886. During the subsequent nine years the work has proceeded, and we are now enabled to give illustrations of the main part of the artist's designs.

To begin with the decorations of the apse. The plan consists of a frieze of single figures seen against the wall of a golden city. These figures are Christ, supported by His archangels, who guard the gates of Paradise. Above them, whirling in choral

ecstasy, are seen the hosts of Heaven. In examining this work, it is at the first moment evident that the distinguished modern painter has impressed upon his memory the tradition of the mosaic-painters of the sixth century, and in particular of those of Ravenna. The famous Christ of the church of St. Vitalis has served, one cannot question, for the type of that of St. Paul's-Within-the-Walls, although the attitude is different, and although the pierced right hand, which in the modern mosaic is raised in benediction, holds out, at Ravenna, a crown to the head of St. Ecclesius. But the type of the beardless youthful face, the general tendency of the draperies, the character of the extremities, are the same, and show how closely Sir Edward has studied the grandiose mosaics of Ravenna.

The Christ holds in his left hand, resting on his knee, a vast ball, or cosmos, in which a hollow landscape is dimly apparent. At his back cluster, in close propinquity, the cherubim and seraphim, with wings of scarlet and azure, forming a solid mantle or screen for his shoulders and head, in the midst of which mass their burning faces appear like stars. From underneath the arch on which his feet are poised, four rivers of living waters gush forth from among rocks, mingling their streams and



MICHAEL.

proposing to flood the Universe with grace. Behind the throne of Christ, other angelic forms, with purple wings like the light in an amethyst, are densely clustered. The forms that wheel about his

head wear long, flowing draperies, and carry small harps, or rebecks, in their hands. They seem to be rapidly revolving above the circuit of the Heavenly City, and even as they move, their faces are set full upon the majestic figure of the Christ below them.



GABRIEL.

In the frieze of the wall, six of the narrow doorways, leading into the New Jerusalem, are visible. Five of these are closely guarded, each by its appointed archangel. One only, that which Lucifer abandoned in the day of his revolt, is left dark and unattended, a standing monument to the disloyalty of that rebel. Of the others, beginning at the left hand, the first in order is Uriel, with huge swan-like wings, clasping the orb of the sun. As we proceed to the right, we come next to Michael, or Azrael, holding massive lance and shield, and clothed from hand to foot in brazen armour. On the further side of the Christ we reach Gabriel, holding in his right hand his ceremonial rod of office, and in the left the Lily of Annunciation, his wings and raiment being of the most radiant purity. Chemmel, the angel of the San Graal, is a girlish figure, holding the ruddy cup in his right hand. Finally, Zophiel, who closes the series, lifts in both hands, and extends as a boss, the orb of the moon like a huge translucent beryl.

These figures of the archangels do not, it must be confessed, exhibit the art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones in its most engaging light. In their treatment he has not been content to keep to the perfect simplicity and rocky grandeur of the Ravenna mosaics, but has affected a later convention. The wings, draperies, and thin extremities of these figures are inspired by Giotto and by the Byzantines who preceded and accompanied him. There is, of course, much dignity in these angels, the detail of whose forms will be but vaguely seen in their position in the church. But that detail, as we examine it in the reproductions, is languid. The wings of Chemmel and Zophiel are without

structure; one of those of Michael is raised in such a way as to insist upon its forming no possible part of his anatomy. On the whole, these archangels are certainly the least interesting features in the series of cartoons.

Over two of the arches of the church designs of a less allegorical and more narrative order have already or will shortly be placed. Of these, one represents the Annunciation, and the other the Nativity. In the former, an extremely slender Mary, swathed in white draperies to the feet, has gone out into a lonely valley among precipitous hills, to fill a very small vase with water from a cascade. In the vast and desolate landscape no living thing is visible except a pelican, which is feeding its young. Mary puts down her vase on the turf, and advances to observe this bird, when there suddenly appears before her, suspended a few feet from the earth, the rigid and placid apparition of Gabriel, at which sight she modestly bows her head.

This fantastic rendering of an old story is followed above the next arch by a Nativity, where the Holy Mother, under a shed which offers no protection whatever from a very heavy snow-storm, kneels in adoration before her babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid, insecurely, on a rough heap of straw. On either side, toiling up a precipitous slope, the Shepherds ascend, dazzled with the light which emanates from the manger. These two cartoons are exceedingly pretty in composition. Whether they display quite the characteristics most requisite for mosaic, or whether a more rugged treatment of form would not be preferable to this fanciful grace, is another question. Something of the same criticism may,



ZOPHIEL.

perhaps, be suggested with regard to the procession and progress of Militant Saints, of which we have seen but a fragment. In this a young and earnest-looking figure, not more than a lad, rides

a small white horse in the foreground, and beyond and behind him are indicated, mainly by their faces, each in profile upon a golden nimbus, a number of melancholy and youthful companions. All carry standards, and the top of the composition is crowded with the broad, waving folds of their flags.

We have kept for the close of our examination, however, that composition which appears to us to be by far the finest of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's contributions to the decoration of St. Paul's-Within-the-Walls. This is a "Tree of Life," which is

a young man, lifting an ardent face to the Redeemer and leaving a scanty and toilsome harvest unreaped, for the moment, that he may turn to Him who is better than bread. On the right hand, a young mother, to whom her innocent children cling, cannot raise her eyelids to gaze on the divine and beneficent countenance which bends to her in blessing. By her side, across a stony, upland path, two bold stalks of white lily are standing covered with blossom.

It is needless to dwell upon the symbolism of



THE TREE OF LIFE.

placed, or is to be placed, over one of the arches of the church. In this, there is less than anywhere else of positive archaism, less that recalls Ravenna, Byzantium, or the Catacombs, and more that is stamped with Sir Edward's individual genius. In the centre of the arch, over the inscription, "In mundo pressuram habebitis: sed confidite, ego vici mundum," above this consoling and encouraging reminder, a broad landscape is exposed, with rolling acclivities of the chalk, lightly covered with verdure. In the front, upon the fatal tree, the Tree of Life and Death, our Lord is crucified. On either side stand the symbols of humanity; to the left,

this devout and beautiful composition, but the execution deserves our most careful notice. The "Tree of Life," in particular, is a marvel of learned and elaborate workmanship. It is founded upon the type of the olive-tree, but in its carrying out it is allowed to become wholly conventional in its balanced pattern of rhythmical and sinuous lines, with its skeleton brought boldly forward and the heart-shaped mass of its fibrous foliage spreading and waving till it entirely fills and is lost behind the topmost cusps and the small arches above them. This tree might be taken as a very good example of the value of purely artificial work in art. It is

not only unlike any known tree, it defies every principle of arboreal structure and growth, yet so lovely are its details, so appropriate and adequate the suggestion given by them, that we accept it as a perfect symbol of a tree. More than that, we should be far less satisfied with any realistic portrait of a tree, however carefully selected.

The figures, too, in this "Tree of Life" are of marvellous beauty. By a most delicate intuition, the Christ is crucified only in the illusion of the devout bystanders. We observe that neither his drawn feet nor his outstretched hands are pierced, that no crown of thorns disturbs the comeliness of the dark hair, and, finally, that although he is suspended against the dark tree, it is by the action of no nails or cords, but by some secret force that he remains there, pendulous. The man and woman who adore him are of the distinguished and unusual type that has always been attractive to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The landscape is in every respect what the medium of mosaic requires—it is solemn, empty, and composed of large, undulating lines.

It was made a subject of reproach to Cavallini,

the pupil of Giotto, that he had abandoned the pure convention of his art, and tried to turn frescoes into mosaics—that, in other words, he tried

to paint in glass. It was a fascinating aim, but it was one which led to the ultimate ruin of mosaic as a great decorative system. What Cavallini did in St. Paul's-Without-the-Walls can be seen no longer, for, having resisted time for five hundred years, his mosaics were burned in 1823. But we can at least study what no lesser master is doing in St. Paul's-Within-the-Walls, and we shall see the same struggle proceeding. We shall see the instinct of a painter, accustomed to profit by all those delicate and subtle transitions which oil and water-colour can render, striving to bend his style to the simple, rugged and primitive procedure of mosaic. Whether we hold or no that he has completely succeeded in fusing methods so distinct, we shall at least rejoice at the



CHEMNEL.

visionary beauty which he has evoked, and recognise the solemnity of the symbol.

[The illustrations on pp. 257—260 are from photographs by F. Hollyer.]

## “GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL.”

By SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART, P.R.A.

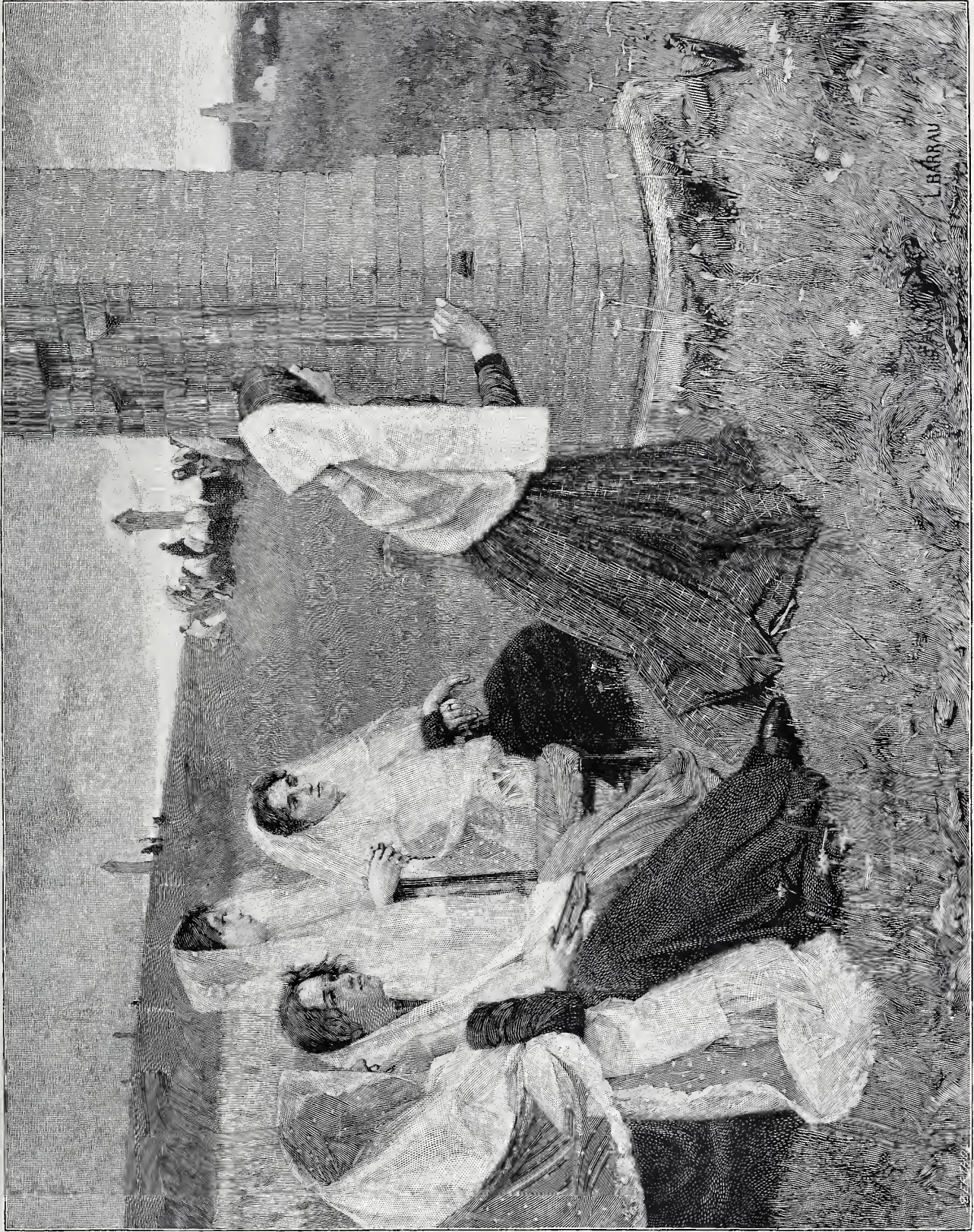
AMONG the most charming of the ideal pictures of Greek life which Sir Frederic Leighton has of late years painted is that which is reproduced as our frontispiece. It is at once typical of the painter's art, as shown in composition, colouring, and decorative effect, and a successful exposition of his methods. The two lithe figures of the Greek girls, graceful and beautiful, with their elegant draperies caught by the wind blowing in from the sea, afforded him full scope for the treatment in which he is so skilled.

The picture was composed and carried out in a manner similar to that indicated in the President's pictures of this year in the article on p. 241 of the present number—first the nude figures, then the

many studies for each particular portion of drapery being carefully worked out. In order to secure the true effect of light and shade in the wind-blown draperies, Sir Frederic adopted the device of arranging cotton-wool on the floor of his studio in the particular forms he wished to adopt, and the drapery material being placed over this fell into the particular folds and creases desired.

The blue sea and the distant shore of the bay are not entirely ideal, but have their origin in one of the studies of the Isle of Rhodes which were recently exhibited in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, together with others, the fruits of one of the many visits paid to the Mediterranean some years ago.





THE WAY OF THE CROSS IN CATALONIA.

(From a Painting by Laureano Barrau. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)





SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

## THE CLOSES OF SALISBURY AND WELLS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED.

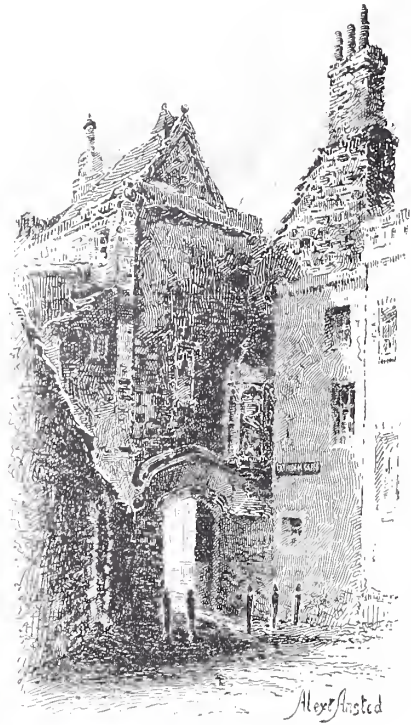
THE cathedral enclosures of Salisbury and Wells are often spoken of together, and occasionally they are set one against the other in a manner which should by no means be allowed. For, in fact, they are sister closes; both are wide and open, with broad spaces of smooth turf across which to view their respective churches, and both these churches possess features somewhat akin. Thus, though no sort of rivalry can be said to exist between them, they may, without prejudice to either, be considered together.

Undoubtedly the first thing to be noticed in Salisbury is the ample breadth of the space in which its cathedral stands, the beauty of which space is enhanced by rows and avenues of magnificent trees; so that it is difficult to conceive a more appropriate enclosure in which to find "the most chaste" of English churches. The Cathedral Green of Wells, on the other hand, displays its proportion and extent at a glance. Across a long stretch of lawn the two square towers of the greatly admired west front are brought suddenly into view, nor can anything be more striking than the first prospect of this remarkable façade. But there is no outer green here,

nothing more than the eye can take in at one view. The picturesque Vicars' Close may be said to contradict this; but its separate existence scarcely adds to the area of the enclosure. Salisbury covers no less than eight acres of ground. Entering from the High Street, the visitor finds himself almost in another township. A street, lined with houses, conducts to the cathedral lawn, where, from the north-eastern extremity, the full proportions of the church may be comprehended. The whole north side of the close is thus open. On the east we find another gateway and the entrance to the Palace; on the other side the Choristers' Green, in itself another little close, and answering, let it be, to the Vicars' Close of Wells. The west is occupied by a group of interesting and extremely handsome houses of various dates. Here are the Deanery, standing in its own grounds opposite the cathedral façade; the King's House, a long, many-gabled mansion of the early fifteenth century, with mullioned windows and a vaulted porch, the occasional resting-place of the English monarchs on their passages through Salisbury; and the Wardrobe, distinguished by its heavy roof, its projecting double gables, and the immense

square windows back and front, through which the evening sun penetrates with a curious half-ghostly gleam. These form the most effective line of buildings of the enclosure, which, at this least trim but not the less picturesque side, terminates at the Hamham Gate.

Much has been written on the beauty of the cathedral church of Salisbury, the chastity of its style and purity of its detail. The east end may be said to display the utmost refinement of the Early English era. Every subordinate feature is so perfectly disposed, so admirably carried out and adapted to its purpose, so necessary to the full effect of the whole, so simple and yet so rich, that nothing, even by the most critical, can be found wanting there or considered *de trop*. The northern side is scarcely less perfect; the simple lancet openings of its eastern transept, the more fully developed quatrefoils of the central gable, and the still more advanced



PENNILESS PORCH, WELLS.

northern porch beyond these, all mark the progress of construction. At the intersection rises the still later tower and spire, the final limb of the whole, on an embattled lower stage of earlier date. It is rich to the utmost limit. Every ball-flower, every projecting shaft and moulding sparkles for itself and casts its own diminutive shadow upon its fellow, entirely relieving the wall-surface of that flatness which is and must be the fault in every view purporting to suggest its elegance. The church stands alone, like a model of itself; in its entirety, perhaps the most stately of which we can boast.

But the cathedral of Wells, more particularly in its west front, has an equal, if not, indeed, a greater interest for the architect than Salisbury has. Perfect in style, so far as that style has been carried, marvellous in detail and in fragments of its date, the lower portion of the front, if even, in the eyes of some critics, somewhat



ENTRANCE TO WELLS CLOSE, FROM THE BATH ROAD.

stunted by the additions of later periods, is undoubtedly one of the most valuable pieces of Early English workmanship bequeathed to us. The sculptures are of this period; it has been claimed for them that they are more advanced in their rendering than those of Nicholas Pisano on the Duomo of Orvieto, than which they are earlier in date. The Chapter House, too, remarkable for the flight of stone steps leading to it from the cathedral, is extremely fine. It is early Geometric in its traceries; but the ball-flower appears in great profusion within, in a manner almost as advanced as that of Salisbury spire. And besides these the north

porch, though smaller, is richer, and will bear very favourable comparison with that of Salisbury.

But, turning to lesser features of these cathedral enclosures, we find in the Chain Gate and the Penniless Porch of Wells, gateways with which those of Salisbury are not to be compared. The Chain Gate, in its association with the Chapter House and



SALISBURY PALACE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

the Vicars' Close, is unique. The incline of the steps, easily to be distinguished from without, gives the corner a character quite its own. And the entrance to the green by this gate, with the cathedral on one side, balanced by the varied gables and roofs of the houses opposite, is particularly striking. The exterior of the Chapter Room comes into full

view; the great central tower stands boldly up against the sky: the eastern gable presents its curious apex, and the Lady Chapel below stands like a thing separate from the rest, which, indeed, is regarded as once having been its condition. The Penniless Porch, to the south-west of the Cathedral Green, as the work of Bishop Beckington, bears his initials, his arms, and the rebus which appears so frequently about



WELLS PALACE.

*Alex. Ansted.*

the church and palace. With it may perhaps be compared the St. Anne's Gate of Salisbury, which, with its tiny gabled projection inside and its deeply-

perpendicular chapel with a library above. The interior is profusely—almost grotesquely—decorated in a manner to remind one to some extent of those strange little oratories so frequently met with in other parts of Europe. But to many it will possess a certain charm, despite its florid adornments, not often realised in this country. The Vicars' Hall, a considerable portion of which is of the fourteenth century, with additions of a tower and other features probably by Bishop Beckington, stands at the bottom of the street and communicates through the gallery of the Chain Gate with the Chapter House staircase, and thus with the cathedral. By this gallery the choristers passed into the church.

The palaces of these two cities are yet to be noticed.

Though neither, of course, belongs actually to its close, yet each is so intimately connected with it that to pass them by would be hardly possible. Each of these palaces retains, among other features of more or less antiquarian



*Alex. Ansted*

CHORISTER'S GREEN, SALISBURY

shadowed archway, admitting to the outer world, makes up a corner almost equal in pictorial interest.

The close houses of Wells, with the exception of its deanery, are not altogether so satisfactory as those of Salisbury. Much modern restoration, though remarkably well carried out, has obliterated that appearance of antiquity in the first which, in the latter, is one of its chief characteristics. The Wells' Deanery, a small but complete castle in itself, with tower, walls, embattlement, and guarded by its own gate-house, is originally of the fifteenth century, and still retains features of some value to the student. It stands on the north side of the Cathedral Green, the sweep of which, down to the Chain Gate, including the Grammar School and the Archdeaconry, is the finest general feature of the enclosure. Beyond, and under the Chain Gateway, an arch admits to the Vicars' Close—a charming street, lined on either side with diminutive dwelling-houses, once the separate residences of the vicars' choral. And here that appearance of renovation which at present too strongly characterises the green is, for a time, forgotten. At the top of the close is a small

value, an undercroft of the thirteenth century, though that one lately opened up and restored at Salisbury sinks into but of slight importance



*Alex. Ansted.*

THE VICAR'S CLOSE, WELLS.



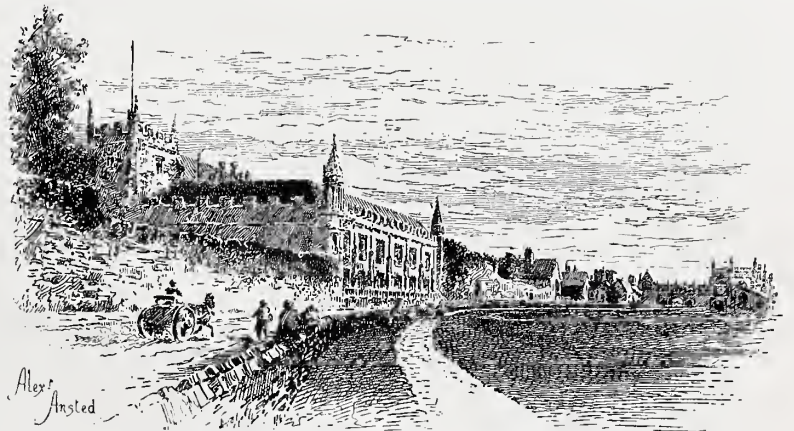
THE KING'S HOUSE, SALISBURY.

gate-house, with draw-bridge and portcullis. The building is extremely interesting. The windows of the first floor (the original dwelling apartments) are particularly noticeable. The chapel is possessed of much exquisite Decorated work, and a vaulting with bosses, some of which are said to rank amongst the most perfect in the country. Beside it runs the wall of the ruined hall, the turrets and angles of which still remain: and the transomed windows of the fourteenth century are also extremely elegant in proportion. At the north-eastern corner of the house stands



Porch to the King's House  
Alex Ansted

beside the spacious and handsomely vaulted dining hall, once the store room, of Wells. Indeed, the late Mr. Parker considered this latter palace to be the finest specimen of an Early English house we possess. It is approached through a gateway of some pretension, the arch of which is known as the "Palace Eye." A moat extends completely round the mansion, which is also walled in and protected by a massive



THE DEANERY AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WELLS.



Alex Ansted

THE CHAIN GATE, WELLS.

hanging ereepers. But perhaps the most picturesque view may be had from the moat. Here we see the additions of later periods, and the handsome window of the room in which Bishop Kidder and his wife were smothered by the fall of a stack of chimneys. Within the house there is a handsome though small Jacobean staircase, with carved, griffin-like figures on the posts, supporting blank shields. On the first floor a long gallery extends from north to south, lighted with the thirteenth century windows above mentioned, that remain practically in their original condition, having large trefoiled heads, Purbeck shafts,



THE WARDROBE, SALISBURY.

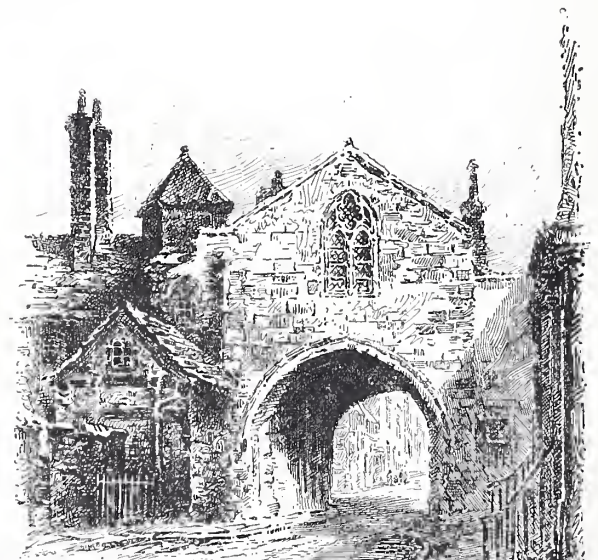
Alex<sup>r</sup> Ansted

and boldly-carved floriated capitals. Here is preserved the chair of the last abbot of Glastonbury, whose untimely end, on his return from London to his disestablished monastery, is hardly yet forgotten. It is a curious example of wood-turning, comparing favourably with work of a much later date; but as a seat it appears less comfortable than elegant. In the gallery, also, are hung the portraits of many of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, including one of Cardinal Wolsey. The undercroft below forms the entrance-hall to the house, next to which is the present dining-room, with deeply splayed lancet lights, and a long vista between a central row of shafts, reminding one almost of the corresponding basement of the convert's dormitory at Fountains and Furness Abbeys. The servants' hall is entered under a panel opening, decorated with shallow carving of Renaissance character, and a cockatrice in each spandril of the arch. Close to this apartment is a small office with a low mullioned window, which appears to have been the wig-room of the establishment. Bishop Kidder's chamber has been divided into three storeys, and the window, therefore, as already noticed, is best seen from without.

Salisbury Palace, if less interesting to the antiquary, is perhaps more so to the painter. It is a building of many dates and styles. The handsome Beauchamp Tower still remains, and up its massive sides a huge ivy plant has wreathed its old sinews, almost tearing away the stone to bury its

stem in the solid masonry. But as a main entrance, its moulded doorway has been superseded by as plain and perhaps as offensive a specimen of its hapless age as it would be possible to find throughout the realm. Passing round the tower, we come upon the terrace garden, hemmed in by a parapet of open brickwork, ivy-covered, and dark with moisture, along which extends the back of the house, long, low, and broken with gables, chimneys, and dormers. A rustic bridge spans a small lakelet, the further side of which affords the best general view of the buildings, with the almost endless line of the cathedral roof, broken only by its spire, reflected in the motionless water.

Thus, on paper, the two sister closes may be compared; and many amateurs of picturesque architecture combine the two in one visit. Yet, in practice, and for the sake of both, this should hardly

ST. ANNE'S GATE,  
SALISBURY.

be. One should not visit Wells with the memory of Salisbury still fresh upon the mind; and, *vice versa*, the eye, charmed with the varied detail of Wells, will look, in Salisbury, for something which it cannot altogether supply.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Ansted





J. Bail, pinx.

Bail, pinx.

*After the Doctor's Work.*

E. D. COYSE

Magazine of Art.



## AN AMERICAN PAINTER: MARK WATERMAN.

BY WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.

NOT much is heard nowadays by the great outside world about Boston art or Boston literature. The fact is, the city of Copley, Stuart, and Allston, of Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, is becoming every day less and less individual and more and more like all the rest of the large American towns; that is to say, a great bustling trading-post, quite absorbed by the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar. Yet there are still in Boston a few artists worth talking of, men who have produced works of art which will surely perpetuate their memory after themselves will have disappeared; and among these I know of none more remarkable than Mark Waterman, the landscape-painter. Born of excellent New England stock, in Providence, Rhode Island, he was graduated from Brown University, and went to New York in 1857, and remained there nearly

twenty years. It was in 1874 that he moved to Boston, which has been his home ever since that time. Thomas Hill taught him to use a brush; William M. Hunt taught him that he had a right to think for himself; he has had no other teachers worth mentioning, unless we may venture to count Paul Veronese, Titian, Rubens, William Kalf, Peter de Hooch, and other giants of old, from whom he has doubtless derived most of his knowledge of his art. The philistinism of the art-schools was not much developed at the time when he slid into painting, not so much from an irresistible desire for that pursuit as from a great repugnance to doing anything else. It has sometimes been suspected that nature intended Waterman to be a poet. If to be touched by and to love everything beautiful in nature and in art, to have everything one has seen impressed upon the memory a little finer, larger, more glowing than the reality, and finally to live as detached from the necessary common-places of daily life as a man in a balloon—if these

things imply "poetism," it is possible that Waterman was born that way. At least, he may claim to be the son of a poet, for his father, a sensitive and refined man, wrote in his younger days very charming verses, which have survived—in manuscript.

Colour and imagination, the pre-eminent qualities of Waterman's pictures, are so related and interdependent that they may not be considered as separate elements of his art. As Rembrandt used light and dark to express moods, and seems almost to have thus invented a new language of art, so the colourist makes his harmonies tell his story for him, or, if the gods have made him poetic, sing his song for him. Decorative and descriptive at once, his colour not only entrances the eyes, but it stimulates and kindles the fancy.

Like most painters, Waterman has travelled

extensively, and, if we may judge of his especial predilections from the subjects he has most frequently chosen to paint, the strongest impressions he has received are those of the great virgin forests of New England, of the colour and light of Algiers, and of the sand deserts of Cape Cod. One of the most fortunate qualities that he possesses, and one of the most pleasurable to himself, is the power of recalling vividly any of these impressions. His memory is full of pictures of the things and places that he has seen. It is a sort of curtained picture gallery, and he can at will draw the cloth from any of the pictures it contains. So he can look at Holland, weedy and damp, with its heavy, low-hanging skies; he could match the very tone of its red-tiled roofs; he can see as in a photograph its awkward, clumsy fishermen, and grotesque peasant women. He can conjure up the land of France, from the northern frontier to Marseilles, its tones of colour and its effects of light, so singular to an American eye. He can feel the hot, dry glare of



MARK WATERMAN.

Southern Spain as if it were before him in all its barren reality. Bits of England seen in an instant from the window of a railway carriage are indelibly fixed in his mind, with their curious old villages, heavy, dark masses of foliage, everything suggestive of daisies and of dew. He can even see to this day



CHALK STUDY.

the glistening pebbles at the bottom of the brook that he watched by the hour in his early childhood, lying prone on the bank, with his head stretched over the running water; and he has retained from the same remote period a gigantic picture of moonlight falling on great masses of broken ice fantastically piled up by a river flood. He can not only call up such scenes in endless number, but, curiously enough, he can often deliberately examine their details. But the impression which is always the strongest is that of the light, the atmosphere, and the colour. And so the hundreds of studies in colour that he has laboriously accumulated become to him memoranda to jog his memory, and when he turns them over he seems to see, through the dead imperfection of the paint, the real thing rising before him as fresh as though he had seen it but an hour ago. To say that he can paint it as he sees it would be perhaps extravagant; but it is certain that he tries to do so with all the passion of an artist.

Of the time when he was wont to plunge deep into the Vermont wilderness for the purpose of painting wood interiors, he has told me that he used to go year after year and live in a little deserted tavern on a mountain road, within a mile of a great stretch of absolutely virgin forest. Although he was almost as isolated as Crusoe—for he never saw anyone except the landlord, or an occasional lumberman, inaccessibly drunk—he never felt home-sick in all the months that he passed there, not even in rainy weather. And yet he was so utterly alone that the most material difference between him and the great cast-away was in the fact that his food was cooked for him, and he could get away when he liked.

I suppose very few people have ever seen an actually wild forest.

Certainly the poverty of ordinary American woodland gives you no more idea of it than do the prettinesses of Fontainebleau. No one who has not seen it can be told in words what it is like. No idea can be given of its immense luxuriance, of the vigour of its growth, and of the impressiveness of its decay. The rolling surface of leaf-mould that



MARROOF IN THE DESERT.

(From the Painting by Mark Waterman.)

supports the towering stems of the monsters of this generation marks in its every undulation the grave of a dead tree. Every clump of moosewood and hobblebush decorates with its blooms the body of

a fallen monarch, hidden and mouldering. And everywhere the slender new shoots stretch upward for the light and air among the tree-tops that they must reach or perish. It is wonderful to stand in



CHALK STUDY.

the midst of this everlasting history of growth and death and birth, age after age the same story: "The king is dead! Long live the king!" And all this is clothed in a great harmony of colours before which pigments are powerless. Imagine on one side the blaze of June leafage against the sun, barred with dark tree stems and interlaced twigs, and on the other hand sombre, intricate masses of trunks and foliage pierced with luminous spots of violet-

hued sky. All the ground is covered by old fallen leaves in a mosaic pattern of russet and buff and tan colour, laid layer upon layer, year after year, and never moved, for in the forest the wind never blows. This tawny leaf carpet is illuminated by flecks of amethyst-hued sunlight, which has sifted through the tangle of boughs overhead. All about are fallen trees, on which the red squirrels sit by scores, and shout defiance at you with their shrill little voices; and these decaying, shapeless masses of what were once living trees are covered with rich, deep-toned moss, gold-brown and plush-green, in the midst of which appear bits of old dried bark, faintly gleaming like wrought silver blackened by age. Let all this be accented with the rich black mould through which the little streams trickle their way, and you have around you a gamut of colour such as no man has ever essayed to paint, such as no method of any school has ever devised the means to render. These effects are here only a few hours, and only once. To-morrow you may look for them again, and you may find something equally fine, but quite different.

What I have said of the forest itself applies in a measure to Waterman's paintings of it, in which there is all the freedom, naturalness, and large luxuriance of the untrodden northern wilds, with

all their solitary grandeur, their marvels of colour and light.

Another and a more congenial province still was soon to be opened to him. When a man loves colour and light with the force of a ruling passion, and has striven all his life to suggest a little of them, it is easy to conceive the first impression made upon him by the sight of an Oriental city. In Waterman's experience this happened by mere accident to be Algiers. It was a happy chance, for it is hard to believe that anything finer of the kind exists in the world. Daudet, in a few brilliant pages, has so perfectly described this impression that it is useless to say anything about it. But in one way the Arab city affected Waterman strangely. He had, in the course of his life, tolerated many places with equanimity, and some others he had admired and enjoyed, but in Algiers for the first time he felt at home. Some forgotten drop of old Phœnician blood seemed to fly to his heart and make it throb in sympathy with those intelligent children of the East. Everything was wonderful, but nothing was strange to him. If he had been sent on a journey by Solomon the Sultan, or Hiram, King of Tyre, he could not have been more perfectly attuned to the life that surrounded him. The very town in which he was born, and every other in which he had ever lived, seemed suddenly to become foreign places, and he felt, This is my country; here I can live and rest. And although he subsequently spent long periods in Arab towns, this unaccountable feeling never wore off nor weakened, and he has it still, after ten years have passed.

It is a wonderful thing to live for a year or two in the midst of the Thousand-and-One Nights. Every one of the actors seemed to be alive and walking about the streets of Algiers, and some of



CHALK STUDY.

them Waterman knew well. In the morning, as he passed, he tells me that he used to get a kindly nod from Mohammed Ali, the jeweller, who hammered out for him some silver bracelets, which he sold him by weight. The barber and his seven brothers all said "good-morning" to him in their incongruous Arab-French. Abou Mohammed, the lazy, tottered about after his father, as fat as ever,

Amid such opportunities it is not surprising that Waterman should have undertaken to paint the series of Arabian Nights' pictures, which includes his "Maroof among the Merchants," "Sinbad the Sailor," "The Roc's Egg," "The Journey to the City of Brass," and which reveals so strikingly the splendours of Oriental light and colour, in costumes, architecture, vegetation, and skies. In the painting



THE ROC'S EGG.

(From the Painting by Mark Waterman.)

but rather pretty with his big eyes, and dressed in pink and gold, with a scarlet sash. Kaleefeh, the fisherman, rushed wildly through the steep streets bearing a flat basket of silvery sardines on his uncombed head. As for the other fisherman, he was spinning rope-yarn on the long beach at St. Eugène, where he could be seen walking backwards with a distaff six feet long. The brass bottles in which Solomon imprisoned the Afrites were all displayed in the shop-windows. Every afternoon Maroof would come forth and pose upon a chair in front of the café on the corner, as vainglorious and as open-handed as ever, but his gorgeous yellow pantaloons was patched at the back with a piece that did not quite match the colour of that ample garment—a circumstance which went to prove that he had not yet married the Sultan's daughter.

of Maroof, one of his best works, which is a scene from the tale of that name, he depicted the oobbler of Cairo distributing alms and astonishing the people of the foreign town (whither a genie had borne him) by his prodigious generosity and assumed opulence. In the picture of Sinbad, he described the episode of the wanderer's seventh voyage, during which he was carried off by elephants and deposited in their burial-place. "The Roc's Egg" is another page from the wondrous history of Sinbad's adventures. Under a deep blue sky, where gray cumuli lightly sail, the immense egg lies, on an island, overtopping the adjacent palms; beyond a strip of sand and clay blue water is visible in the distance, and an azure arm of the sea runs across the composition in the foreground. Near the egg, in the middle distance, are grouped the men of the vessel's crew,

who have just landed, and Sinbad, near the foreground, gesticulates excitedly as he warns his comrades not to molest the egg, lest by so doing they may bring evil consequences upon themselves. The figures, which are very small, are arrayed in various-hued costumes of brown, grey blue, black, &c., skilfully contrasted. In "The Journey to the City of Brass" a caravan is represented making its winding way across the great sand hills of the desert—a large company of travellers in gaily-coloured Eastern dress seen against the pale yellow sand. These are a few among the many Oriental pictures which Waterman brought back from Algiers. There are his "Rue de Lyon," "Arab Country House," "Jardin d'Essai," "Arab Village," "Horse Trade," "Rue de Sphinx," "Citron Seller," "Tomb of Sidi-Abderrahman," "Beauty Nap," and other kindred subjects drawn from studies made in Algiers, Oran, Andalusia, and the Sahel, wherein he has interpreted for us in glowing terms the unspeakable glamour of the Orient, with its strange poetry, its prodigious brightness, its intoxicating colour, its sad dignity and calm. I must not

linger to describe these pictures; but there is one that has such a singularly impressive character, that it should not be passed by without a word. This picture is of Maroof in the Desert—in the great Desert of Sahara—a solitary and woeful human being lost in the boundless ocean of sand. The solemn ridges and valleys stretch out interminably to the dim horizon, quivering with heat under the cloudless sky, and blazing with the intolerable glare. Such a sense of dreadful lonesomeness emanates from this painting that none can see it without a sentiment of fear—almost of horror.

Since his return from his second sojourn in

Algiers, Waterman's favourite painting-field has been the outer end of Cape Cod. It is easily accessible from Boston, reaches far out into the Atlantic, possesses a climate of its own and a landscape of unique character and impressiveness. Near the fishing-village of Provincetown are vast dunes of tawny wind-drifted sands, severe and grand in their surface lines, magnificent in colour, whether seen under full sunlight or diapered by moving cloud shadows, possessing some of the elemental immensity and desolation of the wide ocean itself. This ground Waterman has made his own, interpreting its breezy largeness in pictures, such as his "High Beach," "Cape Cod Dunes," and "The Life-Saving Crew," which move the observer with a peculiar sense of the splendour and beauty and vitality of the outdoor world. Of the skies which bend over these glorious scenes, it is hardly extravagant to say that they have not been surpassed since Turner laid aside his inspired brush, so full are they of the uplifting life of wind-marshalled clouds, and the gentle beauty of the blue seas of air.

Beneath the surface of this finished and accom-

plished art dwells the spirit of romance, into which nothing commonplace or stupid enters. Whatever story is told, it is embodied in the true terms of graphic form and colour, it is animated by a genuine and innate pictorial sentiment. It leaves no one indifferent, but in order to relish and appreciate it completely the special perception of the amateur is requisite. Were one able to explain and analyse all the component parts of such an art, much of its power and charm would be apt to evaporate in the process, because skill and intelligence, feeling and experience, the thought and the form, must be fused in a consistent unity which cannot be dissected.



THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE.

(From the Painting by Mark Waterman.)



THE Cassel Rembrandts are not only, as is evident from the sub-title of this publication,\* very numerous; they are, many of them, of the highest possible quality, and thus fully justify that systematic reproduction in the best photogravure which, as means of rendering their charm, comes next, no doubt, to mezzotint, as Mr. Frank Short practises it, or to the work of such etchers as Flameng or Herr Unger. The extent of the representation of Rembrandt in this mid-German gallery is indeed remarkable. There are no fewer than twenty-one of his pictures chronicled by Dr. Eisenmann, their curator; and of these Mr. Heinemann gives us, in his tasteful portfolio, the number of seventeen. We may express the hope that these may be bought separately; for though the collector may perhaps be best appealed to by a whole portfolio, there are hundreds of not unintelligent nor impecunious buyers who will have only that to which they take a fancy. And, moreover, many house-walls, now decorated badly, would gain by the display of here and there a notable reproduction of a great Rembrandt picture. No photogravure, we need hardly add, can be placed in the same line as mezzotint or etching, or as original engraving with the burin. Dürer and Reynolds, Meryon and Whistler, will still assert their supremacy; yet the publishers who, at a cost after all not important, shall permit us the acquisition of admirable reproductions of the painted work of the greatest master of the Low Countries, will have conferred a boon upon ordinary people.

In point of numbers—to go back to them for a moment—the Cassel Gallery is richer in Rembrandts than any other European collection, except that of St. Petersburg. There, at the famous Hermitage, there are six-and-thirty of his works, not one among them—Mr. Frederick Wedmore reminds us in his essay—being a landscape; and the chief characteristic of the gallery lying in its wealth of portraiture. After Cassel, in point of numbers, comes the Louvre, which,

\* "Rembrandt at Cassel": Seventeen photogravures, with an Essay by Frederick Wedmore (William Heinemann).

with its twenty Rembrandt canvases or panels, runs Cassel hard. Berlin follows next, with eighteen, and there are fourteen in our own National Gallery. Passing by Dresden, with its sixteen, according to some authorities, it may be noted that in the great cities of the land he illustrated, Rembrandt is represented by far fewer works, though some of them, of course, or one at least, at Amsterdam (the "Syndies of the Cloth Hall")—must be reckoned among his capital achievements.

It has just been mentioned that the St. Petersburg collection contains no example of the master's landscape-painting. There are two such pieces at Cassel. But one of them would, no doubt, be quoted by Mr. Wedmore, as bearing out a statement of his, at which an over-positive critic seems to have been "ignorantly surprised"—a statement to the effect that, in landscape, Rembrandt's greatest achievement is to be met with among his etchings. This is the "Winter Piece;" quite of minor value, though vivid enough as a sketch. The other landscape is one of the very few satisfactory and important ones wrought by Rembrandt in the medium of oil. This is the "Large Landscape with a Ruin on the Heights," painted in 1650, when the artist had fully entered upon his middle period, or was even well advanced in it. The famous plate of "The Village near the High Road" was etched in the same year; and, in essential qualities of art, the one is no doubt about as magnificent as the other.

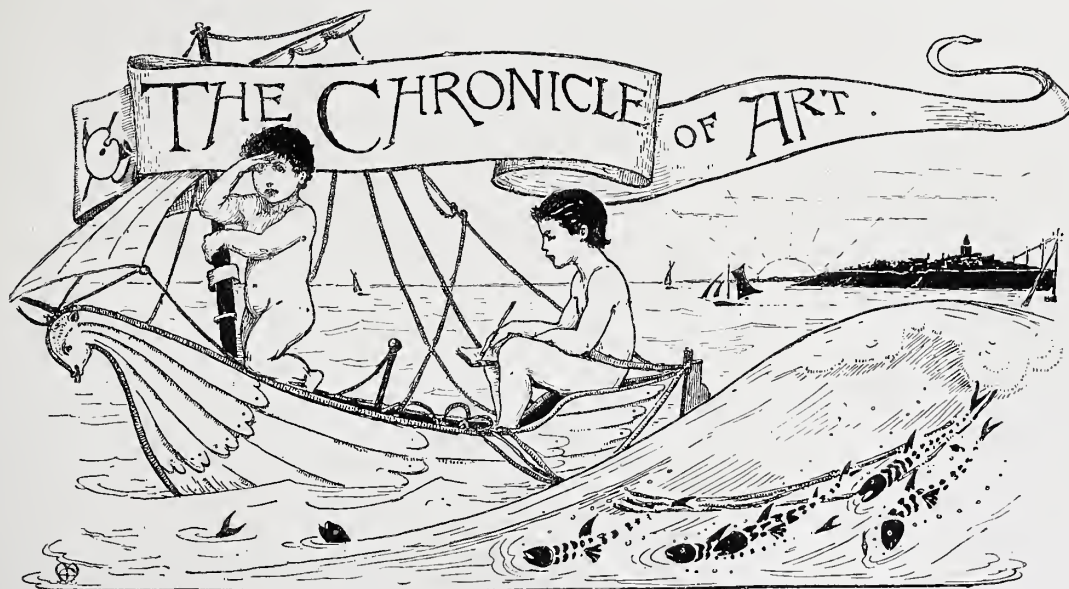
Many of the best judges are of opinion that the most important sacred picture among the Rembrandts at Cassel, the "Jacob's Blessing," is his very masterpiece in religious painting. Mr. Wedmore says of it that it is one of the most lastingly impressive in all the range of Rembrandt's work—a statement which the photogravure appears to bear out; and he further adds that "into the chief of its five figures Rembrandt has conveyed the incomparable pathos of age—its added tenderness and its deepest vision." Yet, though this may scarcely be gainsaid, there are many writers—amongst them probably the writer of the essay—who would find



in Rembrandt's greatest portraiture a fascination scarcely possessed by even this noble example of religious art. And the portfolio before us contains some splendid portraits. The "Saskia," Rembrandt's first wife, one of the many versions of her, is always attractive. The young woman, whom Mr. Wedmore contrasts with Hendrickje Stoffels (whose "ample forms" assisted Rembrandt in the "opulent nudities" of his later years), has her elements of interest. But greater, undoubtedly, than any representation of her is the portrait of Nicholas Bruynigh, painted, it may be, in 1652, but more probably even later—in 1658, think Dr. Bode and M. Michel. This person appears to have been clerk to the Court of Bankruptcy in Amsterdam during the period at which Rembrandt was experiencing the tender mercies of that tribunal. How far Rembrandt profited by the opportunity thus afforded for the study of his model it is impossible to say; but, in any case, when Bruynigh sat to him, the result of the *séances* was a masterpiece hardly less impressive than the very best *selbst-portrait* which Rembrandt drew in those later years which, by common consent, are treated as having produced the broadest and most masterly of all his performances. Nearly every piece included in the portfolio is of

genuine interest, and, in the matter of satisfactory reproduction, photogravure can scarcely go further or do better than in the impressions which have been submitted to us.

As to the album itself, it should be said that never has photogravure been employed to more superb purpose. These plates come very near to fine mezzotint, and have the inestimable advantage of a degree of faithfulness to the original works to which no mezzotint after Rembrandt has probably hitherto attained. They may almost be said to stand above and beyond previous achievements of the mechanical arts. They are entirely and unreservedly satisfactory; while the taste that has governed their production is evident all through a work, which, in the result, is one of which the publishers may well be proud. Mr. Wedmore's share, whether in the selection of the plates or in the criticism of them, is that of a critic of acumen and a scholar. No doubt the etchings of Rembrandt rather than his pictures engage Mr. Wedmore's tenderer sympathies; but here in this work he has been judicious, correct, and—rare quality enough in the editor of a book—reticent. Not only at criticism does he aim in his writing, but at literature.



MAY.

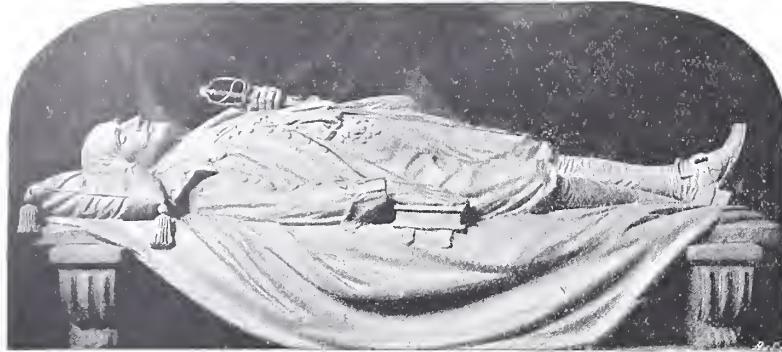
**Duello as Advertisement.**

IN his pursuit of what Mr. Sheridan Ford called "the gentle art of making enemies," Mr. WHISTLER has been so unfortunate as to attract public attention to himself once again. The story is commonplace enough—a vulgar squabble between painter and picture-buyer on the score of price, and of a cheque accepted and subsequently contested. Mr. Whistler has little luck. He falls foul in Sir William Eden of a gentleman who straightway appeals to the law for the establishment of his rights; and when that stupid law

emphatically, and even cruelly, pronounces against so considerable an artist as himself, he seeks solace in the private satisfaction afforded by a public discussion of a projected duel. Mr. George Moore was apparently so dead to all sense of honour as to ignore the invitation to offend against the laws of his country; whereupon the private letters passing between Mr. Whistler and his seconds got somehow into the papers. Mr. Whistler is to be commiserated on all this publicity which tends to fix upon him the desire for notoriety-at-any-price.

**Rembrandt at  
Burlington House.**

DUNDEE, 19th March, 1895.  
To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.  
SIR,—The development of the art of Rembrandt at every period of his history is an interesting study to every lover of the great Dutchman. This must be my apology for troubling you with some remarks on the statement in your March issue by Mr. Claude Phillips, that the "Gentleman with a Hawk" (No. 50) and the "Lady with a Fan" (No. 54) belong to the same



MONUMENT TO THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

(Recently erected in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. From a Photograph by Crook, Edinburgh. See page 279.)

year, 1643. "The Falconer" is signed and dated 1643, and has all the characteristics of that year, being soft and sweet in its harmonious light and shade. It is true also that Vosmaer and Dr. Bode both seem to assent to the "Lady with a Fan" being of the same year; but the more brilliant lighting of the Burlington House rooms must raise doubt in the minds of critics. It is hard, indeed, now to believe that they belong to the same period, the lights and shadows of the "Lady" being more sharply contrasted than in "The Falconer," which, in general handling, shows a marked advance, a more mature treatment. "The Falconer" belongs to the period of the "Lady with a Fan" of Buckingham Palace and to her husband's portrait in Brussels, while No. 54 goes back to the 1637 manner, and especially to the "Saskia" of that period. Is the "Lady" not clearly the charming wife of Rembrandt, arrayed in her jewels?

But all doubt about the date of the "Lady" is removed by the discovery of the signature and date (about half-way up the picture on the right side), 163-, the final figure being either 3 or 7, more like 7. The picture cannot be of the date 1633, being quite unlike the "Tulp" manner of light and shade and of brushwork. Hence the date must be 1637, which agrees with the work in all respects.

As to the great landscape (No. 53), I cannot think that Sir Charles Robinson (*Nineteenth Century* for March) has solved the difficulty when he suggests that this grand work is entirely from the hand of Teniers, working under the influence of some unknown Rembrandt landscape. By whomsoever painted, the picture gives, as its first impression, the sense of want of unity. The figures are clearly by Teniers, but the glorious landscape is quite unlike the landscape work of Teniers, so well known to us in the harmonious backgrounds of his figure subjects. Nor are the tone and touch of Rembrandt to be found in the landscape. Further, the impression is taken more directly from nature, and is free from the strange conventionalism of most of Rembrandt's painting in landscape. And last of all, it wants the personal element, the pervading sentiment which Rembrandt threw into his landscapes. The painter has yet to be named who produced this masterly work under the influence of Rembrandt—I venture to think about 1650, not, as Sir Charles believes, between the years 1660 and 1670. Holland was producing no such work in these years. Decay had set in. Even Rembrandt had ceased to paint landscapes by 1650, for they were unsaleable, and lay neglected at his house till they came to the hammer, to be thrown away at his sale. The best landscape-painters, such as Rughman,

Seghers, Hobbema, and Ruysdael, were neglected on their way to the poor-house. Yet unknown men did fine work under the sway of the great master, work now fully appreciated. Fine examples of these forgotten men are to be found in the galleries of Copenhagen and Stockholm.

The price of this noble work at the Sir Joshua sale in 1795—£4 10s.—recalls that of the "Don Balthazar Carlos" (No. 111), by Velazquez, which formerly hung in a private room in Buckingham Palace. This must be the "Prince of Spain," which was sold as one of the pictures of the Commonwealth in 1651 for the large sum of ten shillings. I am, Yours faithfully,

JOHN FORBES WHITE.

**Botticelli** SOME half-century ago, the **Treasure-trove.** Florentines had to thank an Englishman, Mr. Kirkup, for rediscovering their precious portrait of Dante; they have now to thank another Englishman, Mr. WILLIAM SPENCE, for the recovery from oblivion of one of BOTTICELLI'S masterpieces. This is no less a picture than the "Pallas Athene," painted for Lorenzo de Medici, and which commentators on Vasari have, for the last century, noted as missing. Mr. Spence is a well-known enthusiast in art, and his collection of paintings, &c., in the classic Medici

Villa at Fiesole forms one of the sights of Florence. As he was one day paying a visit to the Duke of Aosta at the Palazzo Pitti, and was being conducted through the suite of rooms known as the "Volterrano apartment," his glance fell on a large painting hung very high on a dark wall in one of the lobbies. Recognising the hand of Botticelli, he consulted the Marchesi Enrico Ridolfi, and the two gentlemen, by the courtesy of Commander Nuti, director of the royal household, were allowed to study the picture at their leisure. And a finer picture for study could scarcely be desired! It is in Botticelli's best and most finished manner, with more life-like flesh tints, and a rounder modelling than any of his other works display. The subject is one of those allegorical compositions which most



VIEW AT SOUTHAMPTON.

(By H. Lancaster. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

delighted the painter. Pallas Athene is a full-length figure, life-size. The head recalls the Virgin in the "Magnificat," but has more rounded dimensions and nobility of expression. The figure and drapery remind one of the



PALLAS ATHENE.

*(From the Painting by Botticelli, recently discovered in the Pitti Palace. (From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Florence. See opposite page.)*

central figure in the "Allegory of Spring," but there is more dignity and womanly grace about it. The gentle power in the face of Pallas, and the submission in the features and attitude of the Centaur, render the allegory perfect, as "Medicean Wisdom overcoming a dual enemy." That the Pallas refers to the astuteness of the Medici, and of Lorenzo il Magnifico in particular, is undoubted, for her light robe is adorned with triple circles—three diamond rings interlaced, while her *agis* is formed of four of the same rings drawn in a larger size, two showing the bezel *en face*; the same stone and setting adorn the golden halberd. Now, that high-cut pointed diamond ring was one which Lorenzo set great store by, and which was his especial characteristic. The Allegory of Peace is carried out by the olive branches which twine around the bust and the *agis* of Minerva, and by the disused bow of the vanquished Centaur. The dual foe, emblematised by the Centaur, undoubtedly points to the peace obtained by Lorenzo's mediation between Florence and the double power of the Pope and King of Naples, in 1480. This is further proved by the background, in which a ship is sailing on a calm sea, for Lorenzo returned from Naples on that occasion by sea. A frowning rock, emblematising hostile force, rises on one side, overshadowing the Centaur and leaving the fine figure of Pallas in fuller light under the halcyon sky of peace. Her feet rest on green grass of the same handling as the grass in the garden of the "Allegory of Spring." The colouring is very cool and harmonious, the green mantle of Pallas and her yellow hair harmonising calmly with the tender blue of the sky and half-tints of the background. There can, it is presumed, be no doubt that this is the picture mentioned by Vasari in his life of Botticelli, although he has erred in describing it. He writes:—"He did many things in the house of the Medici for Lorenzo the elder, especially a Pallas on a shield, bearing the ensign of a branch throwing out flames, which he painted as large as life; he also did a Saint Sebastian." Signor Milanesi, the eminent commentator of Vasari, adds a note here, saying that "it is not now known where either the Pallas or the Saint Sebastian are." The latter, however, has lately been discovered in the museum of Berlin, where it has hitherto been attributed to Antonio Pollainolo; and now the Pallas has come to light, after having been unaccountably ignored, in a royal palace. Either Vasari's memory as to the details of the painting played him false, or else Botticelli painted another Minerva. We are inclined to think Vasari wrote from hearsay altogether, and consequently made several mistakes. First, the painting could not have been done for Lorenzo *il Vecchio*, which was the cognomen of Lorenzo, son of Giovanni, who died in 1440. Now, as Botticelli

was not born till 1447, he obviously could have painted nothing for Lorenzo the elder. Although strong in this delusion, Vasari describes the arms of that personage—the burning knot—as forming the background of the Pallas. He must have heard the picture described as being the ensign of Lorenzo—*i.e.* the diamond of the Magnifico—and jumped to a conclusion. That he designed and painted for Lorenzo il Magnifico, and was his friend, we all know; and as the ring points to that prince, while the allegory exactly fits the circumstances of the peace of Naples, we may well take Signor Ridolfi's hypothesis that it was painted for Lorenzo, to celebrate that peace in 1480, when

Botticelli was about thirty-three years of age, and at the zenith of his power. Some new rooms are being prepared on the first floor of the Uffizi gallery for the enlargements rendered necessary by the proposed new classification of the art treasures there, and when the new arrangement is made, the rediscovered Botticelli will have a worthy place. At present the director admits visitors to view it in his private offices.

**Exhibitions.** THERE has been some misplaced and groundless criticism of the Royal Academy because, at the last election, it passed by Mr. EDWIN ABBEY. Mr. Abbey has long been a favourite with the public for his dainty black-and-white drawings; but last year he contributed one of the most graceful pictures the Royal Academy had to show, and just lately he invited his friends to come and see the decorative paintings of Arthurian subjects,

which he has made for the public library at Boston, U.S.A. It was somewhat of a surprise to most people to find such large, broad treatment of the subjects from the hands of a man accustomed to the delicacy of fine pen drawings. The exhibition was a great success, and Mr. Abbey at once leaped into the front rank of the younger painters; and there is reason to believe that, had he complied with the conditions of the Academy and inscribed his name amongst the list of candidates for its honours, he might have gone in over the heads of everybody at the election, which took place in the following week. It is to be regretted there is not more decoration of our public buildings in this country. Mr. Abbey is getting bare journeyman's wages for his Boston work; but he gets honour as well, and that is worth much to him.

The annual water-colour exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's galleries was as successful as usual. The development of the art could be traced from John Varley, George Barret, Turner, De Wint, Cox, and all the other recognised past-masters down to the present day. The pictures were hung promiscuously so that comparisons between the late and the early work was forced upon the visitor, a



THE DEAD CHRIST: A PIETÀ.

(By Hans Baldung. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

state of affairs which at times is not altogether pleasant. WILLIAM HUNT was well represented, as were DAVID COX and the modern followers of his style and methods. PINWELL was represented by one or two charming specimens of his work, and there were several gems by TURNER.



(Designed by Walter Crane.)

It is difficult to single out individual works in a collection consisting of more than three hundred drawings; it can only be said that it presented an opportunity for studying our national art such as seldom occurs.

Exhibitions of pictures of Venice are getting wearisome. One of the latest was at the Fine Art Society's rooms, and consisted principally of not altogether successful pastels by Mr. GIFFORD DYER.

The International Society of Wood Engravers is to be congratulated upon the successful exhibition it recently held in the Stationers' Hall, London. Wood engraving in all its branches, from the refined artistic work of Mr. BISCOMBE GARDNER to mechanically-executed "blocks," was fully shown, a fine collection of Bewick's work, including some interesting relics of that artist, forming a prominent feature of the exhibition. By permission of Mr. WALTER CRANE and Mr. A. MYERSON, the secretary of the Society—to whose energy much of the success of the show was due—we are enabled to reproduce the charming design which figured on the invitation card and the catalogue. The exhibition should do much good in showing that English engravers are still capable of producing first-class work should an opportunity be offered them.

**Miscellanea.** THE new Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, in succession to the late Mr. J. M. Gray, is Mr. CAW.

Mr. E. M. WIMPERIS has been elected Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in place of the late Mr. H. G. HINE.

Professor BALDWIN BROWN, Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Edinburgh, has been elected President of the Scottish Arts Club, in succession to Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

An interesting event in "Kernoozer" circles has been the dispersal of a portion of Mr. EDWIN BRETT's large collection of armour at Christie's. There were some good prices realised at the sale, and we reproduce on p. 280 one of the best of the suits of armour sold.

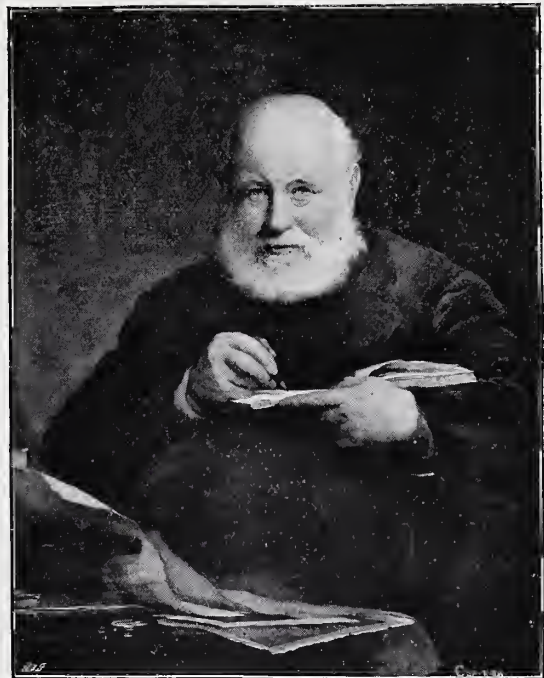
The International Art Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, Munich, opens on June 1. The exhibition is arranged by the Munich Artists' Association, and is probably the most

representative international exhibition held on the Continent. All information can be obtained from the Manager, Herr C. JOBELMANN.

The King of the Belgians has bestowed the Order of Leopold in its various degrees upon the following English artists: Commander: Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.; Officers: Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., Sir J. D. LINTON, P.R.I., Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.; Chevalier: Mr. W. W. OULESS, R.A.

The appointment to a Knight Commandership of the Bath of the late Director of the National Portrait Gallery has been duly noted in our columns. Sir GEORGE SCHARF was entrusted with the duties he has carried out so successfully in 1882, having served as secretary to the Portrait Gallery from 1857. He is a Bavarian by birth, and is seventy-five years of age. After being educated at University College School, he entered as a student at the Royal Academy Schools in 1838. In 1843 he accompanied a Government expedition through Asia Minor as official draughtsman, and the large collection of drawings he then made is now in the British Museum. He has published several books dealing with the subject of historical portraiture. Sir George now becomes a Trustee of the Gallery, and Mr. LIONEL CUST succeeds him as Director.

A few years ago the High Church or Episcopal party in Scotland reared a beautiful memorial in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to "the Great Marquis," as Montrose is sometimes called. The Presbyterian or Evangelical party have now responded with an equally handsome mural memorial to the Marquis of Argyll, which is to be erected in one of the side chapels of the same cathedral.

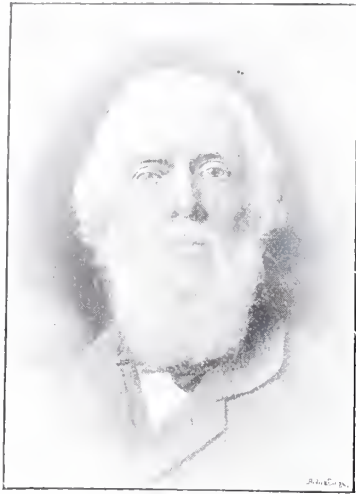


SIR GEORGE SCHARF, K.C.B.

(From the Portrait by W. W. Ouless, R.A. By Special Permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.)

The main portion of the design consists of a recumbent figure of the marquis, six feet four inches in length, set in an alcove and enclosed in what may be described as an elaborate architectural marble frame of Renaissance design. The memorial, designed by Mr. SYDNEY MITCHELL, architect

of Edinburgh, will be composed entirely of coloured marbles and alabaster; and as gold will be freely used in its adornment, its effect as a fine piece of colour will be very striking. The recumbent figure, which will be carved



THE LATE JOHN BELL.

(From a Photograph by W. H. Grove.)

in white alabaster, has been pictorially designed by Mr. CHARLES MCBRIDE, sculptor, who has also been entrusted with the execution of the architectural portion of the memorial.

WE regret to have to record the death, after a protracted illness, of the veteran sculptor, Mr. JOHN BELL. He was born in Norfolk in 1811, and at the age of twenty-one he exhibited at the Royal Academy the model of the "Eagle Slayer," the finished work of which formed one of

the attractions at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and is now in South Kensington Museum. His next best known statue, entitled "Dorothea," was exhibited in 1841, and among his other popular works are figures of "Miranda," "Imogen," and "Una and the Lion." His great public works with which his name is perhaps most associated are the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place, the Crimean Artillery Memorial at Woolwich, and the group of "America" at one of the corners of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Mr. Bell retired from active professional work some years ago, but in spite of his having distributed many of his statues to public institutions—among them being Kensington Town Hall—there is still a goodly number left in his studio at Kensington.

Another veteran sculptor recently dead is Mr. FREDERICK THURPP, who passed away at the age of eighty-two at Torquay. He was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy many years ago, but the works by which he is best known are the statues of Wordsworth and Sir Fowell Buxton in Westminster Abbey. Most of his statues, &c., he presented to a specially formed museum at Winchester.

Mr. H. G. HINE, the respected Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, has died at the age of eighty-four. His life and works were fully dealt with in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for 1893 (p. 87). It is an interesting fact that his early artistic efforts were made as a caricaturist, he being connected with *Punch* and afterwards with *The Man in the Moon*.

Mr. WALTER H. PATON, R.S.A., a very popular landscape artist north of the Tweed, died at Edinburgh on the 8th March. He was sixty-seven years of age. Mr. Paton

was a brother of Sir Noel Paton, and of Mrs. D. O. Hill, the sculptor.

One of the founders, with Renoir and Monet, of the French Impressionistic School, has recently died, in the person of Madame BERTHE MORISOT. She was born in 1840, and afterwards became a pupil of Edouard Monet, and subsequently, by her marriage with Eugene Monet, his sister-in-law. She excelled in representations of women and children. At the Duret sale in 1894 her picture, "Jeune Femme au Bal," was bought for 4,500 francs for the Luxembourg.

M. CHARLES LE ROUX, one of the survivors of the French landscapists of 1830, has recently died at the age of eighty-one. He was born at Nantes in 1814, and became a pupil of Corot, making his *début* at the Salon in 1833, with

an "Interior View of the Grand Hôtel of Bade," and an "Interior View of the Cloister of Santa Maria Della Pace at Rome." For many years he continued to exhibit his delightful landscapes of Fontainebleau, Brittany, of the Loire, rendering nature in all its various moods with the vigour and sincerity characteristic of the Barbizon school. He obtained a third-class medal in 1843, and in 1859 he was created an Officer of the Legion of Honour, and an officer of Public Instruction.

Among other French artists of note recently deceased are M. CHARLES DELORT, at the age of fifty-four, a pupil of Gleyre and Gérôme; M. CHARLES ARMAND-DUMARESQUE, the military painter, at the age of sixty-five—a pupil of Couture, made his first appearance at the Salon in 1851, and was created an Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1851; M. ALBERT DARELL, the President of the Commission of Sculpture of the Lille Museum, was a pupil of Cavalier, and executed many busts of French notabilities, besides a number of statues.

M. DEMETRIO COSOLA, Professor of Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts at Turin, has curiously died through absorbing powdered colours into his respiratory organs while engaged in decorative work in connection with the *fêtes* of the *Cercle des Artistes*. He was a portraitist and landscapist of no mean ability.

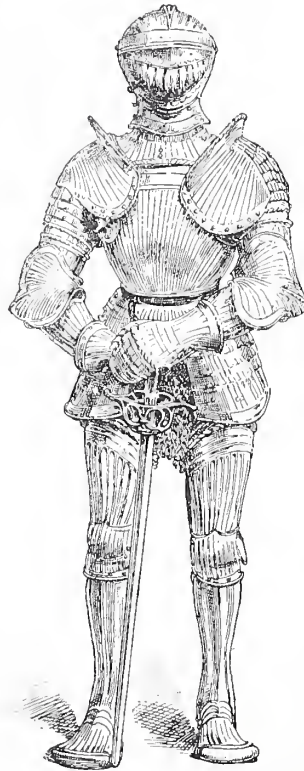
The death has occurred at an advanced age of Mr. JOHN CHALONER-SMITH, the well-known cataloguer and collector of engravings. He is principally known by his great work on "British Mezzotint Portraits."

We shall refer fully in a subsequent number to the death of Mr. A. D. FRIPP, the popular Secretary of the Old Water-Colour Society.



THE LATE H. G. HINE, V.P.R.I.

(From a Photograph by Arthur Brown, Kingston-on-Thames.)



SUIT OF FLUTED ARMOUR (GERMAN, 1515).

(Recently in the Brett Collection. See p. 279.)



THE SILVER STRAND.  
 (From the Painting by W. Gilbert Foster.)

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—II.

BY THE EDITOR.

“THE beauty of Nature,” says Hegel, in the passage which has been selected as the motto of this year’s Royal Academy catalogue, “reveals itself as but a reflection of the beauty which belongs to the mind.” It is an aphorism which undoubtedly does some violence to the ruling principle of the most advanced members of the “art for technique” school—of those for whom not the poetry, the imagination, or the sentiment of a picture, but its handling and its management of colour, are the all-in-all. Nevertheless, its justification is to be found in the recognised successes of the present exhibition, all of which have an imaginative quality apart from their high technical achievement. And it is to be observed that the eccentricities which have of late made an hesitating appearance in the Academy have practically no representatives this year: disciples of neither Monet nor of Manet, nor even imitators of Mr. Whistler, have this year been able to secure admission to the walls. For all that, the show, taken as a whole, is more modern than ever before, and fewer canvases appear of the kind that have made the word “academic” an expression of opprobrium in the minds of the progressive party in art. As a matter of fact, an exhibition of the Academy is like the “Dictionnaire de l’Académie Française”—when the slang of a past generation becomes by

age and use absorbed into the classic language of the day, it is recognised and welcomed, and not till then.

Undoubtedly, the most electrifying portrait in the Academy—we nearly wrote the most masterly painting—is Mr. Sargent’s kit-kat of Mr. Coventry Patmore. In spite of a few touches which are more dexterous and clever than true (about the hand and hair), this portrait appears as fine as anything of the kind that has been executed for very many years. Comparisons have actually been drawn between this admirable work and the cheap vulgarity to which Monsieur Carolus-Duran has put his name—“William Robinson, Esq. ;” but the one is a masterpiece and the other, one would say if one did not know M. Carolus-Duran’s other work, the production of an artistic quack. The drawing of the face in Mr. Sargent’s picture, the brilliant rendering of the mouth—indeed, of the whole mask—are hardly to be matched in any other work of the year. The forehead may not have been treated with the respect traditionally due to planes; yet not only the head, but the figure and garments, have been rendered with an almost unsurpassable skill, and contain passages which would not do discredit to a great master. To us it appears vastly better than the artist’s ladies’ portraits in the other rooms, and superior, too, to the brilliant full-length of

“W. Graham Robertson, Esq.” Mr. Sargent’s power of dragging the truth out of a man’s superficial personality, for good or evil, is again magnificently displayed in the latter picture; there he is, living, for you to admire, to wonder, or to laugh at—it is the man himself. But, incisive as it is, it is not, we think, so fine in actual painting as the great



THE LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE.

(From the Chalk Drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

portrait of the poet who wrote “The Angel in the House.”

Another truly admirable work—which, however, suffers cruelly from its position in Burlington House—is Sir John Millais’ “St. Stephen.” The beautiful young martyr lies where he has been stoned, amid the dark cliffs, a fiery nimbus about his head, shining in the trembling dawn, while his people appear cautiously from out of the darkness where they have been watching, to carry his corpse away. But it is not in the tender sentiment nor in the religious significance of the picture in which its main excellence lies, but rather that—apart from the merits that belong to it as a subject-picture

ably treated—the spectator thinks nothing of the paint when in its presence. And that, we take it, is one of the tests of a fine work, a test that is fulfilled by Rembrandt and Giorgione alike, and one in which Sir John Millais is in this case not wanting. We do not mean to say that it is a masterpiece in the same sense that a Rembrandt or Giorgione is a masterpiece, but in the power exercised over the cultivated spectator it has a right to be considered fine; and the nation is to be congratulated on Mr. Tate having acquired the work for inclusion, it is said, in his gift of the National Gallery of British Art. Public property, too, is Sir John’s other subject picture, called “Speak! Speak!”—the words with which Hamlet invokes his father’s ghost. Rarely has the artist excelled this painting of the spectre-bride, face and figure, too, or the soft poetic moonlight, or, one may add with a slight reservation, the composition as a whole. It is full of force and power, and in sincerity succeeds where “St. Bartholomew’s Day” failed. It is a little unfortunate that there is a certain littleness in the lover’s face—the fault of the Italian model who sat for it; but that is practically the sole blot on a fine picture of contending lights of moon and candle, of vision and passion, of colour and technique. It has fortunately been acquired for the Chantrey collection for £2,000. Sir John’s third canvas, “A Disciple,” in which sincerity and grasp are again manifest, is a single figure the personification of intense devotion, worthy of the painter’s best period. This is the Millais we used to know, and whom we welcome back after the comparative failure of the past few years. His portrait of Miss Rintoul Symon is not so successful; the painter has felt the trammels of portraiture, which did not hamper him in his other pictures; and the result tends to explain the secret of his resuscitation.

Professor Herkomer, too, has risen beyond the point to which, as a painter of men, he had hitherto attained. His portraits of Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson are convincing canvases, earnest and sincere, and, while suffering from want of backgrounds, free from that appearance of haste and carelessness which used sometimes to mar his portraiture. They are the unmistakable outsides of the men, as true as life itself. But Mr. Herkomer’s chief triumph—in some respects the picture of the year—is the vast canvas of “The Bürgermeister of Landsberg, Bavaria, with his Town



Council." The court-house and the *dramatis personæ* that people it have been managed with consummate ease, with a successful *aplomb*, and with a degree of illusion that justify this modern excursus with the field of Rembrandt and Franz Hals. The characterisation is just, and local sentiment pervades the picture, which, though large (it can hardly contain less than three hundred square feet), is without emptiness.

Another work otherwise and more truly "great" is Mr. G. F. Watts's picture of "Jonah"—a weird, ghastly, screaming fanatic, the Solomon Eagle of an Oriental past, hideous in his earnest gesticulation, who throws up his arms in fierce *abandon* as he foretells the destruction of Nineveh. To many it will be a repulsive picture; to all it must appeal as a perfectly natural expression of the passionate feeling which cried out against the wickedness and luxury that was hurrying a city to destruction, and which in its eternal truth might be addressed as well to our Babylon of to-day. This sentiment (in itself no doubt independent, however well conveyed, of the excellence of the picture as a work of art) must be counted with in judging of the work as a whole; for it has influenced the painter's palette. Sombre as his motive is the colour scheme of the picture. To attitude, draughtsmanship—that is to say, to composition and line, and above all to the sense of style—the artist has chiefly trusted to produce his effects, more than to the infinite gradation of colour in the general monotone. The anti-thesis in dexterity of Mr. Sargent's "Mr. Coventry Patmore" that faces it, is not less powerful in its fascination, in its hold upon the spectator; while in rugged power it is more forceful and hardly less sympathetic. Beside this "Jonah," as a work of imagination, "The Out-east-Goodwill," Mr. Watts's other picture, cannot stand. It is a charming baby this, an outeast perhaps for the ill-favour of its eyes, yet offering goodwill to the passer-by—a touching reminder of the cruel lot of those whose personal afflictions often repel, even though the kindness of their sympathetic natures are seeking to attract. The colour, though not so ruddy as is to be found in many of Mr. Watts's recent presentations of the Infant as a symbol of humanity and human qualities,

is yet silvery in tone and prismatic too, and the contours are opulent and masterful.

Mr. Alma-Tadema has never done anything finer of its kind than his picture of "Spring." This gorgeous complicated procession in honour of a flower festival in ancient Rome is a work with which no other could have grappled with a fraction



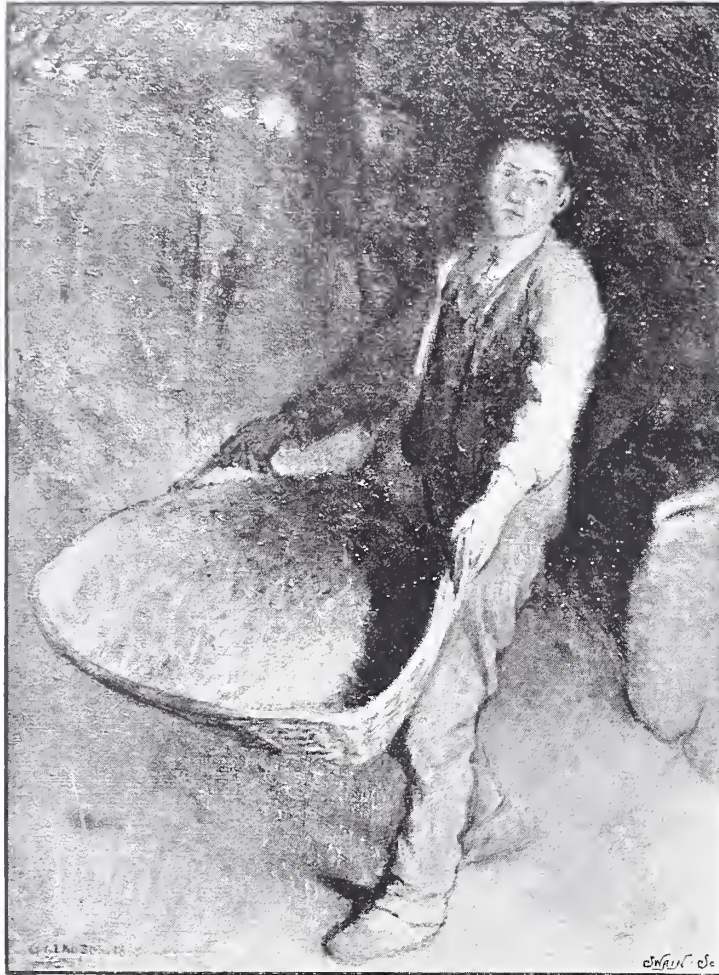
A LADY IN BLACK.

(From the Painting by John Lavery.)

of the success here achieved. It is a technical triumph for the painter who aimed at giving a sense of height and space on a relatively small canvas while expressly retaining his figures of a size proportionately over-large. We are given importance without undue size, colour without garishness, brightness though the light is with singular wisdom and skill subdued, richness without vulgarity. Extraordinary invention and imagination, incredible skill in imitation of surfaces, conscientiousness in the rendering of a marvellous wealth of detail without loss of breadth—we feel in contemplating this work that the artist has gone to the furthest point to which his method of art may lead;

and yet it leaves us comparatively cold. It astonishes us, it awakens our admiration ungrudging and spontaneous; yet it does not deeply touch us. For it has been conceived by the brain rather of the master-painter than of the poet.

It has been widely deplored that from Mr. Orchardson has come no "important" work. But



THE FARMER'S BOY.

(From the Painting by George Clausen, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co.)

the genuine importance of his little picture, simply named "A Flower," has been overlooked. The simple grace of this girl among flowers culling a rose, the beautiful mystery of the handling, the prettiness of the sentiment, the tender memory of colour rather than colour itself, the daintiness and breadth which are rather helped than hindered by the thinness of the painting, combine to make the canvas more important as a work of art than many of the larger historical pieces which have before now offered texts for wordy essays. Mr. Gregory's "And will he not come again?" deserves to be mentioned with it. It is true that it is a well-

known face and figure he has once more given us—and we are still waiting for that brilliant masterpiece which his undoubted powers have been promising for so long. But, judged upon its merits, this little canvas is a thing of delight, as brilliant as a gem, which comforts us for yet another year while that *chef-d'œuvre* is a-coming. At his best,

Mr. Gregory has the daintiness of touch of Mr. Orchardson, the vigour of Mr. Tadema, and the colour—well, of Mr. Waterhouse. Is this triple gift to bring forth nothing but a little thing, however exquisite, year by year?

In "St. Cecilia" Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has taken another stride forward. There is not, perhaps, the mystery which has invested so many of his pictures with indescribable charm; but there are here greater merits, as compensation, in the composition, fine and well-balanced, and a true sense of poetry, in its wider significance of conception, handling, colour, and painter-like quality. The artist's imagination, which has properly chosen to supplement Tennyson's "Palace of Truth" with such details and arrangements as were required by his painter's craft, has been well supported by his generous palette; and his wealth of colour, of mauve and white, of green and blue and red, are resolved into a harmony exquisitely adapted to the subject.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Byam Shaw's picture of Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" that it will stand the test of proximity with "St. Cecilia." Mr. Shaw makes a brilliant *début* with a picture, which is the offspring of the Pre-Raphaelite school, chastened by latter-day influence. There are many passages of beautiful colour and excellent drawing, and the degree of success achieved should be as encouraging to the painter as the freshness of the picture is grateful to the spectator.

Mr. George Clausen justifies his election to the Academy with two works. "Harvest," though it promises admirably, we must decline to accept as a completed picture. Portions of it are little more than rubbed in, and certain points of colour are still to be toned down. On the other hand, "The Farmer's Boy" is altogether fine, and one of the best pictures in the Academy. It may be objected that it is a vivid reminiscence of Millet; certain it is that no other Englishman could come so near to that master, nor make subject and method so successfully his own. (To be continued.)



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(From the Painting by George Hitchcock.)

## THE NEW GALLERY.

By M. PHIPPS JACKSON.

ONE of the most popular metropolitan exhibitions is certainly that at the New Gallery, where we can see the works of modern painters who do not appear to care to send elsewhere—of those who refuse to be bound by recognised art dogmas, and, in resolutely working out their own theories, give fair play to an imagination only too seldom met with in the present day. In all exhibitions there is of necessity a proportion of indifferent work, but this happily is reduced to a minimum in the four hundred and forty-eight pictures, sculptures, and miniatures now at the New Gallery. Regarded generally in the light of representing art in the different branches of imaginative design, portraiture, and especially in landscape painting, the collection is a success upon which the Council is to be congratulated; and in support of this view, it may, perhaps, be advantageous before entering into anything like detail, to very briefly refer to pictures that in point of fact give character and value to the exhibition.

The West Room has for central adornments, on three walls, distinguished compositions by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in "The Fall of Lucifer,"

"The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Wedding of Psyche." Then there is a little gem of Mr. L. Alma-Tadema's in what he calls "Love's Jewelled Fetter;" a fair specimen of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's always high-class design in "The Shrine," a girl inhaling the perfume of some roses; Sir John Millais' "Time the Reaper" and "The Empty Cage;" Mr. Walter Crane's St. George and the Dragon, in "England's Emblem;" Mr. Alfred Parsons' landscape, "A Frosty Morning;" and a strong supplement of contributions by lady artists in "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning Wool for the Poor," by Mrs. Adrian Stokes; "On the Zattere, Venice," by Miss Clara Montalba; "Love's Curse," a lady looking expectantly from the window of a darkened room, by Mrs. Alma-Tadema; and "Love Lies Bleeding," a nymph gazing on the body of the wounded god Cupid, by Mrs. H. M. Stanley.

The South Room has amongst its principal treasures an original version of "The Flight into Egypt," by Mr. G. Hitchcock; an imaginative design in "A Race: Mermaids and Tritons," by a most promising young painter, Mr. C. Smithers; "Her First Offering," a fair maiden presenting her tribute of

a wreath of flowers to the god Cupid, by Mr. Herbert Schmalz; "Noon-day," boys bathing, by Mr. Edward Stott; "The Boar Hunt," a vigorous colour scheme, by Mr. John R. Reid; "Sheep Washing," river, sheep, and sunshine, by W. H. Bartlett; and other minor, if not less valuable, additions in "Portraits," a lady and her little girl in a swing, by Mr. R. W. Macbeth; "Summer," by Mr. C. W. Wyllie; "A Study of Lamplight," by Mr. H. H. La Thangue; "Through the Blue," the sea, with low-lying rocks, by Mr. Leslie Thomson; and, "Lily, Daughter of Mr. R. L. Jennings," by Mrs. Kate Perugini.

On entering the North Room, we are confronted by one of the allegorical and always dignified, earnest designs of Mr. G. F. Watts, in "Charity," a woman in blue and red draperies, caressingly guarding some children. Opposite to this is Mr. John S. Sargent's

Britten; "Evensong," a snow scene, by Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.; "An Avenue in the Marshes," a row of autumn-tinted trees, with greensward, by Mr. Adrian Stokes; "The Sense of Sight," a beautiful female study, with rather obscure title, by Mrs. A. L. Swymerton; "In a Cottage: Night-fall," a girl in an interior, with child on her lap, and two other little ones kneeling before her, by Mr. H. H. La Thangue; "Summer," by Mr. George Wetherbee; and a group of high-class portraits in "Tales of the Jungle," a mother reading a story-book to her two little girls, by Mr. J. J. Shannon; the well-known manager of Mr. Agnew's Gallery, "T. H. Worrall," by Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt; a head quite as strong in character in "Robin Allen, formerly Secretary of the Trinity House," by Mr. E. A. Ward; and "J. H. Paul, M.D.," white



VIEW OF A DUTCH TOWN.

(From the *Painting* by James Maris.)

whole length of "Miss Ada Rehan," the famous actress; and in the centre, at the end of the gallery, is Mr. Alfred East's delicious idyllic landscape, "The Misty Mere." Other notable works here of various classes are, "The Child in the World," an innocent-looking little girl standing, heedless of the monstrous dragon at her side, by Mr. T. C. Gotch; "Pan and Sirens," by C. E. Perugini; three winged figures, "Angels, ever bright and fair," by Mr. W. E. F.

bearded, and with face nearly in profile, by Mr. Lance Calkin.

Having now run through the exhibition in rather broadly representative sense, it may be interesting to discuss more fully some of the leading pictures. "The Fall of Lucifer," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, is somewhat analogous to the great master's "Golden Stair," as regards the order of composition. A long procession of rebel angels, with Lucifer in the midst,

is seen descending in a winding line from the gates of heaven. The painter's conception of the scene is that of a sullen crowd of mailed and armed warriors against the Majesty of Heaven, slowly threading their way to the abyss. One's mind turns for a moment to the very different treatment of the subject by that erratic artist Wiertz, of Brussels, whose well-known picture represents the offenders being expelled from heaven, in fierce combat. Sir Edward, however, prefers the more restrained and dignified idea, of the still proud and rebellious host going to its doom. The picture is a noble one, in imagination, graceful line, and in sympathetic scheme of colour. From the same brush is an early version of one of the Briar Rose series of pictures — "The Sleeping Beauty" — which we all remember at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries in Old Bond Street. To turn from this to something very opposite in character, "Love's Jewelled Fetter" is one of those domestic scenes in Ancient Rome in which Mr. L. Alma-Tadema delights, and produces with unequalled skill. Two

ladies are seated on a marble terrace, and one of them is holding out to her friend her hand, that she may examine her wedding ring. Above them hang garlands of flowers, and in the background is a distant peep of a city by the blue waters of the sea. Figures and draperies, marble, flowers, and every detail, exhibit the marvellous technique of which Mr. Alma-Tadema is so absolute a master. Mr. G. Hitecock's Scriptural design, "The Flight into Egypt," represents the Mother, with the infant Saviour in her arms, traversing a landscape decked with wild flowers, followed by Joseph in the distance. It is a plain, pure, sweet idea of the historical incidents—almost prosaic in its simplicity—

whilst the story is told in a manner calculated to reach the hearts of all. In a work so full of charm one hardly cares to suggest whether, in so very light a scheme of colour against the sun, something might not have been gained by lowering the tone of the foreground. (See p. 285.) And now to consider Mr. C. Smithers' "Race: Mermaids and Tritons,"

in which the artist has pictured his imaginary beings cleaving the blue waters among the rocks on—we may suppose—the coast of Sicily. There is grace of line and plenty of movement in the figures, the contrast between their forms and their quiescent companions on the rocks, watching the sport, is also well-studied and effective. Among the willows in the corner of a gently flowing river Mr. W. H. Bartlett has depicted labourers engaged in "Sheep Washing," on the bank being a group of animals waiting their turn for a similar process. Mr. Bartlett is like Mr. Edward Stott—who has a clever picture of boys bathing in a pond, as "Noon-day"—in his taste for painting water and human figures com-



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY SPINNING WOOL FOR THE POOR.

(From the Painting by Marianne Stokes.)

ined, and he has a like sweet sense of colour. Leaving the Scriptural subjects that have recently occupied his time, Mr. Herbert Schmalz indulges in classical allegory in his sylph-like maiden making "Her First Offering" of a wreath of flowers at a temple of the omnipotent god Cupid. The girl, in semi-diaphanous drapery, which partially veils, but does not conceal, her form, modestly adds her floral tribute to the many offerings around the base of Cupid's statue. Mr. Schmalz is a splendid draughtsman of the female form, and many may prefer his tender suggestion of human life in the work we are referring to, to his Biblical designs.

"Time the Reaper" is Sir John Millais' principal

contribution: a figure of an aged, grey-bearded man, with scythe on his shoulder and hour-glass at his side, entering—from a moonlit landscape—a partially-opened door, through which streams bright firelight. Busy at his duty of gathering in those ripe for the sickle, the inexorable old harvester is calling at the dwelling of one for whom time is no more. Whilst Sir John is possibly unconscious of the fact, the painting we are speaking of, and the two noble works he now has in the Royal Academy,

Quite a poem in painting, in the gallery where it hangs, Mr. Alfred East's landscape, "The Misty Mere," is a sheet of water, with rushes, trees the tops of which are just lighted up by the setting sun, distant blue hills, and the whole scene full of sweet tones and grey atmosphere. Mr. J. S. Sargent's whole length, in white satin, of "Miss Ada Rehan" has the merit of being a most excellent likeness, the figure naturally posed and freely painted. It is scarcely Mr. Sargent's highest class work, but it is



SUMMER.

(From the Painting by George Wetherbee.)

mark a certain phase of thought and feeling in a great artist's life. Taking us back almost to the times of the Old Masters, the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning Wool for the Poor," by Mrs. Adrian Stokes, is a little painting, beautiful alike in its earnest motive, execution, and colour. Elizabeth, very saintly in devout expression and refinement, is busy with her spinning wheel, the head being seen against a golden glory. (See p. 287.) Miss Clara Montalba sends one of the scenes she loves so well, in "On the Zattere, Venice," a bridge, with figures in warm, misty light; and "View of a Dutch Town," by Mr. James Maris, is an excellent presentment of the quaint picturesqueness of Holland. (See p. 286.)

attractive, freely expressed, and is an adornment to the gallery. Mr. G. F. Watts also has a well-modelled portrait in "Mrs Charles Coltman Rogers," in a blue dress. Mr. George Wetherbee's "Summer" is a bright record of the season, and in Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Avenue in the Marshes," a row of autumn tinted trees in the low ground, with pools of water, the general effect is wealthy as regards colour. Miss Flora M. Reid's small whole-length figure of "Our Old Cook," picturing the dame seated, peeling vegetables, is excellent. In this brief review many good pictures are of necessity left unnoticed, but reference has certainly been made to some of the most important. The Sculpture will be dealt with later on.



F. M. Brett. print.

Magazine of Art.

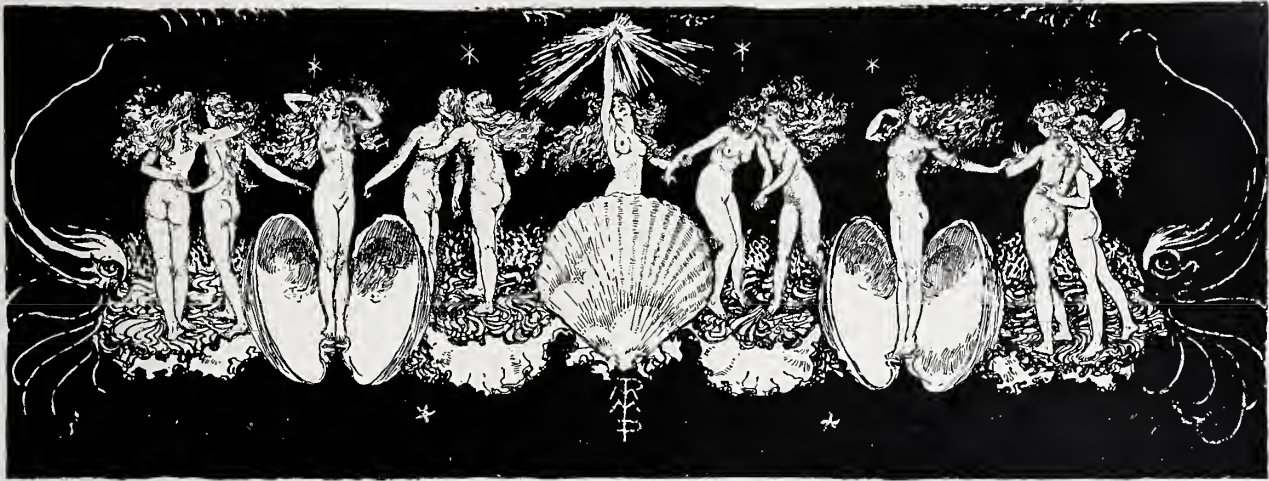
*Indian Lady Boating.*

F. M. BRETT.  
1896.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company







(Drawn by Rose M. Pitman.)

## ART IN THE THEATRE.

THE PIONEERS OF MODERN ENGLISH STAGE MOUNTING: WILLIAM CAPON.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

HAVING in the article on De Louthembourg (MAGAZINE OF ART for March) treated of a scenic reformer at once resourceful and imaginative, I turn now, by way of contrast, to one of plodding, dry-as-dust temperament, neatly characterised by Boaden as distinct from other able artists of the theatre, "like the *black-letter* class of a library." William Capon was born at Norwich on the 6th October, 1757. His father, a portrait-painter, strove to teach him his art, but an overmastering desire for architectural knowledge brought him to London to study under Michael Novosielski. Thanks to the moulding influence of the gifted young Italian, he soon acquired a partiality for distemper work, assisting Cornelius Dixon in the execution of the scenery for the ill-fated Royalty Theatre in 1787. In conjunction with his master, he rebuilt the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, after its destruction by fire in 1789, and was also concerned with him in providing the buildings and scenery for the Ranelagh Gardens. Extending the field of his operations, he painted a

magnificent view of the Bastille for the Royal Circus (afterwards the Surrey Theatre); and when a musical piece, based on the story of John Gilpin, was produced there, embellished it with the neces-

sary linen-draper's shop, together with a view of the "Bell" at Edmonton.

From first to last Capon's bent of mind was purely antiquarian. His enthusiasm was all spent upon the pointed style in architecture, whose merits he always upheld, and whose ancient remnants he strenuously sought to preserve. Unerring taste, combined with sound draughtsmanship, enabled him to make numerous accurate drawings of old dwellings and edifices in and about the metropolis, and careful plans of the old Palace at Westminster and of the substructure of the abbey. Many of these were engraved, and mostly all were laid under considerable



WILLIAM CAPON.

(From an Engraving after the Miniature by W. Bone.)

purpose in his later stage work.

John Kemble, who had already given some attention to the question of approximately correct scenery and costume—notably in the Drury Lane

revival of *Henry VIII.* in 1788—found himself drawn towards Capon by an identity of studious tastes. With painter and player so completely in sympathy, it was quite in keeping that, when old Drury was razed to the ground for reconstruction in 1791, the latter should engage the former to act as scenic director of the new house. The building and the man between them introduced a radical change in the system of *mise en scène*. Happily in one respect, the stage of new Drury Lane was so vastly increased in area that none of the old stock scenery was extensive enough in height or breadth to be utilised upon it. Hence Capon started with a clear field, and was enabled to give a character and uniformity to his work denied to De Louthembourg, who had always to contend with old flats and wings, admitting of no superannuation. Furthermore, the increased dimensions of the theatre compelled the manager to resort more frequently to the use of stage properties, with the hope of lessening the ill effect of the vast space. When new Drury opened its doors on the 21st April, 1794, with *Macbeth*, performed by a brilliant company, so profuse was the wealth of adjuncts in the banquet scene that the novelty was spoken of as “a thing to go and see of itself.” With Sheridan in command, and Kemble at the helm, all the traditions of Garrick went by the board. Instead of spending money lavishly on flimsy afterpieces, the new directorate saw that the principal dish of the evening was garnished with all fitting care and splendour.

Although the scene-loft is rarely the centre of attraction for the art-world, it was made so in Capon's time. Kemble, in his enthusiasm, was wont to invite his friends to the private painting-room in the theatre to note the advancement of scenic reform; and among these might frequently be found leading members of the Royal Academy, musing over and gently commending the curious historical scenes which Capon executed with so much care and precision. Of his labours here some particular record has been made by Boaden and others, from whom the following list, showing the system pursued in the painting, has been compiled:—

(1) Chapel of the Pointed style of architecture, occupying the whole of the stage, used for the performance of oratorios.

(2) Six chamber wings of the same order for general use in old English plays; very elaborately studied from actual remains.

(3) View of New Palace Yard, Westminster, as it was in 1793. Size, 41 feet wide, with corresponding wings.

(4) Ancient Palace of Westminster, as it was three hundred years back, executed from authorities. Point of view the S.W. corner of old Palace Yard. Size, 42 feet wide and 35 feet in height.

(5) Six scenes representing ancient English streets; combinations of genuine remains selected by reason of their picturesque beauty.

(6) Tower of London, restored to its earliest state, for *Richard III.*

(7) The Council Chamber of Crosby House, for *Jane Shore*—a correct restoration of the pristine state of that apartment so far as could be deduced from documentary evidence then extant. The explorations and drawings combined in this memorable scene were made in 1794.

(8) Two very large wings, containing portions of the old Palace at Westminster, composed from a time-battered pen-and-ink draft unearthed by Capon while examining some records of the Augmentation Office in Westminster.

(9) State Chamber of the time of Edward III., showing the tapestry hangings on the walls and two magnificent chairs, deduced from the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, which the painter, in his mind's eye, had restored to its original gilt and enamelled condition. Following the same synthetic process, he adorned his chairs with regal figures on the back—one of Edward I. from his statue and bust, and the other of Queen Eleanor from her brass.

One drawback asserted itself at the outset, in the inability of the stage carpenters and scene shifters to keep step with the painter in his right-about-face. For Colman's celebrated play of *The Iron Chest*, as produced under unfavourable auspices at Drury Lane on the 12th March, 1796, Capon had supplied two very remarkable scenes, reckoned the finest that had ever been painted. The one presented an ancient baronial hall, with a correct music gallery and screen, of the times of Edward IV. and Henry VI.; the other, the library of Sir Edward Mortimer, composed from the choicest specimens of the Gothic then extant. In this the vaulting of the groined ceiling was taken from a portion of the beautiful cloister of the monks of St. Stephen, Westminster; the bookcases from another antique source; and the painted glass from the windows of a time-honoured church in Kent. That these scenes were not painted on the conventionally shaped and situated flats and wings is apparent from the allusion to them in Colman's well-known vituperative preface to the play. After railing at Kemble, he goes on to say: “My doubts, too, of this boasted care were not a little increased by a note which I received from the prompter, written by the manager's orders *three hours* only before the first representation of the play, wherein at this late period my consent was abruptly requested to a transposition of two of the most material scenes in the second act; and the reason given for this curious proposal was that the present stage of Drury—where the architect and machinist, with the judgment and ingenuity of a politician and a wit to assist them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings—was so bunglingly constructed that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering framework on which an abbey was painted behind the representation of a library without having a chasm of ten minutes in the action of the play, and that in the middle of an act.”

Early in the season of 1798-99 Kemble brought out Boaden's *Aurelio and Miranda*—a dramatisation of Lewis's lurid poem of "The Monk"—with himself and Mrs. Siddons in the leading parts. For this play Capon furnished a church scene, which Michael Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," refers to in glowing terms. It is noteworthy that at the same period, as if in emulation of the Drury Lane artist's striving

Kemble's withdrawal from Drury Lane in 1802 appears not to have interfered with Capon's connection with that house: but some two or three years afterwards he extended his influence to the provinces, in providing scenery for the new theatre at Bath. Sheridan was greatly in arrears to the painter at this period, and added insult to injury by nicknaming him "Pompous Billy"—a more offensive



ANCIENT STREET SCENE FOR JOHN KEMBLE'S SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVALS AT COVENT GARDEN, 1809.

(Painted by William Capon.)

after local colour, Richards of Covent Garden painted a series of scenes, from the exquisite designs made by Daniel in India, for Cobb's Oriental comic opera of *Ramah Droog*.

Capon reached his apogee at the National Theatre in connection with the *De Montfort* of Joanna Baillie, produced on the 28th April, 1799. His crowning achievement was a scene representing a cathedral of the fourteenth century, with its nave, choir, and side aisles superbly decorated, and consisting of seven successive planes. The dimensions of this elaborate set were about 56 feet in width, 52 in depth, and 37 in height. For distinction's sake Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," styles it "a structure," and is careful to point out that such an erection, in Garrick's day, would have been condemned as unnecessary or pronounced impracticable.

sobriquet, by the way, than the "Field-Marshal Leatherbags" of our earlier pioneer. In fact, a good deal of Capon's scenery had not been paid for when Drury Lane was destroyed by fire on the 24th of February, 1809. The artist's loss amounted to upwards of £500—a serious consideration to one with numerous olive branches and no private income.

Subsequently, he painted a beautiful view of Hanover Square for the English Opera House, together with a striking scene representing an old-world street with market cross, the latter for a new play called *Woman's Will*.

Balked for years in his desire for thorough scenic reform by the obstinacy of his coadjutors, Kemble nursed his hopes until he found himself with a free hand on the opening of new Covent

Garden, on the 18th September, 1809. On the burning down of the old house (quite an epidemic of theatrical conflagrations at this period!) he had at once taken advantage of Capon's idleness to secure his services for the one to follow. Under the later Kemble *régime*, Covent Garden became noted for the truth, uniformity, and splendour of

ancient street. A finished sketch for a scene painted for the New Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, by the express desire of John Kemble, Esq., for the tragedies in which he used to perform. The scene is 28 feet wide by 21 feet high."

The precursor of Charles Kean in applying archaeological studies to the stage, Capon had also



ANCIENT STREET SCENE FOR JOHN KEMBLE'S SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVALS AT COVENT GARDEN, 1809.

(Painted by William Capon.)

its mounting, as much being frequently spent on a single Shakespearean revival as would have defrayed the expense of any former management during an entire season. By permission of the Governing Council of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-upon-Avon, I find myself empowered to present here copies of two drawings, each of which bears the following interesting inscription: "Wm. Capon, London, invenit del pinxit, November 5th, 1808. A selection of architectural remains in different parts of the kingdom, brought together in one point of view so as to form a grand

an occasional touch of his successor's pedantic inaccuracy. The public of his time, however, had nothing but admiration for his Anglo-Norman Hall for Hamlet's lobby, an adroit composition of fragments of the period of Edward the Confessor, Rufus, and Henry I. Some idea of the perfection of method attained by Capon may be arrived at from the circumstance that a score of fine scenes executed by him for Covent Garden remained in use long after the introduction of gas, and, with a little retouching to repair the ravages of time, held the stage in stock pieces up to the dawn of Maeready's rule.





ABANDONED.

*(From the Painting by J. C. Boquet. Engraved by A. Closs.)*



## FRANCESCA ALEXANDER, AND "THE ROADSIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY."

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

MISS ALEXANDER belongs to that small band of women of artistic genius of whom Lady Waterford was a distinguished example. But where Lady Waterford's developed power lay in colour and composition, "Francesca's" seems rather to evince itself in depth and tenderness of feeling and conception, and in beauty of execution. Her literary and artistic work, though untutored in the strictly academic sense, is in the highest degree poetic. It breathes a love of nature that fascinates the beholder; and the love of humanity and of God is the passion in which it has its root. Her æsthetic sense appears to coincide to a singular extent with that of Professor Ruskin. For though her art is practised by her primarily for itself, it is to her an expression of Praise and of Charity in the ultimate application of its spiritual force.

I have said she is not a tutored artist. But she was brought up from her infancy in a constant atmosphere of art which was to her, as it has been to many, the truest education. Her father was himself a born artist and a successful portrait-painter, and the daughter inherited his talent, his passion for art, and his absorbing delight in his work. She began to draw almost as soon as she could speak; and she was kept constantly supplied with materials and surrounded by the fine pictures which constituted what Mr. Alexander called his library. He advised her in her work and followed it with the closest and profoundest interest, more particularly, perhaps, as he found in her a growing ability to produce effects without effort which all his life he had been vainly striving to obtain. As a child she was always composing stories in rhyme or prose, and illustrating them with drawings that were certainly remarkable for audacity both of design and execution. She was no more than seven when she announced that

she had made up her mind to be an artist and "to work for poor children"; and although her mother gravely opposed a career fraught with so many disappointments, the child never renounced the idea. She scouted the suggestion of a distinguished expert that she should devote herself to the cultivation of her rare singing voice, not believing that she had any real musical talent; and she declared that the study and imitation of nature alone should claim such ability as she might possess. So far, indeed, did she carry this feeling for nature that she never was willing to visit the theatre lest the sight of feigned emotion should affect her appreciation of the real.

She was not more than thirteen years of age when she produced her first oil-picture—"The Babes in the Wood." It is true that the robins were as big as the children; but at least the picture proved that the little artist had a true and deli-



FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.  
(From an early Miniature.)

cate eye for colour. Her passion for finish, however, so beautifully evident in her pen-work, she found to be an obstacle practically insuperable in paint; for the amount of time absorbed by pictures painted under such conditions was intolerable to a young and enthusiastic lady. Every part had to be finished like a fine miniature—not because she had any artistic "views," but simply because she "saw things so"—another, and this time a visual, point of contact, it will be observed, with Mr. Ruskin. To the end, therefore, she has for the most part given up the nobler medium; and the few oil paintings which she has executed have all gone to her native land of America, whither most of the drawings have followed.

She proceeded therefore with her drawings, completing them with the utmost finish of execution, and she soon became so complete a mistress of her methods that it was not long before she succeeded

—as readers of this Magazine are already aware—in expressing in black and white both colour and texture with apparent facility: to such a degree, indeed, that people have been known to speak positively of the colours of the flowers she has drawn, although the flowers themselves were entirely unknown to them. It was when “Francesca” was making such rapid progress that the late Mr. Alexander was inclined to have her regularly taught,

something entirely by themselves—that he had never seen anything resembling them before or since—is therefore literally correct under the circumstances. They are, as he expresses it, “a singular combination of simplicity and power;” but whatever may be the final verdict on these works, it will certainly always be admitted at least that they can be compared with nothing but themselves.

The real origin of the “Roadside Songs of Tuscany”—which is presumably the most important of Miss Alexander’s series—is to be traced back to her earliest years, almost to her infancy, and to a disposition for wide philanthropy and truest charity which has always been distinctive of her family.

One Sunday, when she was still a child, she had, the story runs, attended the little Italian church or conventicle of Bello Sguardo, opposite Fiesole, and had been struck by an old man’s quaintly simple prayer that God should help the poor and sick “because there were so many of them.” A little later, as Christmas-time came round, a charitable American lady desired, in pursuance of her practice at that season, to bestow alms among the deserving poor; but being a stranger in Florence she was forced to seek for trustworthy indications. These were quickly forthcoming; and to “Francesca,” to her boundless satisfaction, was entrusted a bagful of “Francesconi” for distribution among



SANTA ROSA.

(From the Drawing by Francesca Alexander. By Permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn. Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

but in view of the satisfactory development of nature’s teaching, he yielded to his wife’s wishes that the child and her art should be allowed to grow up together in unforced, untrained harmony. Professor Kuskin’s remark that the drawings are

the poor of the church. She forthwith made a little book of some score of sheets of note-paper, in which she gave a short account of the pensioners one by one, with a little drawing illustrating the sad story of each; and the American lady carried



it away with her, well satisfied with the prize that had rewarded her charity, which she thereupon redoubled. Arrived in Paris, the lady showed it to other American friends, who, pleased at the story, sent a large sum to the charity-loving child; and the charity-loving child could do no less than make a book for them; and so much did she enjoy her work and the use she put it to that she always liked to be similarly employed. It was thus that she often illustrated the translation of some *respetto*—for translation cost her no effort—and many of those in the "Roadside Songs" she wrote down straight off, keeping no copy of them. Next she made a book of fifty or sixty large pages, a story in rhyme, to please an invalid child, with a drawing on each page. The execution left a good deal to be desired, for she was still very young; but some of the designs and verses could hardly have been better. A little later she drew nine charming drawings illustrating Hans Andersen's "Little Gretchen," which she had found in a newspaper in the form of a ballad.

As her art improved, so did her passion to exercise it increase, and she threw herself with all her gentle enthusiasm into the making of a book the eighty pages of which combine, perhaps, more excellence both of design and execution than any other she has made. She found at Abetone the outline of the story, just strong enough to string the pictures on, and the result has been declared quite as beautiful as the Roadside Songs. It was acquired by Mrs. Agassiz Shaw, of Boston, U.S.A., and before very long it will probably be reproduced.

Then came the "Roadside Songs" themselves. From a child, as I have said, the artist had been engaged in the making of rhymes and illustrating them. She began soon after she arrived in Florence, collecting the ballads sold in the streets, the songs of the *contadini*, and curious old song-books long out of print; and sought and found in many of these some of the wonderful grace and beauty she has crystallised in her pages. At Abetone there was discovered fast passing away a veritable mine of traditionary treasures which she lost no opportunity of saving, writing them down day by day as she found them. From all these treasures she selected those she liked best, and illustrated them, making a manuscript book which she never thought of having published, but which she intended to sell, as she had sold the others, for the benefit of the poor in whose fate she found the chief interest and employment of her life.

In the autumn of 1882, Professor Ruskin chanced to pass through Florence, and to him the

artist Mr. Henry R. Newman, a friend of Mrs. and Miss Alexander, mentioned the beautiful work of the "Roadside Songs," and obtained permission to bring him to see them. Mr. Ruskin was delighted. He declared the value of the volume to be a thousand pounds, adding that he would think over the book and advise what had best be done with it. The artist declared that the price had



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(From a Photograph by the Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta.)

been fixed by her father at no more than six hundred pounds, and that she would take for it neither more nor less. Next morning the Professor despatched a letter, in which he proposed to acquire the book himself. A copy of this characteristic communication I have been so fortunate as to secure, together with permission to set it before the reader:—

Florence, 7th Oct., '82.

DEAR MRS. ALEXANDER,

I've taken a new pen—it is all I can!—I wish I could learn an entirely new writing from some pretty hem of an angel's robe, to tell you with what happy and *reverent* admiration I saw your daughter's drawings yesterday;—reverent not only of a quite heavenly gift of genius in a kind I had never before seen,—but also of the entirely sweet and loving spirit which animated and sanctified the work, and the serenity which it expressed in the purest faiths and best purposes of life.—(It thunders as I write, as if all the fiends of the air were trying to hinder me from saying what is in my heart.)—In absolute skill of drawing,

and perception of all that is loveliest in human creatures—and in the flowers that live for them—I think these works are in their kind unrivalled—and that they do indeed represent certain elements of feeling and power peculiar to this age in which we are entering on new dispensations of thought and hope; good for *me* to see especially—because I have hitherto been brought into collision with all its evil, and have been much cast out from the knowledge of its good.

The earlier thunder of the morning kept me awake, to some good purpose, for it gave me time to think over all these things, in their relation to my work in England; and I came to the conclusion, that I might, for the service of the English peasantry—be mean enough to take Miss Alexander at her frank word as to the price of the book. I will give six hundred guineas for it with more than pleasure—if at that price I may be permitted to place it in the St. George's Museum,—but in order to its perfect usefulness there, I am going to pray Miss Alexander to write—by way of introduction to it, such brief sketches as she may find easy of arrangement, of the real people whose portraits are given—What you and she told me in the little time of looking over it, would be almost enough; but one of my chief objects in obtaining the book will be the conveying to the mind of our English peasantry—(not to say princes)—some sympathetic conception of the reality of the sweet soul of Catholic Italy.

I am going to ask Mr. Newman to intercede with you and Miss Alexander for me in all *these* matters—one more quite personal favour—I scarcely like to ask, but yet still venture—that I might see Miss Alexander draw a little bit of a flower. I have really no conception how that work can be done, and I am the more personally interested in it, because it is the glorification and perfection of a method once recommended in my *Elements of Drawing*, and afterwards rejected as too difficult.

If this might be—or, indeed, whether it may be or not!—I trust to be permitted to wait upon you both, once more—before leaving Florence. Mr. Newman will tell me your pleasure and your time—and so I remain—my dear Mrs. (and Miss) Alexander,

Your grateful and faithful Servt.,

JOHN RUSKIN.

And so Professor Ruskin secured the precious volume—though not before Sir Frederic Leighton had seen it and urged its publication, to the point, I believe, of making some preparation towards seeing it done under his own direction. Then in due course of time the Professor had it published in part by Mr. George Allen, a score of the plates—defying by their very refinement all existing printing processes of reproduction—being translated by photography. This beautiful volume is, it is to be hoped, too well known to the reader to need description; but he may be reminded that, as the Translator herself points out, “these songs and hymns of the poor people . . . are but the *siftings*, so to say, of hundreds and hundreds which I have heard and learned, mostly from old people; many of them have never, so far as I know, been written down before, and others it would be impossible to find. . . . It seems to me that there are others who will collect and preserve the thoughts of the rich and great; but I have wished to make my book all of poor people's poetry, and who knows but it may contain a word of help, of consolation, for some poor soul yet? However that may be, I have done my best to save a little of what is passing away.”

And a very beautiful best. But partly, perhaps,

through the difficulties of reproduction, only a section of the work was published; and, partly in the belief that he could render the originals more truly useful by distribution and gift, Professor Ruskin did not adhere to his original intention of placing the volume as a whole in the St. George's Museum; and so, eventually, it came about that “Francesca's” mother, desirous that her daughter's work should be saved in its complete original form as far as more modern resources permit, has, with Mr. Ruskin's help and that of Mrs. Severn, traced the whereabouts of all the drawings but two or three, which cannot yet be found; and having had them rephotographed, has caused a couple of facsimile volumes to be executed, in which her daughter's work stands alone, as it was designed to be, without any introduction or explanatory notes other than its own beauty and its own ineffable grace.

If Ruskin's public criticism of Miss Alexander's work is enthusiastic to a degree, there are many to echo its main import. When he said that there had been no drawing like hers since Leonardo da Vinci, he was roundly abused and laughed at for his extravagance. But, if Ruskin's meaning be rightly understood, there is not so much exaggeration about it either; for he doubtless referred, not so much to correctness and beauty of outline as to the refinement and exquisiteness of execution, to the tenderness of feeling, to the truth and accuracy of the sentiment and expression it was intended to convey—entirely apart from the other merits of colour and texture-suggestion; and for my part I can think of no later master who is the equal on all these points of the American amateur in Florence. Barabino's testimony that Miss Alexander could express the soul in the face at which most other artists aim, but which they almost invariably fail in achieving, will be readily accepted by those who are familiar with the work of this remarkable draughtswoman; and it is possible to understand the enthusiasm of Mr. Watts when he declared to a friend that he would rather have drawn the face of the “Madonna” (whose portrait I am fortunate enough to possess) than almost any work he had ever done. But the difficulty of reproducing her work will prevent Miss Francesca Alexander from ever becoming a widely popular artist; for no reproductive method, I believe, mechanical or otherwise, could do justice to her work, whether photogravure or mixed stipple and line engraving. The photogravure of a head of “Madonna,” which appeared in this Magazine in the year 1889, was the third plate that was made before a comparatively satisfactory result was obtained; but beautiful as it was, to those who could compare it with the original it was a grievous disappointment.

It is worthy of remark that “Francesca”—as she

is known to most who know nothing of her but her work, especially the "Roadside Songs"—is essentially an artist *de temperament*, and that she finds it far easier to draw a figure, a face, or a flower than any inanimate object—and not only easier, but better. When she draws a seated contadina, the contadina is always better than the chair she sits on; and a shoe is never rendered so sympathetically nor so perfectly as a foot.

The faults of Miss Alexander's work are very obvious, and by some who look for absolute realism, unforgivable. They are the faults proper to the artist of expression—who looks more to the soul than the body—and who is frankly and by force of circumstances non-academic. She belongs in truth to the band of artists who were born with the Renaissance and brought it to its glory—a belated draughtswoman devoted to the glorification of religion natural and revealed, who has never known the joys and pains of the training-school, and has had no

five years' experience of drawing from the nude. If she had, her figure draughtsmanship would have been more academically correct and less stiff; but who knows how much she would have lost of the most precious of all her qualities—her power of expression of the subtlest and the deepest kind? In judging of her work, therefore, her critic must accept her as she is, as coming straight from nature, an artist by pure inspiration, without teacher, practically without example. Her other technical fault is her carelessness of, or indifference to, *chiaroscuro*; but here again the fault is half a charm. It adds not a little to the archaic beauty and simplicity of compositions which, as a rule, are put together with a grace and felicity that are instinctive. Her art is thus as artless as it may rightly be, and we may be as thankful for it as that the airs and graces of a lady of the town are not included in the natural beauties of the saints and gypsies and contadini.

An art so feminine, so delicate, so frank, really gains in its sincerity by its technical faults. But

apart from them—when once we have done with figure-work (and finished studying her astonishing drawing of hair and modelling of flesh), we have nothing but praise for her wonderful foregrounds and her treatment of flowers and all growing things. Here she is in her way supreme. Her methods are her own. She has found the right path for herself, and trodden it as a queen, in fullest confidence and in deepest reverence.

And so in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella she lives and works, and in a sense keeps open house, in company with her mother and her life-long serving maid, Edwige, whose touching story is told in the "Roadside Songs." In a room at the top of the house, surrounded always with a wealth of flowers and with the variety of objects of her affections, she would sit and work before the strain thrown upon her eyes caused her to check her enthusiasm. This studio was, according to the Italian custom, not open to all, yet requiring but a slight introduction; but it was



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(From a Photograph by the Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta.)

usually more than half full. Many of the poor, in whose welfare she took an interest, had, and still have, a standing privilege to come when food and fire fail them; and with them mix the visitors and travellers who beg admission to the studio.

And so this gentle lady—like a modern saint—has pursued her life, almost hermit-like to the outer world, among the glories, mediæval and renaissance, of Florentine Italy. Her drawings, her plants, and her poor; her mother and her nurse; her religion and her poetry: these are all in all to her. And with the gaiety of her disposition and her sense of fun they have combined to form a life for her of ideal happiness—a life so calm and blissful that she shrinks from making the closer acquaintance of the world or appearing prominently before it. "I have lived out of the world all my life," she once wrote to a friend, "and my great wish is to keep out of it until the end." But at least she cannot escape the sympathetic interest of those who know her work, nor forbid the admiration inspired by a career in which art and virtue have been so happily blended.

## THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FIN BARRE, CORK.

BY REV. A. C. ROBINSON, M.A.

THE see of Cork is one of hoar antiquity, having been founded by St. Fin Barre in the early part of the seventh century. The founder was one of those illustrious Irish teachers who, in that

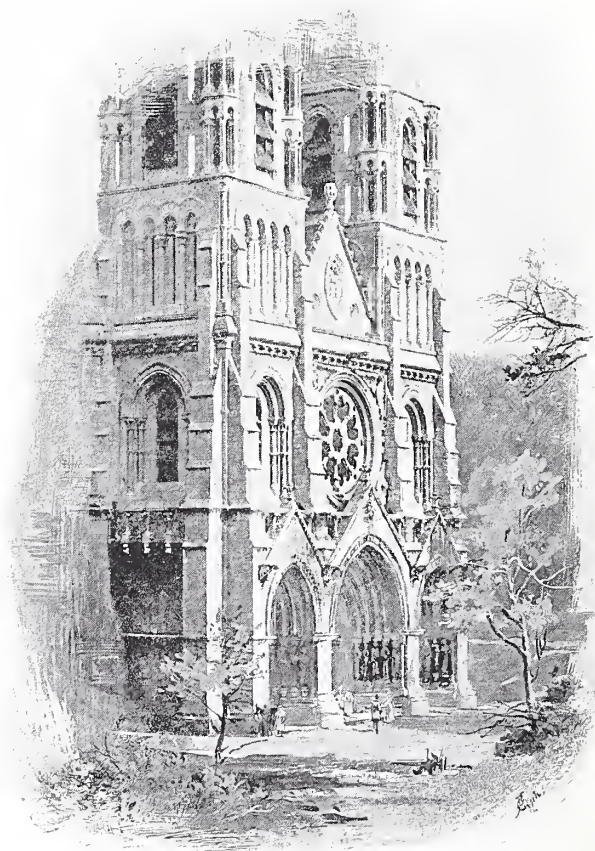


OLD ST. FIN BARRE'S.

dark age of Western Europe, appeared as centres of Christian faith and learning, and—preaching first to their own people of Ireland and then going forth as missionaries into other lands—won for their native isle that title of highest, purest fame, “The Island of Saints.” The labours of St. Fin Barre would seem to have been devoted mostly to the people of his native land, and especially to the inhabitants of his own native province of Munster. After many years spent in travelling through various parts, he fixed his abode at length in a lowly hermitage on a little island in Gougane Barra, a lake near the sources of the River Lee. This lonely spot soon, however, became the resort of multitudes of his disciples; and he subsequently removed to the place where Cork now stands, and there he founded his cathedral. In connection with the church he also established a great seminary of learning—students flocked to it from every side—and around it gradually the City of Cork arose. St. Fin Barre died in Cloyne Cathedral about the year 630, and his remains were subsequently brought to his

own cathedral of Cork. But under date 1089, the annals record “Dermot O’Brien plundered Cork and carried off the reliques of St. Fin Barre which were enshrined in the cathedral in a silver ease.” The island of Gougane Barra, where St. Fin Barre fixed his hermitage, is still for the peasantry a place of pilgrimage, and still retains the ruins of an ancient oratory.

The annals of the cathedral of Cork, the history of the many able prelates who from the founder’s day till now have swayed the destinies of the see, and the many historical associations connected with its story, have been fully elucidated in recent years by an eminent archæologist—the late Richard Caul-



ST. FIN BARRE'S CATHEDRAL: THE WEST FRONT.

(From a Photograph by Guy and Co., Cork.)

field, LL.D., F.S.A., author, amongst many other works, of a most valuable handbook to the cathedral, to which I am indebted for some of the facts set forth here. Space, however, does not admit of my dealing at length with the historical side of the

subject; suffice it to say, that on the spot where St. Fin Barre built his early church there has existed, to the present day, a cathedral church of Cork perpetuating his name. It would appear, however, that at no period until now has the building been

the early part of the last century down to a few years ago, was the cathedral of St. Fin Barre.

Once more, in our own day, the church of St. Fin Barre was doomed to annihilation. The structure had long been felt to be quite inadequate



ST. FIN BARRE'S CATHEDRAL.

(From a Photograph by Guy and Co., Cork.)

in any degree commensurate with the antiquity and importance of the see. The edifice of the Middle Ages appears to have been of small size, and to have possessed no striking architectural features. In the early part of the eighteenth century it began to fall into decay; it was taken down—with the exception of the tower, supposed to have been built about a hundred years before—and a small church in the Renaissance style, Ionic order, was erected in its place. This, from

to the importance of the diocese, and by the year 1862 the project of building a new cathedral had taken definite shape. Owing in a great measure to the energy and zeal of Bishop John Gregg, who in that year was elevated to the see, and in emulation of his munificence, very large sums of money were contributed throughout the diocese. The late Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., was selected by public competition to be the architect, and the cathedral stands to-day a monument of his

unquestioned genius. On the 12th January, 1865, the first stone was laid, and on the 30th November, 1870—St. Andrew's Day—the church was consecrated. On the day of consecration, however,

St. Fin Barre's Cathedral is built in the French Early Pointed Gothic style, and has been erected at a cost of over one hundred thousand pounds. The west front is a most artistic study, with its three deeply-recessed portals enriched with sculpture and statuary after the manner of French cathedrals, and its two flanking towers. Around the great rose window over the central portal are carved in stone the emblems of the four Evangelists, whilst a peculiar feature is that these symbolic figures and also the sculptures of the tympana of the several portals are thrown into bold relief by a brilliant background of gold mosaic. This, when the sun shines full on the west front, produces an effect of dazzling splendour.



ST. FIN BARRE'S CATHEDRAL: THE APSE AND TOWERS.

(From a Photograph by Guy and Co., Cork.)

the towers were still unbuilt, only one piece of carving had been executed, the capitals were mere blocks of stone, and the funds were all exhausted. Gradually, however, owing in particular to the distinguished liberality of two of the citizens of Cork, the late Mr. W. H. Crawford and the late Mr. Francis Wise, the great design of the architect has been almost completely carried into effect.

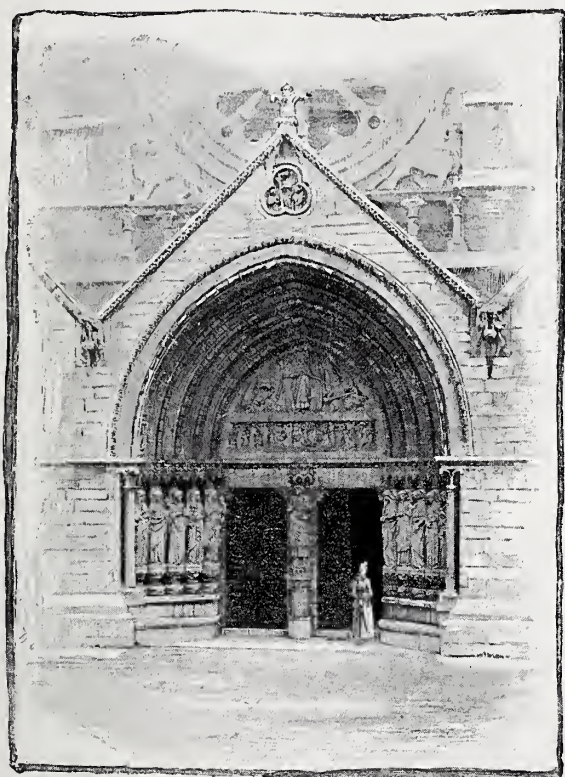
The highly artistic character of the sculptured figures, which lend such dignity to each of the portals, can be well conceived from the views which illustrate this article. The figures in the north and south portals represent the Apostles of our Lord, the four Evangelists, and John the Baptist. In the central portal the figures at either side of the doorway portray the five wise and the five foolish virgins, and the entire pose and expression of each, varied as they are with subtle art, are altogether worthy of the highest praise. In the centre stands a figure beautifully conceived—a noble youth in festal garb, a garland of roses round his brows, and in his hand a rose—the Bridegroom. The tympanum of the portal pictures the Resurrection Day.

The four gargoyles over the portals are quite elaborate pieces of sculpture, being allegorical representations of Chastity subduing Lust, Faith piercing the eyes of Idolatry, Pride and Humility, Avarice and Liberality. Lust is depicted as a winged goat, Idolatry a winged griffin, Pride a woman fallen from a war-horse fully caparisoned, Avarice as a winged animal with the head of an ape. The Virtue in each case is represented as a beautiful woman.

High in the western gable, most conspicuous, is the full-length figure of a winged angel, holding an open Bible with both his hands before his

breast, a background of gold mosaic; all within an aureole.

The interior of the church remains to be



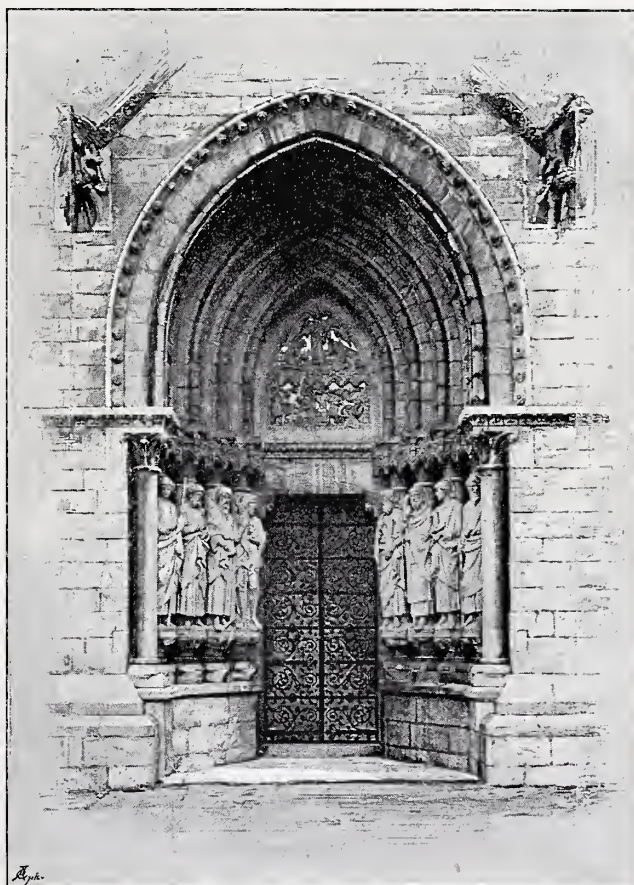
CENTRAL PORTAL OF THE WEST FRONT, ST. FIN BARRE'S.  
(From a Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

described. It consists of a nave and two side aisles, and a choir of the beautiful apsidal form usual in French churches, with an ambulatory running round the apse. This apse is pierced all round by a line of windows filled with painted glass representing the principal events in New Testament history. The subjects are treated with mediæval naïveté. The Roman guards around the tomb, who shade their dazzled eyes on that first Easter morn, are clad like mediæval knights in complete mail. Strange, too, and quaint is the treatment of subjects taken from the great Apoealypse: the four Beasts, the seven Golden Candlesticks, the four-and-twenty Elders "Casting down their Golden Crowns before the Glassy Sea," St. John himself and the angel measuring the heavenly Jerusalem—all are treated in a most curious literal and antique style not usual in a church built in the present day.

The choir is separated from the nave by a wall about four feet high, built of white veined marble, with sculptured panels of alabaster framed in coloured marbles and decorated with gold

mosaic. The choir is entered through gates of polished brass, most artistically wrought in open-work, composed of quatrefoils, with singing-birds, foliage, and birds of paradise. Within the choir, each of the various objects which meet the view seems in itself to be a gem of art. The reredos, presented by the Most Rev. Robert S. Gregg, D.D., is constructed of Painswick stone and carved alabaster, and inlaid with coloured marbles and mosaic. The credence table is also well worthy of attention, consisting of "two Gothic canopies of oak, supported by brass columns surmounted by a winged angel playing on a harp, the whole resting on an alabaster plinth, decorated with storks, in high relief, coloured in their natural plumage, standing amongst golden tendrils." The sedilia have similar carved oak canopies, surmounted again with angels of the heavenly choir playing on various instruments.

The bishop's throne was erected by public subscription, in memory of Bishop John Gregg, at a cost of over £1,500, and is a most elaborate specimen

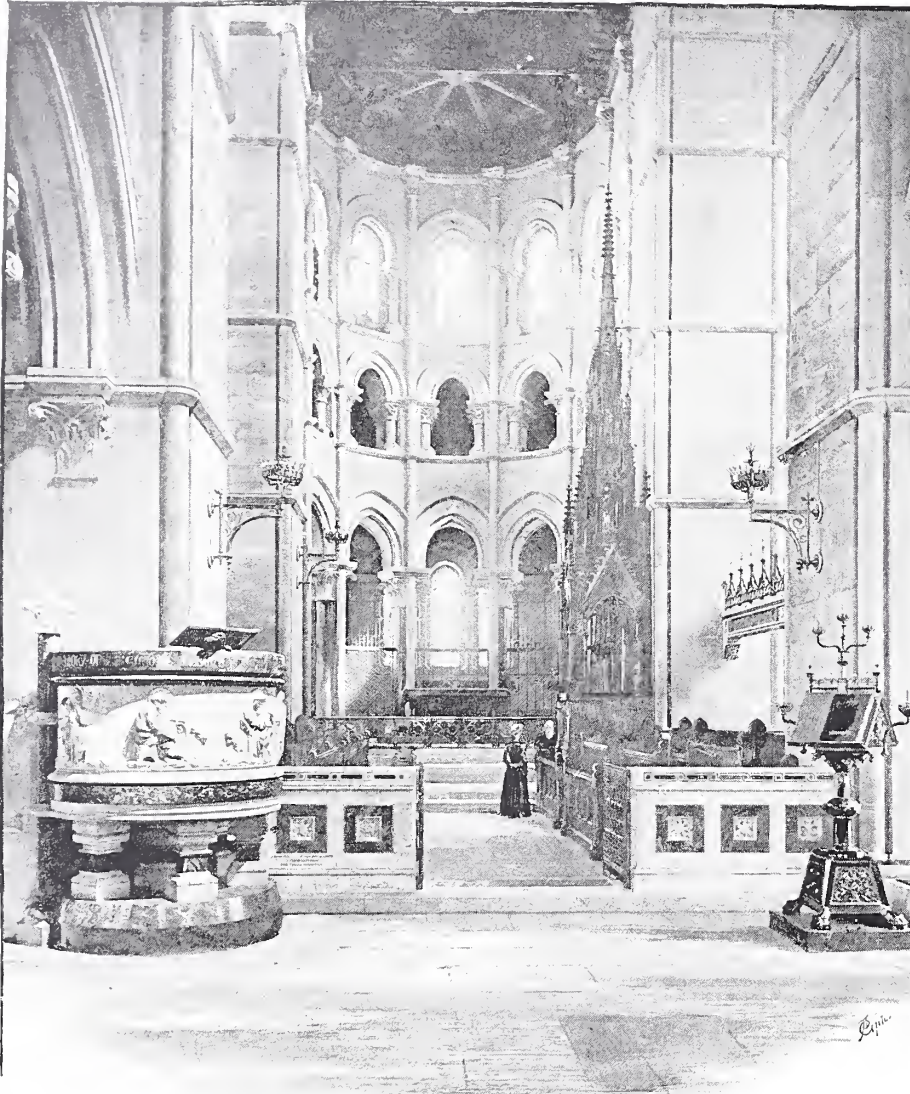


WEST DOOR, ST. FIN BARRE'S.  
(From a Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

of oak carving. The lower portion, surrounding the seat, has carved on its panels profiles of the most distinguished of the bishops of Cork in ancient and

modern times—commencing with St. Fin Barre and ending with Bishop John Gregg himself. From this lower portion rise clustered columns supporting cusped arches and gables, and the work above

appear the corks by which the net is floated, and within its meshes are depicted various representative figures treated in the quaint effective style of mediæval art. "A soldier in armour in the act of



CHOIR AND PULPIT, ST. FIN BARRE'S.  
(From a Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

rises higher and higher, in semblance of a Gothic open-work tower, the crocketed spire terminating with a finial nearly fifty feet above the floor.

But perhaps the most interesting work of art in the choir is the mosaic pavement illustrating the passage, "Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was east into the sea and gathered of every kind." The space within the communion rail is devoted to the chief design. It portrays the Gospel net, and all the various sorts and conditions of men that heavenly net encloses. Close to the marble pillars, which support the arches of the choir,

appear the corks by which the net is floated, and within its meshes are depicted various representative figures treated in the quaint effective style of mediæval art. "A soldier in armour in the act of drawing his sword, a child with a plaything, a rustic cutting down a tree, a fisherman with a net and fish, a king holding a staff in his left hand and in his right an orb surmounted by a crown," and so on. The figures are all lettered in Gothic characters, "Miles," "Infans," etc. Between the human figures are seen the forms of fishes of diverse kinds, and all around roll curling waves—conventionally treated—each alternate billow breaking into foam. This beautiful work was designed by the architect.

Space will not admit of any notice of other interesting or beautiful objects in the church. The pulpit, the lectern, the marbles with which much of the walls of the church are lined, the organ—a very powerful instrument, and the jewelled chalice, paten and flagon of silver gilt—elaborate specimens of the goldsmith's art—presented to the cathedral by the family of a former dean.

The most striking feature of the whole cathedral, standing as it does on a gentle eminence, is its magnificent group of towers. Exquisitely proportioned as regards their own component parts, exquisitely proportioned in relation to each other, they form as fine a group of noble towers as artists' eye could long to see. Beautiful they truly are under all conditions of atmosphere and light—rearing their graceful forms, strong and unflinching, whilst the storms of winter rave around their heads, soaring into the summer blue, gleaming pinnacles of snowy white, "fired from the west" by the setting sun and boldly flashing back his splendour, or in the gloaming seen as dark blue spires on the fading gold of a daffodil sky.





HEAD OF A GIRL.

(From the Painting by Laureano Barrau. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)



## THE LATE MRS. MARY THORNYCROFT.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

THE sculptress whose handsome, cultured, and highly intelligent features, gentle, yet with latent courage in righteousness, are here reproduced, was born at Thornham, Norfolk, in 1814, and therefore, as she survived till the 1st of February last, was, at the latter date, the oldest English artist of note, except Messrs. T. S. Cooper, G. Richmond, H. G. Hine, J. Bell, F. Thrupp, and G. A. Fripp; and of these the last four have since departed. Her father, John Francis, observing that she drew with taste and skill, trained her in his own profession, and at his own studio in Albany Street. Her progress was such that in 1835, when twenty-one years old, she sent to Somerset House a "Bust of a Gentleman." She next exhibited "A Sleeping Infant," 1836; and "Portrait of a Boy," 1837. "The Orphan Girl," ideal statue, 1838, and, in 1839, a "Statue in Marble of an Orphan Flower Girl," followed.

Among the pupils of John Francis was Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, a scion of an old Cheshire family and (since 1836) a contributor to the Academy, who, like the lady, was advancing in his profession, when, in 1840, not long after "The Orphan Girl" appeared, the co-pupils were married, so that thenceforth till 1877 the name of "Mrs. Thornycroft" was found in the catalogues to more than sixty sculptures. The newly-wedded artists, neither of whom had visited Italy, went to Rome in 1842, and, during a considerable sojourn in that city, our subject won the friendship of Thorwaldsen and Gibson, and, as an artist, gained the high opinion of the latter. It was during one of his visits to this island that, consulted by Her Majesty about a sculptor who could execute portraits in marble of some of the royal children, the author of "The Tinted Venus" warmly commended Mrs. Thornycroft as one who was better qualified for such tasks than himself. It was fortunate that about a year before his daughter's marriage, John Francis had executed a bust of the Queen which must have served as a sort of secondary introduction to the royal favour.

The Queen immediately accepted Gibson's counsel, and, in 1843, commissioned Mrs. Thornycroft to model a statuette of the Princess Alice, a baby of unusual charms. So successful was this portrait

that it not only remains a true record of the artist's sympathy and skill, but it directed her after-path in art, decided that her vocation was juvenile



THE LATE MRS. THORNYCROFT.

(From a Photograph by Flemons, Tonbridge.)

portraiture, and confirmed her claims to be a proficient mistress of the poetry of youth. It was because of this success that the lady worked on the Queen's account for many years, and, as the best authority, herself, remarked, "modelled and carved the likenesses of not fewer than four generations of the royal house, from the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent to the daughters of the Prince of Wales." Extremely naïve and fresh is the pretty figure of Her Majesty's daughter of a few months old; and the very type of an elderly daughter of George III. is the bust of that lady in a cap enclosing genial yet aristocratic features. This portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester, which was produced in 1853, is a capital likeness, and full of the character and spirit of that lady's epoch.

Like the sculpture of that period, too, in all its graceful elements and refinements, if not likewise in its researchful strength, were the mood of the



H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD (1859).

artist, her technical style and manner. This is true, even of the mannerisms which she, even in an age so wise as ours, could not be expected to avoid. Some of the best known artists of that period were, as it has been truly said, simply copiers of the antique. Others, such as Foley and Woolner—who, soon after 1853, made a great impression with his vigorous medallions sent from Australia, his beautiful figure of "Love," and other statues—preferred the antique as a model of style and a type of learned finish, but never dreamed of applying its mannerisms to modern design. A third category, among whom Mrs. Thornycroft, her husband, and Alexander Munro must be reckoned, approved types less stringent, and modes of execution less searching, than the more ambitious sculptors of that day selected. To these qualified canons they added sincere feeling for beauty of the current and cultivated sort; a high appreciation of the amenities of modern life and, above all, a sweetness which did not always possess strength, although it never missed an elegant sort of truth. Confining her studies mostly to youthful subjects, busts and statues, and themes like that of "The Skipping Girl," which is before the reader, and a charming figure of the Princess Beatrice as a baby ensconced in a nautilus shell and floating on the sea, Mrs. Thornycroft proved herself one of the ablest of those who belonged to the third category of sculptors. This was the more to her credit because the influences

to which in youth she was subjected, especially those of her father and Gibson, and the general level of the art of her time, all inclined towards the antique.

"The antique," and "nothing but the antique," was then an irrefragable canon with the rank and file of the English statuaries.

It has been said that John Francis's daughter became, in time, a confessor of what is so oddly called the realistic school of sculptors. There could not be a greater mistake than to accept this opinion unguardedly and without very considerable limita-



H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR (1859).

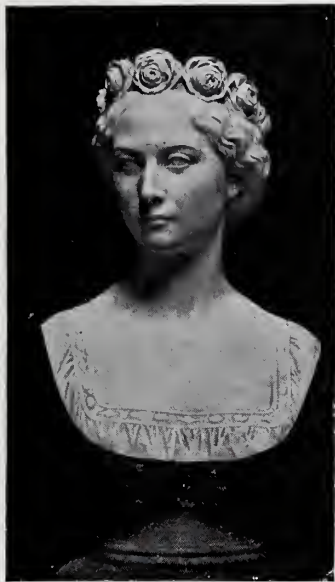
tions. She understood her art, its characteristics and its restrictions, much too well to become a realistic sculptor, unless by that term we describe the art of her distinguished son, as well as Mr. Onslow Ford, and a few others of great note, the number of the "others" being much larger in Paris than in London. One has only to point to "The Skipping Girl" and the "Princess Beatrice," as well as to the busts of princes and princesses which Mrs. Thornycroft executed, in order to see how well she knew where to draw the line between realism of an unchastened sort and the great art of sculpture proper which refuses to be realistic, because in realism this form of design, which exists under arbitrary conditions, finds its ruin. Within her powers, Mrs. Thornycroft was not more a realistic sculptor than she was a mere copyist of the antique. What those limits were is best understood by the cuts here selected to give just ideas of what she achieved. It is imperfect only in regard to one or two works, such as her "Sappho" of 1844, in treating the difficult theme of which this artist proved herself capable of expressing ideal motives and poetic thoughts, as well as of occasionally departing from



THE SKIPPING GIRL.

that field of graceful portraiture and elegant child-life in which her laurels grew.

When we know that many of her performances



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE.

have never been before the world at large, and that, like all artists who are wives and mothers, Mrs. Thornycroft had duties domestic as well as studious, the following list of her exhibited works, which is continued from the above, attests at once her energies and her accomplishments. From 1840, when she sent to the Academy a bust of John Lardor, the African explorer, and a "Bust of a Gentleman," the sculptress was unseen

by the outer world, except that at the British Institution in the above-named year her "Statue of an Orphan Flower Girl," previously of the Academy,\* found a place between John Bell's "Dorothea" and R. C. Lucas's "Christ Rejected." Not until 1844 did Mrs. Thornycroft appear again; it was with the previously mentioned "Sappho." In 1847 she next came forth, when "A marble bust of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales: executed by command of H.M. the Queen," was at the Academy; in 1848, a bust of Prince Alfred followed that of his brother; in 1850, the model of a statue of Prince Alfred; in 1852, busts of the Hon. Miss Stanhope and Lord Clanmorris were in that dismal den, the Sculpture Room. In 1853, busts of Her Majesty, the Duchess of Gloucester (above mentioned), and the Countess of Hardwicke went to the same sad region; in 1854, a bust of Lord Lorne, executed for the Duke of Argyll, kept Mrs. Thornycroft's name before the public, and was succeeded by a bust of Viscount Petersham, 1855; a statue of the aforesaid "Skipping Girl," 1856 (it was at the British Institution in the next year); a head of "Miss Thornycroft," and a head, in bronze, of Lord Lorne, 1857; and "H.R.H. the Princess Royal," 1858. In this year the sculptress executed for her Majesty marble statues of Prince Arthur and his brother Leopold, both now at Osborne. Of both of these the sweet, boyish and

\* The Directors of the British Institution gave room in their gallery for works of merit which had been exhibited elsewhere, but remained unsold. Their kindly object is obvious.

ingenuous heads are before us; the latter prince is represented as a fisher boy. In 1858 "Jephthah's Daughter" was at the British Institution.

In 1859 the Academicians exhibited "Amie, Daughter of Roger Fenton, Esq.," and "Lady E. Yorke," both in marble, by our subject; in 1860, a "Bust of a Lady;" in 1861, the Princess Beatrice seated in the shell, as now at Osborne, was in Trafalgar Square; in 1862, "Mrs. Thornycroft of Tittenhall Wood, Wolverhampton;" in 1863, "Mrs. Wallace of Glasgow," the "Princess Louis of Hesse," and the "Princess of Wales" were seen in marble at the Academy. Then "D.S.S., Esq.," and "Mrs. Sassoon" (a daughter of artist), 1864; "Miss Thornycroft," 1865; "Abraham L. Bensusan, Esq.," 1866; "A Young Girl," 1868; "A Young Cricketer" (one of the most spirited of the artist's statues, and a capital piece), 1869; "Alderman Pochin" and "Son of G. Baird, Esq.," 1870; "The Princess Louise" and "E. Baird," 1871; "Melpomene," 1872; "Mrs. F. Tagart," 1873; "W. Hamo Thornycroft," 1874; "The Princess Louise of Wales with a Collie Dog," and "Princess Christian," 1875; and, her last exhibited work, "The Duchess of Edinburgh," 1877. Thus, besides a few minor examples previously at the British Institution, closed the lady's professional career before the public. To them must be added a monument of the Baroness Braye, and an ingenious portrait sculpture of the Princess Alice with roses in her hair.

Such was Mrs. Thornycroft's artistic life. Of her life domestic this is not the place to write, except in such general terms as suffice to tell that—as one of the leading members of a wide and cultured circle—the lady won universal esteem; that in 1885, after a happy union of five-and-forty years, her husband joined the majority and was buried at Chiswick, where, in due time, her own remains were laid at his side. Besides the artistic attainments of their daughters, the world knows the works of their sons, of whom the elder is the famous designer of countless torpedo boats; and the younger is an Academician whose works will speak for him as long as bronze and marble last.



MARY THORNYCROFT.  
(By Helen Thornycroft.)



It was a lover & his lass,  
 With a hey, & a ho, & a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Between the acres of the rye  
 These pretty country folks would lie.

This carol they began that hour,  
 How that a life was but a flower.  
 And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, & a ho, & a hey nonino;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: "IT WAS A LOVER."—AS YOU LIKE IT (ACT V., SCENE III.).

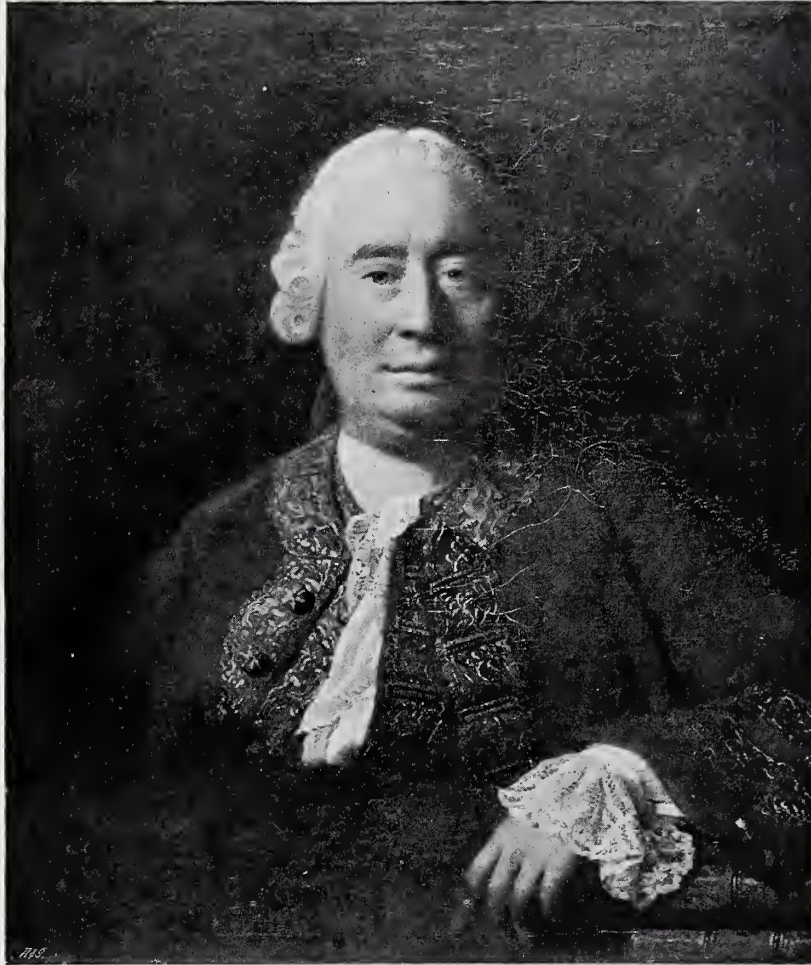
(Drawn by Leslie L. Brooks.)

## A RIVAL OF REYNOLDS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

DR. JOHNSON once asserted, in a burst of benignity, that it was better to keep half-a-dozen people hungry, than to embarrass a belated guest by

trious friend," there were Reynolds, and Robertson the historian, and Langton's brother-in-law, Lord Binning. The Bill of Fare was as good as the



DAVID HUME.

(From the Portrait by Allan Ramsay. In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.)

sitting down without him. Whether the Doctor was speaking under the consciousness of his own shortcomings—or rather “late-comings”—is not disclosed. But one evening in April, 1778, the party at No. 67, Harley Street, were certainly waiting for Dr. Johnson, who was the last to arrive. The dinner that followed must have been memorable even among those memorable entertainments which Boswell so well describes; and the Bill of Company would have satisfied Swift. There was, indeed, but one lady, Hannah More's friend, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, relict of that gallant Admiral who beat the French at Louisburg and Lagos Bay; but for men there was Boswell, there was his “illus-

guest-roll, and the “flow of talk” excellent. Johnson discussed poetry and Pope; the host advanced theories of the *Iliad* which Mr. Andrew Lang would regard as heretical; Robertson treated of history in general and of his own performances in particular. Then he went on to speak of the late Lord Clive, and the Doctor “downed” him with an epigram; of drinking, and the Doctor countered him with abstinence; of his own favoured northern land, and the Doctor rode rough-shod over him with an inaccurate illustration, which nobody was clever enough to contradict. Johnson, in short, disported himself altogether in his most approved and characteristic fashion. To him, at any rate, the

evening must have been cloudless, one of those *Noctes non ebria sed soluta curis* in which his soul delighted. On the following day he was in magnificent form, and not a little self-satisfied. He valued himself, he told Boswell, in that there was nothing of senility in his talk (he was nearing seventy); and though he afterwards grew a little "heated" at his henchman's inopportune insistence on "the evils of old age," it was upon this occasion that he gave vent to the remarkable utterance—"I think myself a very polite man."

"Elegant of manners" is Johnson's own definition of the epithet which he here applies to himself, but it is difficult to conceive, at all events from Boswell's pages, that it can ever have been appropriate. Yet, singularly enough, he seems to have been regarded as "polite" by others, and even by his Harley Street host, who was undoubtedly entitled to rank as a judge. For if ever there was anyone conspicuous for ease and finish of address, it must have been the painter, Allan Ramsay, the host in question. He was a man of varied accomplishments; he was an exceptional linguist; he was a traveller who had seen men and cities; he was a scholar, a connoisseur, and a courtier. He had written fluently and on many subjects, critical, historical, political; he had even essayed with distinction the inevitable pamphlet on Elizabeth Canning. "I love Ramsay," said his principal guest at the dinner above-mentioned. "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more elegance, than in Ramsay's." Of his gifts as a talker, Boswell gives several illustrations. Perhaps the most attractive account depicts him at Reynolds's, holding his own with such men as Gibbon, and Richard Owen Cambridge, and Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and delighting the company with his recollections of a visit to Horace's villa, a narrative in which the others played up to him with classical quotations. The impression given is that of a man of letters and an antiquary rather than a fashionable portrait-painter, and it is perhaps not surprising that he was suspected of caring more for his reputation as a scholar than for his reputation as an artist. Time has revenged itself, if this be true, by a disregard of his pictures which is greater than they deserve.

His father was Allan Ramsay of the "Gentle Shepherd" and the "Evergrene," that old wig-maker-poet who "thecked pashes" (*i.e.* "thatched pates") at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's-Wynd in Edinburgh, but not the less claimed kindred with the noble house of Dalhousie.

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,  
My chief, my stoup and ornament,"

he wrote, and what is more, like the "ruin'd spend-

thrift" in Goldsmith, he "had his claims allow'd," being, in very truth, great-grandson to the Laird of Cockpen, a cadet of that ancient family. His son Allan, the first of seven children, was born in 1713, and seems to have been an artist from his boyhood. When about twenty, he came to London, lodging in Orange Court by Leicester Fields, and entering himself forthwith at the St. Martin's Lane Academy, an institution then (or soon after) housed in Roubillac's old studio, and superintended, for the most part, by Hogarth, whose large "Hudibras" had been dedicated to the author of the "Gentle Shepherd." Returning to his native town, after a two years' absence, young Ramsay set out in July, 1736, for a prolonged visit to Italy. His travelling companion was an Edinburgh physician, Dr. Alexander Cunningham, portions of whose diary were published some forty years since in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. They give a good idea of a Grand Tour only three years earlier than that of Gray and Walpole, the same places being, in more than one instance, visited by each pair of travellers. Much of the journey was performed in the old drag-boats or *Coches-d'eau*, carrying motley cargoes of Capuchin monks, *gardes-du-corps*, Jesuits, and Knights of Malta. At Marseilles the travellers see the galley slaves: at Nice, the anchovy fishery. When they get to Genoa they are robbed; off Pisa they are cast away in a *felouche*, or felucca, and all but drowned. Finally, on the 26th October, they reach what the elder Ramsay, writing to John Smibert, the friend who painted his portrait, calls "the seat of the Beast."

At Rome, after viewing the city, Ramsay settled down steadily to work, drawing in the evening at the French Academy, and studying by day under Francesco Imperiali, at that decadent time reckoned the foremost of the Italian history-painters. According to Allan Cunningham, he also received instruction from another Francesco, Solimena (otherwise the Abate Ciccio), then an old man of eighty. Having remained three years in Italy, Ramsay returned to Edinburgh, where he devoted himself mainly to portraits. He painted his sister Janet, he painted Duncan Forbes the judge, he painted a portrait of Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll, in his robes as Lord of Session. Other early sitters were Sir John Barnard, Colonel Sir Peter Halkett (afterwards killed in Braddock's ill-fated expedition), and Dr. Mead of the Library, the last-named work being now at Bethnal Green. In due time, Ramsay moved to London. Urbane, accessible, and expert, he speedily found friends, one of his first patrons being the Earl of Bridgewater. Then he leaped into fashion with a lucky full-length of Lord Bute, to whom he fitted a pair of legs that even stirred a gentle emulation in the



unenvious breast of Reynolds. "I wish," said Reynolds, speaking of a portrait he had in progress, "to show legs with Ramsay's Lord Bute."

Between 1740 and 1760, Ramsay must have been exceptionally active. Flora Macdonald, Lady Boyd, Admirals Boscawen and Stewart, Lord Hardwicke and Judge Burnet, these, and a host of other notabilities, royal and courtly, owed their pictorial immortality to his brush, aided by the scraping tools of McArdell and the younger Faber. He painted not only portraits but decorations, and soon began to employ an army of assistants. More than this, he made money. "I am informed," says Allan Cunningham, probably on the authority of the son of Ramsay's pupil, Philip Reinagle, "that before he (Ramsay) had the luck to become a favourite with the King, he was perfectly independent as to fortune, having, in one way or another, accumulated not less than forty thousand pounds." It may well be imagined that this success, coupled with his avowed adherence to those foreign masters among whom he had served his apprenticeship, was not viewed with entire equanimity by some of his more able but less fortunate rivals. Hogarth, whose gains by his paintings were of the poorest, may perhaps be forgiven for girding at "Mr. Ram's-eye, and his quick-sighted and impartial coadjutors." That Ramsay was seriously compared with Reynolds is more difficult to understand. Yet it is clear, from Rouquet and others, that at this time he was not only equally admired, but even preferred. Horace Walpole, whom he painted in 1758, reflects this view. "Reynolds," he says, "is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; Ramsay is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women [!]; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them." Ramsay had evidently fascinated his sitter, who praises his "genuine wit," his "just manner of reasoning," and his merits as an author. Where Walpole's partialities were enlisted, his judgment frequently failed him. It is, however, but fair to add that, in 1759, the star of Reynolds was not fully risen. When, twenty years later, Walpole had become the fortunate possessor of "The Ladies Waldegrave" he had probably revised his opinion.

For the moment, however, the star of Ramsay was in the ascendant, and with the accession of George III., the politic portrayer of Lord Bute's shapely extremities, who, in addition, had the

advantage of being able to talk excellent German to Queen Charlotte on many topics besides art, became even a greater favourite with those in power. In 1767 he succeeded Shackelton as portrait-painter to the Court, an appointment which multiplied his commissions, especially for pictures of royal personages, to an inordinate extent, turning his studio



LADY LIFFORD.

(From the Portrait by Allan Ramsay. By Permission of Viscount Lifford.)

into a mere manufactory of portraits. Little in these but the head was executed by himself, and even the head in course of time fell to pupils who, like Reinagle the elder, had caught their master's manner. The king was in the habit of presenting elaborate full-lengths of himself and Queen to all the foreign ambassadors (two of the first of these went to the Duke of Nivernais, at Paris), and Ramsay's studio, first in Soho and afterwards in Harley Street, where it overflowed into the hayloft and coachrooms at the back, was seldom free from Royal effigies in various stages of completion. With the King he was as popular as with the Queen, and his Majesty seems to have more than once plagiarised

the famous anecdote of Molière and the "*en-eas-de-nuit*" of Louis XIV., by inviting Mr. Ramsay to share, or rather succeed to, his own particular refection of boiled mutton and turnips—a piece of condescension which fortunately escaped that caustic rhymist Peter Pindar, who was not in the habit of sparing the Harley Street picture-shop. Churchill,

regalia did not so completely absorb the energies of the artist as to prevent him from executing many excellent likenesses of his more distinguished contemporaries. His presentments of Henry Fox, Lord Mansfield, Gibbon, Nivernais, Lord Chesterfield, Hume, Rousseau, and many others, all belong to this part of his career.



MRS. RAMSAY.

(From the Portrait by Allan Ramsay. In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.)

too, hitched Ramsay into the "Prophecy of Famine." "Thence," he says, speaking of Scotland,

*"Thence came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,  
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote"*

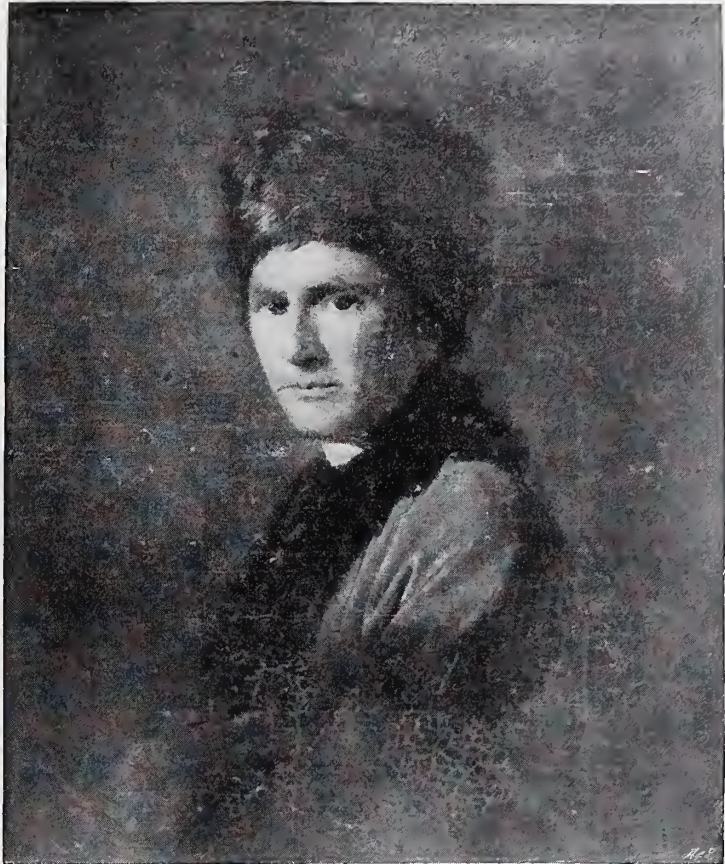
—a couplet too equivocal, one would think, to have aroused, as it did, the "compatriotic" wrath of Allan Cunningham. Luckily, however, the task of fitting vacuous royal faces to "arrangements" of robes and

Dispersed in many places besides the National Portrait Gallery, comparison of his works is difficult, if not impracticable. But three very typical examples are to be found at Edinburgh. They are the Hume and Rousseau above mentioned, and the portrait of the painter's wife. The last, his masterpiece, and one of the many valuable bequests of Lady Murray, is a very beautiful and charming performance, which goes far to make intelligible the praise which Walpole

gives to Ramsay's women. The other two are historic. Both were executed in 1766, the year of that absurd misunderstanding between the Self-tormentor and his "guide, philosopher, and friend," over which so much eighteenth-century ink was spilled. They must have been painted shortly after the arrival of the pair in England in January; and that of Rousseau was apparently interrupted by the quarrel, since he refused to continue the sittings, and the portrait, in which he wears the Armenian dress he had recently adopted, is said to have been finished from such furtive glimpses of him as could be obtained in public. A copy of a replica of this picture, which was purchased for the National Gallery of Scotland from Lord Wood's grandson, has already been published in this Magazine. By the kindness of the Board of Manufactures, we are permitted to reproduce the Hume. It exhibits the historian in his *chargé d'affaires* period, when, as the apostle of Deism, he divided with "whisk" the admiration of the Parisians. For another excellent and little-known example of Ramsay, we are indebted to the courtesy of Viscount Lifford. It is the likeness, in later life, of that delightful Lady Hervey (once the "beautiful Molly Lepel" of Chesterfield and Peterborough) to whom Horace Walpole wrote so many letters. Indeed, it formerly belonged to Walpole, having been, of yore, in a Grinling Gibbons frame, one of the chief ornaments of the Cottage in the Flower Garden at Strawberry Hill.

Ramsay was not entirely constant to London. Once he went back to Edinburgh for a time, and founded a "Select Society." Twice he returned to Rome, copying inscriptions in the Vatican with the ardour of a professional antiquary. Shortly after his second visit, in showing his Harley Street household how to escape from fire, he fell and dislocated his right arm. With extraordinary fortitude, he finished the picture on which he was working—a portrait, of course, of the reigning Monarch of these isles—but he never really recovered the shock to his system. Leaving Reinagle to struggle with some fifty pairs of Royalties (a six years' task of which the life-long horror turned that hapless deputy into an animal painter), he set out on a fourth visit to Italy, where he continued to reside as an invalid, until, at last, returning in a fit of home sickness, he died in August, 1784, a few days after reaching Dover. He was buried in St.

Marylebone Church. "Poor Ramsay," wrote Johnson mournfully to Reynolds, "on which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown." Others regretted him as sincerely. He was a kind friend, a good son, a worthy and a prosperous gentleman. As an artist—which is our present concern—more than one cause had served to determine the direction and conditions of his work. He paid the penalty of his versatility in its distractions from his professed vocation; he paid the penalty of his



ROUSSEAU.

(From the Portrait by Allan Ramsay. In the National Gallery of Scotland.)

success in the depression of his standard. His portraits have the merit of intelligently reproducing their originals: if you met those originals in the street, you would probably recognise them far more readily than you would recognise the sitters of Reynolds. He is not a great colourist, composer, character painter. But he is skilful, he is unaffected, he is thoroughly (in the eighteenth-century sense of the word) "genteel." Walpole thought he lacked subjects more than genius; Northcote, that his ability fell short of his conceptions. It is more likely that he attained the limits of his powers. His art was a pleasant and lucrative pursuit, not a consuming passion.



JUNE.

The Royal  
Institute of Painters  
in Water-Colours.

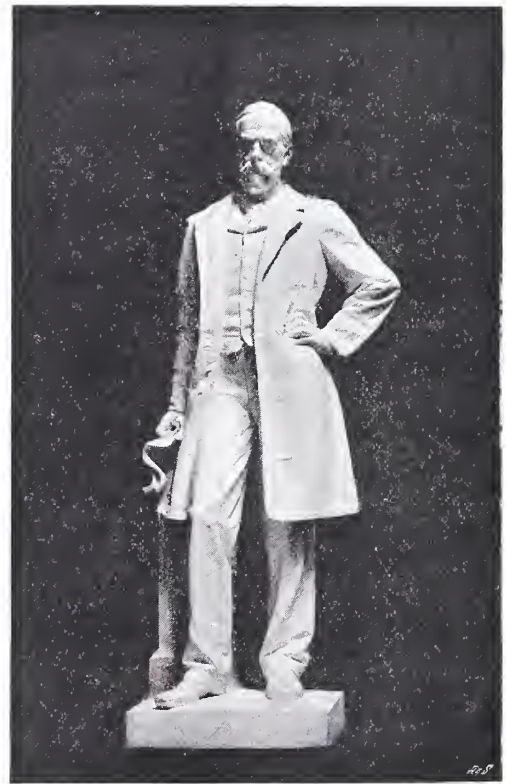
AMONGST the younger members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours a general movement of advance is perceptible, a little on the lines of the Edinburgh school, though the artists of that body who have recently become members are themselves from illness and other causes somewhat feebly represented. Mr. YEEND KING continues to paint on his well-recognised and pleasant

according to the broad principles of the founders of the British school. An exquisite study of the glow of an autumn sunset on a stubble field called "An Old Barn" comes from Mr. AUMONIER; and two large and sumptuous Yorkshire landscapes from Mr. BERNARD EVANS; while excellent work of quite recent execution bears witness to that fine artist who has just passed away, the octogenarian Vice-President Mr. H. G. HINE. Mr. WALTER



MONUMENT TO BOUCHER, PARIS.

(By M. Aubr. From a Photograph by Fiorillo. See p. 320.)



STATUE OF SIR STEUART BAYLEY.

(By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Recently erected at Calcutta. See p. 320.)

lines, giving us harmonies in quiet greys and vivid green, or grey landscapes in which roof tiles and old brick walls provide happy notes of red; but his touch has grown freer and broader. Messrs. WIMPERIS, EDWIN and CLAUD HAYES, E. M. WEEDON, and JAMES ORROCK adhere to their moorlands, meadows, seas, and sands which they paint

LANGLEY, than whom we have few happier painters in water-colour, sends a characteristic Newlyn group called "Idle Moments." Mr. H. M. RHEAM, a close follower of Mr. Langley, breaks with his traditions, and in a processional arrangement of thirteen white-robed virgins passing through a forest called "Cutting the Mistletoe," produces

an imaginative and romantic picture of much charm. Unfortunately he has become too attached to one model; and it is her face and form that he repeats again and again. Sir

JAMES LINTON is to be congratulated on abandoning those studies of cottage gardens which have for several years engaged him, and in returning to a subject so sympathetic to his art as "Celia," Rosalind's comrade. It is many years since the President has had hung in the place of honour so fine or so important a drawing as this gracious figure of which the amber brown and grey draperies find gentle repetition in the environing landscape. "Phyllis," a child in a white frock in a sunny field of ripening wheat, by Mr. E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A., is exquisite in transparency of colour and sparkles like a gem. Mr. JOSEPH NASH sends a characteristically melodramatic incident of the deep sea, and Mr. ROBERT FOWLER three of those large mythological figure studies of which,

Turner in academic robes and Col. Wauchope of the "Black Watch" in his tartan regimentals, as also by a presentation bust of Dr. Heron Watson, an eminent Edinburgh surgeon. Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE exhibits three portraits executed in a subdued key. They have all good style and are artistic in feeling. One of the new Academicians, Mr. MARTIN HARDIE, has an excellent three-quarter length of Lieut.-General Sir William S. A. Lockhart. Mr. LAVERY shows his beautiful picture, in rich brown tones, of Miss Esther Maclaren, which was in the Royal Academy last year, as also a remarkably fine full-length of Mr. Cunninghame-Grahame, which was seen at the Paris Salon. Mr. ROCHE, of Glasgow, is another West Country artist who gives strength to the exhibition by five able works. A work by a lady artist worthy of mention is a half-length portrait, by Miss M. CAMERON, of a gentleman, painted in the open air under bright sunlight with the head set against a broadly touched background of foliage. The best landscapes are contributed by Mr. W. D. MCKAY; Mr. G. W. JOHNSTONE, one of the new Academicians; Mr. E. A. WALTON, Glasgow; Mr. COUTTS MICHIE; Mr. LAWTON WINGATE; Mr. JOHN SMART; and by the President, who has painted a panoramic view of the Spey at Aberlour. In the water-colour room there is nothing better as a piece of craftsmanship than Mr. EDWIN ALEXANDER's drawing of an old white barnyard rooster. It is, in its way, well nigh perfect as an example of imitative painting. Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE



SCULPTURE ON WEST PORCH OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

(Water-Colour Drawing by T. M. Rooke. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 320.)

it always seems to us, the beauty might be with so much less labour obtained in oil.

**The Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition.** THE Royal Scottish Academy's sixty-ninth exhibition, which is now open in Edinburgh, is one of the strongest held for several years past. Locally it is regarded with much satisfaction as a proof that the efforts which have been made since Sir George Reid became president, to infuse new life into the Academy, and to make it more representative of Scottish art, are beginning to bear fruit. In no respect is this more evident than in the loyal support which has been given to the exhibition by the members of the Academy and the associates who hail from Glasgow, viz., Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE, and Messrs. LAVERY, ROCHE, WALTON, and HENRY, who among them contribute some of the best pictures of the year. The exhibition is much beholden on this occasion to several of the honorary members of the Academy resident in London. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON sent his "Clytie," Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS those two dainty creations of children called "Merry" and "Sad," Mr. PETER GRAHAM a characteristic Highland landscape with cattle—"Rising Mists," Mr. THOMAS GRAHAM a pretty French coast scene with figure called "Harbour Steps," and the portrait of a child in a green fancy costume. The only work obtained on loan is Professor VON LENBACH's admirable half-length portrait of Prince Bismarck, which is the property of the Earl of Rosebery. The President of the Academy is represented by three-quarter lengths of Professor Sir William



A MADONNA AND CHILD.

(Attributed to Verrocchio. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 320.)

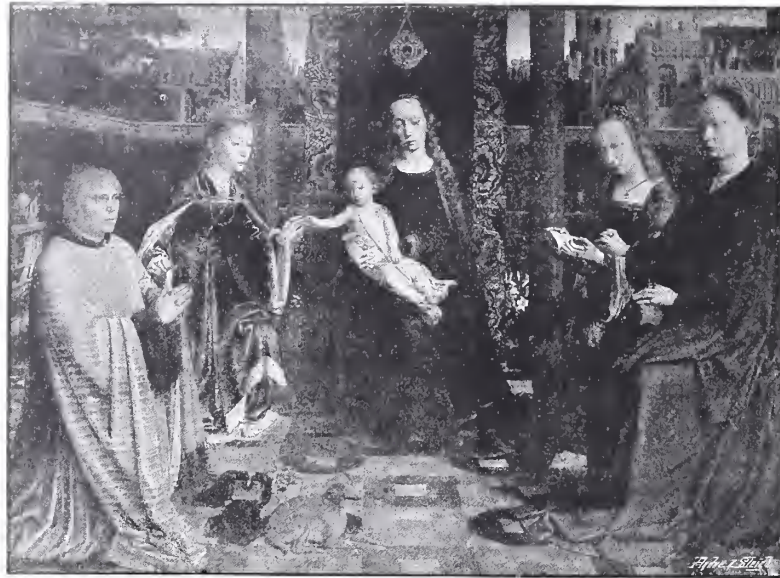
and Mr. R. B. NISBET send typical drawings; Mr. THOMAS SCOTT exhibits a large and skilfully manipulated Border scene, and a dramatic rendering of "Salmon Leistering" by torchlight; while Mr. W. D. KERR has a large drawing

of a "Scotch Baptism." The sculpture need not long detain the visitor. The chief contributors are Messrs. JOHN HUTCHISON, D. W. STEVENSON, W. G. STEVENSON, Mr. CHARLES MCBRIDE, and Mr. GEORGE WEBSTER.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is shown of its usual "Old Master" and of Monsieur P. Helleu, and the contributions of living Englishmen, though they may give it worth, scarcely succeed in giving it freshness. In other words, the show remains a show that interests the connoisseur essentially. He it is who likes to trace, from year to year, such developments and modifications as may be seen in the art of Frank Short and William Strang, of Goff, of Cameron, of Oliver Hall, of Charles Holroyd.

The "great public," though it may like an etching when it is big, or "soft," or after a popular picture, is naturally little concerned with the refinements of the Art, and with such revelations of individual temperament as it is permitted to make. About this year's exhibition the connoisseur is glad to note an even smaller proportion than usual of what is "cheap," showy, and elaborately pretentious. The true sketches are in a vast majority. But he notes also no particular progress in the work of the men to whom, for his satisfaction, he is most accustomed to look. Time, perhaps, has already allowed him the opportunity of taking their measure—they have been tried in the balance and have not been found wanting, but (to change the metaphor) their intellectual stature has scarcely been added to. It is again noticeable that Mr. STRANG's portraiture, unlike the majority perhaps of his artistic inventions, comes to us with no mandate of misery. His imagination may be sombre and pessimistic, but not his perception of actual fact. Excellent and welcome in every sense are his presentations of Justice Lindley and Mr. Reginald Cripps. His "Hangman's Daughter" is, of course, weird and impressive. Mr. STORT's most fascinating and most characteristic invention is the plate devoted to a Dutch tram-car—the vision of the land seen far away, beyond the tram-car's engine and from under its tunnel-like roof. Mr. HOLROYD's "Icarus series" has intricate beauty of design. By Mr. Cameron there is a group of chiefly architectural subjects, wrought thoroughly and elaborately—here, as in Mr. Holroyd's case, are works which, without being etcher's sketches, are yet thoroughly good. But Mr. CAMERON, unlike Mr. Holroyd, seems rather lacking in imagination. The rural sketches of Mr. OLIVER HALL continue excellent. Colonel GOFF's "Pine Trees at Christchurch" is a worthy companion to the "Apple Tree," of which a reduction accompanied Mr. Wedmore's article on this delightful etcher in a quite recent number of this MAGAZINE.

GRATITUDE is not a characteristic feature of the rising young artists who from time to time exhibit with the Royal Society of British Artists. Many are the painters, now well-famed, who would have had long to wait before they obtained their first chance if it had not been for Suffolk Street. But they all seem to have forgotten their obligations; whilst other struggling artists seem to be still ignorant as to the opportunities of these galleries. The most interesting of the younger men was probably Mr. CAYLEY ROBINSON. His name is not in the catalogue. Two large studies in the nude are worth attention, because they are both by men who may do much. The first is "The Waters of Lethe"—a large, and, at a distance, decorative canvas.



THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.  
(By Gheeraert David. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

It is the work of Mr. WILLIAM HUNT, a young man who, without previous training, abandoned one of the lower paths of literature for art. He was sent out with his friend Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose influence on him is perceptible, to paint in South Africa, and the result displays the fine imaginative force he has yet to develop. The other picture is Mr. ROBERT CHRISTIE's "Swan Song," and it possesses all the virtues the other lacks. The subject is a young man of rather muddy, tawny skin, with a harp. The picture is drawn, perhaps to secure attention, diagonally, right across the canvas. Mr. R. H. BUTLAND's effect of evening light is ambitious, but not this year satisfactory; and the "Breton Maid," a pearly-grey harmony by that hard-lined but clever painter, Mr. SHERWOOD HUNTER, is destroyed by a gold frame. Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, Mr. YEEND KING, and other regular exhibitors have excellent work on familiar lines.

Art in the City. THE fourth exhibition at the Guildhall is in a general way as interesting as its predecessors, the committee having succeeded in bringing together a collection of about a hundred and forty pictures, many of which are the masterpieces, and all representative examples, of the leading artists of to-day. The small gallery with which we have come to associate the work of the Pre-Raphaelites is this year given up to some choice Old Masters, but ROSSETTI and his followers are well represented in the other rooms. There are three works by the former, each being typical examples of his style and method: "The Damsel of the Sanc Grail," "The Loving Cup," and the mysteriously weird "Proserpine." An interesting picture is "Romeo and Juliet in the Vault," the work of the late Mrs. W. M. ROSSETTI, exhibiting as it does the influence of the artist's father, Ford Madox Brown, and her brother-in-law, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's well-known "Scapegoat" still attracts attention, as it ever will, by its own peculiar merit and its

strict adherence to the tenets of the P.R.B. "The Death of Chatterton," by HENRY WALLIS, painted in the same method, full of pathetic tragedy, is a striking work, although the colour is not altogether pleasant. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S "Garden of the Hesperides," and two earlier works, Sir JOHN MILLAIS' two pictures painted at the time when he was abandoning his Pre-Raphaelite methods, and one of his most successful landscapes, "Over the Hills and Far Away," form striking features in the exhibition. Other leading members of the Academy—Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, Mr. P. GRAHAM, Mr. HENRY WOODS, Mr. HENRY MOORE, and Mr. G. D. LESLIE, among them—are well represented. Other interesting features are the cases of goldsmith's work lent by Sir J. C. Robinson, seen at the recent Old Masters' exhibition at the Academy, and a case of Tanagra figures lent by Mr. WILLIAM ROME.

#### Blue and White China.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club lovers of Nankin blue china have had the opportunity of studying a collection of this most artistic and fascinating of all ceramic art. The pieces were numerous, but in the aggregate cannot be

Nankin blue, and which has been most skilfully painted as a background to the gracefully grouped sprays of prunes or almond blossom, known to collectors as the "Hawthorn pattern." It is more than probable that half a dozen *pairs*, such as this, do not exist in the world, and certainly in England these perfectly matched ginger-jars cannot be equalled. Those Elizabethan mounted pieces of Nankin blue were presented by Queen Elizabeth to her celebrated Chancellor, and were in Burghley House until they were sold at Christie's a few years ago at the Exeter sale. These mounted pieces disarm all controversy as to their antiquity, and it is only to be regretted that the original parchment label which was inside the glass case at Burghley House was lost at the time of the sale. We have seen it several times and examined it as often with deep interest while on visits to "Burghley House by Stamford Town."

#### Some Minor Exhibitions.

At the Goupil Galleries a great feature has been made of the works of the Netherlandish painters, living or recently deceased—ISRAELS, ANTON MAUVE, MESDAG, and later VAN MARCKE. From Mesdag's work, a noble selection, chiefly of marines, was



"THE LEAGUE-LONG ROLLER, THUNDERING ON THE REEF."

(From a Photograph by F. H. Worsley-Benison, Chepstow. See p. 319.)

said to be of the highest quality. There were, however, a number of rare and choice specimens which, for design and purity of colour, will interest the artist and amateur. The collection at the Burlington Arts Club shows the wide field of varied design and the exquisite free-hand drawing, as well as the eurd-like paste and limpid glaze which so markedly distinguishes this lovely ware. First and foremost were a matchless pair of perfect "Hawthorn's pots" with splendid "bell-top covers." In these jars we find the deep-blue "agate ground" which is only to be found in old

made. Of Van Marcke's many cattle pictures, "The Beauty of the Herd" was the most striking.

Mr. J. DENOVA ADAM is to Scotland what Troyon was to France, though he confines himself to the picturesque and rugged Highland cattle which he breeds for his own models at his school-farm and studio, just outside Sterling. His recent exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's was chiefly devoted to the *magnum opus* of the painter's life, a finely decorative series of "The Months in Scotland," large canvases which illustrate the various events of the

agricultural year amidst the ever-changing wonder of Caledonian landscape.

Mr. E. S. ELGOOD, R.I., at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, Bond Street, had the immediate felicity of touching the popular taste. His series of drawings of "Gardens in Many Lands" was distinguished throughout by a most alluring gaiety. He paints flowers, red, white, yellow, blue, old-fashioned species for the most part, always *insouciant* and smiling, the skill with which he stages their brightness proving irresistible.

At the Japanese Gallery in Bond Street, Mr. E. F. BREWTNALL and Mr. H. D. SHEPHARD held a joint exhibition. The experiment proved less than a success for the

large number of genuine examples by Sheraton and Chippendale, beside some of the lesser-known men, Shearer and Mayhew and Ince, all interesting and attractive. The exhibition must be accounted an artistic success, and Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are to be congratulated upon their valuable efforts.

In the seventeenth Spring exhibition of modern pictures at the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, there are 727 exhibits, and though this number is nearly 100 less than last year, the wall space occupied is, if anything, greater, in consequence of the unusual number of important canvases. An item of interest is a new and not previously exhibited child-portrait, entitled "Listening," by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. It is graceful and piquant in design, and the treatment of colour is particularly charming. The exhibition also includes works by twenty other members and associates of the Royal Academy.

**Reviews.** DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN'S long-expected book on "*The Work of John Ruskin*" (Methuen and Co.) has made its appearance, and is found to be a closely, coldly-reasoned essay, or set of essays, on the position rather than the personality and teaching of the Coniston Sage. Indeed, the chief fault that we have to find with the work is that, in our opinion, it impresses too little on the reader the importance of taking into consideration the temperament of its subject, or the idiosyncrasies of his mind. This point has always been insisted on by such writers as Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Collingwood, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be recognised by everyone who would read Ruskin's philosophy aright, and understand it by the light of



SNOW ON THE TRAMES.

(By Arthur Severn, R.I. Purchased by H.M. the Queen. See p. 320.)

latter artist, whose pleasant studies of old brick buildings and greensward, grouped together under the title of "The Beauties of Town and Country," it was unadvisable to have brought into competition with the drawings so happily designated "Romance and Reality," little works, some full of conceit and imagination, and other landscapes painted in colours so brilliant, and with touch so minute, as to seem to belong to the lapidary's rather than to the aquarellist's art.

Exhibitions at Messrs. Lawries' Galleries in Bond Street are as carefully selected as any in London. The number of canvases is at all times rigorously limited; and whatever the school or schools, only known pictures and accepted master works are placed on view, and those most sumptuously displayed. So some twenty canvases by REYNOLDS, WOUVERMAN, VAN DYCK, FRANZ HALS, GAINSBOROUGH, LAWRENCE, CUYP, LUCAS DE HEERE, and JAMES HOLLAND thus treated produce much more the effect of some ancestral hall richly hung than of an art vendors' salon.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have recently been holding in their large rooms at Wigmore Street an attractive exhibition of antique furniture. The special objects related more particularly to English eighteenth-century work, and included some remarkably fine specimens, especially of HEPPELWHITE'S designs in satinwood and mahogany. We reproduce some examples of these. The two settees have each satinwood frames, with delicately painted flowers on the arms and legs, the upholstery being in silk brocade. The other illustration is from an exceedingly rare piece, a satinwood sideboard, with inlay of tulip and other woods, made in Heppelwhite's style. There were also shown a

the author's true meaning. Dr. Waldstein begins by wholly denying to the Professor the mental equipment of an art critic—"art as such does not respond to the natural bent of his mind"—and, practically declaring that the first volume of "Modern Painters" unfitted its author ever after for the function of criticising art, argues that Ruskin fails from the outset by reason of giving "a religious bias to scientific investigation." ["All great art is Praise."] It will thus be seen that in dealing with aesthetics Dr. Waldstein errs on the other side; he makes too little allowance for the artistic temperament, and would adapt Ruskin's own aphorism into, All great art is—Science. He is a little too sweeping in his deductions. He will hardly allow the reader to believe that in a religious spirit religious painting may be adjudged, even though the deliberate object of the painter was to arouse religious feeling as well as to charm with drawing and paint. "If you would appreciate the art of murder," it has been said, "you must concentrate the mind on crime." And as religious feeling is the deepest in man's nature that can be aroused, so Ruskin may be pardoned, even by a scientist and a philosopher, if he regard such as "the greatest," and, to his religious mind, as synonymous with "praise." With the lucid criticism that "to Ruskin the function of art is to be the intermediary between man and nature, or rather, is to reveal to man the divine spirit in nature"—the author goes on to consider Ruskin as a demonstrator and essayist "on the phenomenology of nature," and herein concedes to him the highest place. His other chapters on Ruskin as a writer and prose poet, as an economist, and



as an advocate of sports and pastimes, are all suggestive, and carefully thought out, and make up a volume for which the public should be grateful.

"*Raphael's Madonnas, and Other Great Pictures*"



SATINWOOD SETTEES.

(By Heppelwhite. Exhibited at Debenham and Freebody's. See p. 318.)

(George Bell and Sons) just misses being a very good book. The first necessity for success in such a work is surely that the reproductions should be as good as modern reproductive methods could make them. The biography of the artist may be admirably written, and the history of each picture carefully and accurately compiled, but it is disappointing to find that the pictures themselves are poorly reproduced. Some are photogravure, but the majority are by the half-tone process; all are thin and unsatisfactory, the result partly no doubt of indifferent photographs from the originals; but it is certain that better results might have been obtained had the plates and blocks been made in England instead of in Austria. The field is still open for the great illustrated book on this subject.

In "*A Corner of Cathay*," by ADELE M. FIELD (Macmillan and Co., London), we are presented with a series of studies of the manners and customs of the Chinese. The book is exceedingly interesting, and as it is written by one who has lived in China for many years the facts it contains are trustworthy. The illustrations consist of collotype reproductions of drawings by native artists of the School of Go-heng at Swatow, and serve greatly to enhance the value of the book.

"*Shakespeare's Stratford: A Pictorial Pilgrimage*," by W. HALLSWORTH-WAITE (J. L. Allday, Birmingham), covers ground that has been done so frequently and so much better than this author-artist could have hoped to do it, that one wonders why he should have troubled to compile the book at all. The text is loosely written, and the illustrations are amateurish in the extreme.

"*The Dignity of the Race: A Cat Story*," by A. KIRKBY GOYDER (New Church Depot, Manchester), is

noticeable for the clever sketches of cats and kittens by the author, who we understand is a young lady of still tender years. "*The Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court*," by MARY LOGAN, one of the pamphlets issued by the Kyrle Society (A. and D. Innes, London) at the low price of two-pence, is an exceedingly useful little book, and serves its purpose as an educational medium most successfully. "*The Book Plate Annual and Memorial Year-Book, 1895*" (A. and C. Black, London), supplies a want to the increasing *clientèle* for matters connected with *ex Libris*. "*The Pilgrimage of Truth*," by Erik Bøgh, has been translated by Agnes B. Warburg (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., London). It is illustrated by ten not altogether successful photogravures from water-colour drawings by F. V. SCHOLANDER.

It is not difficult to understand why an artist prefers a bad photograph to a good one. An imperfect platinotype that absolutely ignores detail is what he most delights in; he is fain to call it very artistic: it comes nearer to what himself would like to paint than any sharp and well-defined silver print. It should not be lost sight of, though, that if the pleasure be not an artistic one, there is a distinct pleasure to be derived from the perfection of this detail. Call it the pleasure of a naturalist, or what you will, it certainly is a pleasure to look at such instantaneous photographs as Mr. Worsley-Benison has produced of the sea in its varying moods, in which he has secured the most wonderful records of its appearance. It is the thing the artist loves to look



SATINWOOD SIDEBORD.

(Exhibited at Debenham and Freebody's. See p. 318.)

at when he is in his idle moods. It is not the thing he wants to paint. We are, nevertheless, glad to be able to see these wonderful records and to congratulate Mr. Worsley-Benison on the success he has achieved in these immense plates of instantaneous effects.

**Miscellanea.** SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES has been elected a member of the Dresden Academy of Fine Arts. The reproduction of BOTTICELLI'S "*Pallas Athene*," in

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for May, was from a photograph by Alinari, not Fiorillo.

We reproduce on page 318 a picture by Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN depicting the Thames during last winter, which has been purchased by Her Majesty the Queen. The work was exhibited at the recent exhibition of the Royal Institute.



THE LATE EDWIN ELLIS, R.B.A.  
(From a Photograph by A. W. Cox.)

On page 314 we reproduce a statue by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., of Sir Steuart Bayley which has been erected on the Maidan, near the Government House, Calcutta. It is intended as a memorial of Sir Steuart Bayley's Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, and was subscribed for almost entirely by natives of the Presidency.

Paris has erected yet another monument to the com-

memoration of one of her great artists, BOUCHER. It stands in the gardens of the Louvre, between the monument to Raffet and the equestrian statue of Velasquez. It is in marble, and is the work of M. AUBÉ; the plaster model was exhibited in the Salon in 1888. A reproduction is given on page 314.

The City of Birmingham Art Gallery has been presented by a body of subscribers with a fine water-colour drawing, which we reproduce on page 315, of the Sculpture on the West Porch of Chartres Cathedral. The work was executed for the Society of Pictorial Records of Ancient Art. The gallery has also acquired by purchase a *bas-relief* attributed to Verocchio, which is also represented on page 315.

Under the will of the late Mrs. Lyne Stephens, the National Gallery has become possessed of the interesting work reproduced on page 316. It is by GHEERAERT DAVID, and represents "The Mystic Marriage of Saint Catherine." The picture hangs in Room 4 (No. 1,432). There has also been hung a fine example of Sir HENRY RAEBURN'S work, a "Portrait of Lieut-Col. Bryce McMurdo," bequeathed to the gallery by General Montague McMurdo. It hangs in the west vestibule (No. 1,435), and owing to its position a successful photograph for reproduction was impossible. In Room 15 (No. 1,434) has been hung the picture reproduced on this page. It is attributed to VELASQUEZ, and is entitled "The Betrothal." The work was presented by Lord Savile. The water-colours by DE WINT and CATTERMOLLE, which used to hang in the basement, have been removed on loan to South Kensington; while from the latter collection there has been lent to the National Gallery a fresco by PERUGINO, the subject of which is "The Vision of St. Joseph" and "Shepherds adoring the Infant Christ."

WE regret to have to record the death of Sir GEORGE SCHARF, K.C.B., to whose work we referred in these columns last month (page 274).

The death has occurred at the advanced age of eighty-seven of the French painter, PAUL CHENAVARD. He was born at Lyons, and at seventeen years of age went to Paris and entered the studio of Hersent. He only stayed there a short time, however, and then placed himself under the direction of Ingres. On returning to Paris, after a visit to Italy, he exhibited his first great work of "Luther before the Diet of Worms." In 1848 he was entrusted by the Government of the day with a commission for mural decorations for the Pantheon illustrative of events in universal history. This commission was, however, withdrawn, and the cartoons were given to the city of Lyons. He is represented in the Luxembourg by a characteristic work, exhibited in 1869, entitled "Fin des Religions." One of his last acts was to leave to the State a sufficient sum to execute a mosaic for the Pantheon, from one of his own designs.

Mr. ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S., who has recently died at the age of fifty-five, was widely known by his black-and-white illustrations in various publications. He was educated at St. Thomas Charterhouse, afterwards attending Leigh's School of Art. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1873, and three years later was elected an Associate of the Water-Colour Society.

Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, R.B.A., the well-known marine painter, has just died at the age of fifty-four. A native of Nottingham, he passed the early part of his life in a lace



THE BETROTHAL.

(By Velasquez. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

factory in that town, but the occupation was utterly ungenial, and his life efforts were devoted to painting. Nearly all his canvases were seascapes, and the power of his brush in this direction will be acknowledged by all.



"WE TWO," SHE SAID, "WILL SEEK THE GROVES, WHERE THE LADY MARY IS."—(D. G. ROSSETTI, "THE BLESSED DAMOSEL.")

(From the Painting by Byam Shaw. See p. 254.)

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—III.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALTHOUGH the influences of Glasgow and Newlyn, of Monet and of Manet, are not so strongly marked among the younger painters as in former years, the art of the day shows real progress, and presents many points of interest. Especially is this so in the section of landscape. Here, it must be admitted, the Outsiders make a stronger and more inspiring display than the Academicians themselves; and it is not difficult to point to those who, before long, will be called to reinforce the landscape-painters of Burlington House. It is difficult to select between several of them. The deep poetry and fine colour of Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Mountain, Field, and Flood" strike at once the note of richness and repose. It impresses the spectator with the slumbering splendour of evening fall, and the Costa line is harmoniously restrained. Not less sincere nor less graceful are Mr. East's "Autumn Haze" and "Midland Meadows," the latter especially remarkable for true artistic feeling and painted in the traditions of true English landscape. Less modern perhaps, because so closely allied to Constable and the Barbizon school, is the fine canvas of Mr. Mark Fisher called "An Essex Height," masterly alike in treatment of sky, cattle, and landscape, in dignity of tone and general grip. Full of a similar sense of space and of poetic fervour, of a melancholy sort withal, is Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "Hayfield," with its finely-handled sky, its subtle

colour, and rare appreciation of the soil. Mr. Adrian Stokes is another who makes a forward stride with his "October Moon," which for tenderness of feeling and for atmospheric rendering is hardly surpassed by any of its rivals. Mr. Yeend King, too, is rapidly shaking himself free from the suggestiveness of the commonplace which once tainted his cleverest pictures, and in "Sleeping Waters" has come nearer than ever towards expressing the poetry that is in him. In their various ways Mr. J. Farquharson with "When Snow the Pasture Sheets," Mr. Clayton Adams with, for example, "The Golden Vale," Mr. Helcké, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Gilbert Foster, and others, sustain their claim on popular favour and Academic recognition.

Against these painters we have the fine records of Mr. Henry Moore, whose "Glen Orchy, Storm coming on" brings him back to the landscape which he once wrought so well. This rendering of heavy Scotch weather is a notable performance, as strong in character as it is powerful and summary in execution. Mr. North again displays in his "Fruition: England" that exquisite sense of colour and all those charming accidents of nature that invariably touch the spectator with delight. The picture is essentially decorative, but it is impossible to say that it is the happiest effort of the artist we have seen—for in its delicate suggestiveness of form it has lost in organic strength. Mr. Boughton's

"Sunrise after Sharp Frost, Suffolk" is a landscape of real distinction, fine in vibrating colour, characteristic and individual.

Another painter who has wandered into landscape—though elected primarily as a figure-painter—is Mr. G. D. Leslie, and he has shown in "November Sunshine" how much charm may be imported into

Watermill." Every year his touch becomes more sympathetic, his vision better focussed, and his appreciation of the "true inwardness" of landscape quickened.

The seascapes are neither numerous nor, as a rule, commanding. Mr. Hook's several shore-pictures are, for the most part, as admirable as ever: but to



DANGEROUS PLAY.

(From the Painting by J. T. Nettlehip.)

a simple canvas, in spite of a lofty or an ignorant neglect of approved technique. Mr. Leslie has done his work like a bone-setter: the operation is successful, and we are grateful for the result. Passing by the work of Mr. Davis and Mr. MacWhirter, who repeat their successes of former years, as well as of Mr. Leader (who in his "Evening Glow," a study of firs by sunset, strikes this year new ground so far as he is concerned), we find that to Mr. Murray and Mr. Waterlow the Academy looks to sustain the section of landscape among its younger men. In "Thistle-down," a wide expanse on a hot white day, Mr. Murray shows himself at his completest, and in "The Angler" at his most poetic. His silvery tones are admirable, and the spirit is the spirit of Corot manifested through a Scottish temperament. Mr. Waterlow justifies himself more and more with "A Sussex Homestead," "Golden Autumn," and "The

us, at least, they appeal even more for the exquisite quality and colour of the paint, and for the usual skill of composition, than for the accurate rendering of the phases of nature they aim at representing. To Mr. Graham's work allusion has already been made. Mr. Moore and Mr. Colin Hunter send vigorous studies of varying sizes; while Mr. Edwin Hayes with "Crossing the Bar" and "Entrance to the Harbour of Genoa" sustains his reputation for profound knowledge of the sea and scholarship in its drawing and composition into a picture—aiming rather to reproduce its impressiveness, as Turner did in his middle period. Mr. Somerscales does not go beyond the point of his last year's accomplishment; he should remember Hazlitt's aphorism, that "The second blow, to tell equally, must be struck harder than the first."

Never has portraiture been more interesting in the Academy since its earlier days, for all the

distinguished men who have passed between. Professor Herkomer's and Mr. Sargent's performances are in themselves enough to stamp the exhibition notable among the series. But there are other painters who lend it distinction. Mr. Onless, with his sober virile transcripts of men—such as his "J. J. Aubertin, Esq.," and his "Duke of Cambridge;" Mr. Fildes, with his gracious pictures of ladies and all the charms of toilette and *frou-frou*; and Mr. Sant, hardly less agreeable, with his strange technique and enrious pencilling, may be set together as bearing the full brunt of Academic portraiture. Mr. Clausen is a newcomer, and in his portrait of "Mrs. Herbert Roberts" he shows a modest pretty girl attired in grey-brown, modestly and prettily painted—so quiet, so restrained, so clever as to be extremely notable. It is a refreshing work of art through its unusual and penetrating sense of quiet

With Mr. Clausen's portrait may be classed—though each in different ranks—four other pictures. In the first place, we have the extremely graceful "Miss Pember" of Mr. J. J. Shannon, which, if not so subtle a work as the artist's "Kit" in the New Gallery, is more solidly painted, and is, in our opinion, one of the canvases on which Mr. Shannon's reputation will ultimately rest. Next we have Mr. Lavery's "Lady in Black," an admirable and delicate, yet brilliant, work, more convincing than all the other examples of Parisian mannerism. Then Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Mrs. Parkinson," a small full-length, dainty and graceful in drawing and subdued in colour. And, finally, there is Mr. Walter Osborne, whose "Portraits" betoken a talent which we in England have not heretofore had the opportunity of observing so well. Besides these, Mr. A. S. Cope adds to his reputation with his



DUTCH INTERIOR.

(From the Painting by Albert Neuhuys.)

and retiring grace. Mr. Seymour Lucas has also devoted himself to portraiture with success, whether it be a lady in modern dress, or a soldier ("Colonel Herbert Roberts") decked out in armour and plumes.

series of presentation portraits, in the execution of which he follows in the trail of Frank Holl. Nor should the work of Mr. Muirhead pass without a word of notice.

The subject-pictures are numerous. Some are frankly story-pictures, and should be properly so called: others, depending primarily on their more legitimate beauties of paint and draughtsmanship, do not, nevertheless, despise the "subject" that



CHILDHOOD.

(From the Painting by John Da Costa.)

has no mere anecdote for its motive. The dead-set latterly made against "subject" in a work of art ignores the fact that the mere presence of a story on the canvas cannot tell against the picture if the art is good—if, that is to say, colour, composition, drawing, chiaroscuro are in keeping. In that case the picture may represent a group of men as well as a group of trees; and if the subject, being unexplained, is unintelligible, the picture therefore becomes a no-subject, a no-story, picture, the purely artistic excellences of which are their own justification. Mr. Waterhouse's "St. Cecilia" is a case in point. For those who are familiar with the subject, well and good; but those who are not are equally charmed by the composition, colour, and style. The knowledge of Tennyson's "Palace of Art" (miscalled "Palace of Truth" by an obvious slip in our last article) is entirely unnecessary to the enjoyment of the picture as a picture—it tells us all it need tell us on its face, and the poem which the artist has chosen to embellish might remain unidentified for anything the artistic beholder may care.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes continues his studies of contending lights, especially of the flickering, vivid, yellow light that plays about a forge. "The Smithy" strikes us as a truer transcript from nature than "The Forge" of a couple of years ago, and would leave little indeed to desire were the strong lights toned down upon the lumpy wall. The artist is doubtless right in point of truth and fact; but as it is, the background seems to project itself into the picture. Mr. Gotch and Mr. Bramley—the former in his masterly "Death the Bride," and the latter in "Sleep"—both give us a study of a figure amid and surrounded by poppies and other flowers *en premier plan*, with singular success. Mr. Arthur Hacker is one of the very few who paint the female nude; his "Daphne" is an admirable example of idealising the forms, and, while aiming at style, of securing a charming line. Mr. Solomon's "Echo and Narcissus" is a study rather of tone than of the nude, in which the composition of the group first concerned him. The painter's facility is surprising and not a little dangerous, but his sincerity is as great as his facility, and his rapid advance is certain. Mr. Normand's large picture representing "Bondage" is an important effort of the painter, the arrangement, rather than the painting, of the nude being his main object. With this work should be named those of Miss Henrietta Rae ("Apollo and Daphne") and the Hon. John Collier ("The Death of Albine"). Mr. Calderon's "Ariadne" comes well from the painter of "Cenone" of ten years ago; and Mr. Briton Riviere with "Phœbus Apollo," Mr. Richmond with "Aphrodite between Eros and Himeros," and Mr. Draper with "The Youth of Ulysses," are all inspired from the classics; but Mr. Richmond's chief work is his fine St. Paul's cartoon. Heer Neuhuys, with his "Dutch Interior," shows how well a Dutchman may imitate Israel; and a comparison may well be made between it and Mr. Langley's "Motherless," with its world of intense expression, showing a face more instinct with true misery than has been seen in the gallery since Mr. Warrener set men wondering as to who he was. Of historic *genre* Mr. Seymour Lucas sends a notable example in his "Waiting for the Duc de Guise," skilfully composed and painted with directness, pure and harmonious in colour; Mr. Andrew Gow repeats his previous successes with Napoleon "On the Sands of Boulogne, 1805," exquisitely drawn and conscientiously, if thinly, painted; and Mr. Crofts

contributes "Napoleon's Last Grand Attack at Waterloo"—a picture more satisfactory than some he has painted within recent years.

Modern life is not without its devotees—men who feel that art to be true to itself must deal with the scenes it sees about it. So Mr. Yeames has gone to the law courts (though legal experts declare that he has not), and in "Defendant and Counsel" has executed a clever enigmatical scene between a pretty hard-pressed woman and bewigged lawyers—the chief fault of which is that it is on a scale altogether too large. Mr. Bacon's profession of a nun, Mr. Joy's "Bayswater 'Bus" (a daringly modern subject by the painter of the "Joan of Arc"), Mr. Melton Fisher's "Vanity Fair"—a skilful attempt to wrestle with the contrasting colours displayed in a fashionable draper's shop—and Mr. Harcourt's audaciously-coloured "Thought-reading," a picture of primaries mainly, with all their sincerity in dealing with life of to-day, have each a separate aim towards the solution of an artistic problem. Otherwise is it with the very charming "Love Sonnet" of Mr. F. D. Millet, for daintiness of sentiment, draughtsmanship, and colour are its dominating motive; and with Mr. Marcus Stone's "A Sailor's Sweetheart," in which pretty sentiment and pleasing grace are mostly what concerned the painter.

Of only two or three canvases it is left to speak. Among these Mr. Brangwyn's stand out by their bizarre intention and peculiar accomplishment. This clever painter of grey seas and third-class colliers, after executing powerful, almost violent, colour-harmonies in the East, is now passing through the stage of producing what are virtually ancient tapestries in modern paint. To him planes, values, drawing (in its definite sense) are nothing; he gives us pleasing, flat harmonies in subdued softly greyed colour, which we would like very nearly as well if his pictures were hung upside down. But behind it all there is a mind and a capacity that

are certainly destined to justify themselves. Mr. Wardle appears chiefly as an extremely clever imitator of Mr. Swan's and Herr Fries's *felidae* set in the former's atmosphere. Perhaps it is unfair to call him an imitator, for he is a true artist; but he is one good enough to be an imitator. So, too, are Mr. Arthur Lemon, whose "Centaur" and "Hard Pressed" are instinct with real artistry; and M. Fantin-Latour, whose flower studies still stand alone, despite the competitors whom he has raised up around him. And Mr.

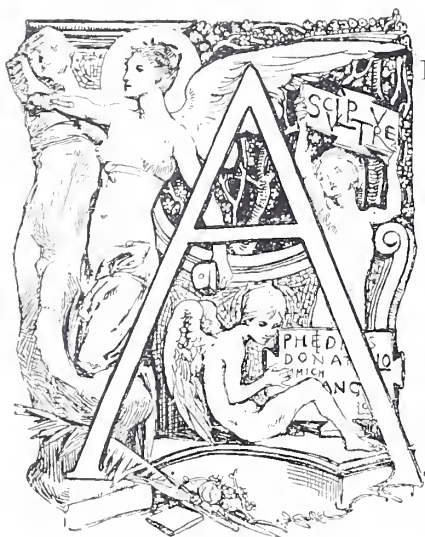


ROBERT YERBURGH, ESQ., M.P.  
(From the Painting by Luke Fildes, R.A.)

Cayley Robinson, though he has harked back to the Middle Ages in his "Souvenir of a Past Age," has produced an example of revivalism as clever as those which are so much in favour at the Champs Elysées, and has struck a note that resounds pleasantly through Gallery VIII.

# The Place of Sculpture in Daily Life.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

## I.—CERTAIN FALLACIES.

ABOUT fifteen years have passed since the art of sculpture visibly revived amongst us. Warmed into vitality by the neighbourhood of the fire of France, British sculpture, which had so long lain sunken in a deadly chill, like Demeter swooning beside the well of Celens, felt the blood stir again in its veins, lost its wrinkled semblance of old age, and rose up active and young again among the arts. The only journalistic formula of our youth, "there is, as usual, nothing which need detain us in the sculpture galleries," gave place to an ever-increasing eager and respectful consideration of the fresh beautiful work exhibited year after year by the new race of sculptors. It became obvious that this art was flourishing in England as it had not flourished since the days of Flaxman. All the honours of fictitious popularity came to the new men—they were interviewed; their works were multiplied in the illustrated magazines; the Royal Academy hastened to elect them to its honours. With all this, they sank to nothing common or vulgar: their statuettes and their reliefs were notable for distinction and purity. It seemed to many of us that of all artists in England the sculptors were those who were moving along the healthiest lines. What has been the result?

Several sculptors have become famous, it is certain, but has sculpture become popular? Have these

fifteen years formed a period in which sculpture has made a stride forward as a recognised element in the life of the civilised citizen? I am afraid that no one who is acquainted with the facts can venture to answer these questions in the affirmative. Sculpture is praised much more than it used to be, but it is not more bought or commissioned. Vast wealth is expended on the beautification of our streets and our houses, but sculpture seems less and less to reap advantage from this golden shower, and at a period when our modelling schools are full of talented and learned young men, it is more perilous to adopt the profession of a sculptor than it was in the old wooden days of Gibson and Behnes. Such a condition of things is in the highest degree anomalous. We profess to be extremely enlightened and to cultivate a jealous appreciation of the arts, and yet here is an art, perhaps the most noble and most exquisite of all, where the supply is abundant and the demand infinitesimal. It is certain that future ages will look back to ours with astonishment, and fail to comprehend how, in such an assemblage of rich amateurs, so many men of a talent hardly short of genius were allowed to destroy their finest creations for lack of a commission to execute them.

This extraordinary neglect of sculpture as an elemental part of our everyday life must rest partly on an insensibility of the eye, and partly on a succession of fallacies, which it is worth while to try and remove. The insensibility of the eye is a factor with which it is difficult to deal, because it is largely due to the very absence of public art of the higher kind amongst us. In France, a great profusion of excellent sculpture, suited to modern requirements, has been brought under the notice of everyone. Each country town, even of the third order, possesses one or two public monuments. The gardens of Paris, where the inhabitants habitually collect for pleasure and refreshment, are almost



densely crowded in some parts, and liberally peopled in all, with modern groups and statues of more or less distinguished merit. These figures are kept carefully cleansed, and are taught to preserve their elegant freshness. The eyes of the Parisian cannot be prevented for any length of time from lighting on several works of bronze and marble, each of which tends to familiarise the vision with the public use of modern sculpture.

In England this is not the case, and, in spite of all that is written about the art, the conviction seems to grow more and more rooted in the minds of the British public that sculpture is a thing entirely exploded—a practice which obtained among the ancient Greeks, and was the result, in some way vaguely surmised, of their idolatrous religion—that such figures, although very properly preserved in museums, and, indeed, of considerable value when they have lost a head, or an arm, or both legs, have no more relation to modern life, or fitness for it, than the idols of Easter Island or the winged bulls of Nineveh. So completely does this archaeological idea rule the eye, that even those who are accustomed to see statuary in museums and exhibitions, nevertheless conceive of it as unable to adopt any other than the heroic form; so that when the value of sculpture in the life of to-day as insisted on, they vaguely remark, with a titter, “What-*ever* should I do in my small house with a life-sized Hebe or a tinted Venus?”—the classical convention of subject being the only one of which they are able to conceive an idea.

In close connection with this insensibility of the eye is the fallacy that sculpture is not suited to the climate of this country. If this objection, which is constantly made, be looked into, it will be found to rest upon the supposition that by “sculpture” is and must be exclusively meant life-sized naked figures in white marble. It may be conceded at once that a climate like ours is not favourable to this particular section of sculpture in the open air. Marble is certainly apt to grow soiled by fog, splashed and stained by rain, and split by frost. Even this, however, is exaggerated, because a very slight protection from the elements is sufficient to guard the softer marbles from these forms of destruction, and the use of the hard and dense Serravezza marble is enough to defy every sort of ordinary elemental damage. It is not always comprehended that statuary marble varies in hardness from that of chalk to that of the extreme density which only the finest steel will cut. In the City of London, close to the Royal Exchange, may be seen a tender marble group, a mother and child, by Dalou, which a small canopy has sufficed to shield for a generation from any kind of injury. In several

works where sculpture is combined with architecture, examples may be observed in London of marbles of even delicate design, which have stood long exposure to fog and rain without any trace of damage. Of course, marble people can no more be left unwashed than living human beings. If the owners of white groups or reliefs grudge the time and trouble of occasionally allowing the hose to play over them, they will grow grimy and deplorable, but this is not the fault of the climate.

That marble statues, however, should be considered as forming the only or even the main province of practical sculpture, is grotesque indeed. Even in the radiant atmosphere of antique Greece, it was felt that there were many moods of the modeller, and a great variety of subjects which were most favourably interpreted, not by the whiteness of marble, but by the golden gloom of bronze. In modern life and in a northern climate the value of this beautiful material ought to be accentuated, yet so little are the eyes of Englishmen accustomed to appreciate it, that even observant and intelligent persons will pass a fine bronze without having so much as realised its existence. The garish whiteness of marble attracts the eyes of such people, and they hazard an opinion; to the rich harmony of the patina of the metal they are absolutely blind. A little reflection, too, ought to persuade those who so hastily say that sculpture is not fitted to this climate, that terra-cotta is indestructible if properly burnt in the kiln, and that friezes or pediments of this material defy frost and fog. These, again, need nothing but a wholesome washing to make the surface of the terra-cotta fresh and clean again.

The notion that the surface of bronze is corroded by the atmosphere of our large towns is another curious error widely diffused. I have had it pointed out to me that the weather had eaten into and hopelessly disfigured the faces of some of our statesmen in Westminster—the truth really being that the obvious disfigurement was caused, not by any destruction of the surface, but by the heaping up of undisturbed layer over layer of dirt upon the neglected works of art. The fact is that those metals which we call bronze, alloys in which copper always forms the predominant element, are famous for their extreme durability. It is seen in its most resistant form in the Belgian phosphor-bronze, which is able to endure the wear and tear of the most violent artillery practice. The bronze of art does not need to be so tough as this, but it is quite durable enough to resist, for immeasurable ages, the action of the worst of weather. Those who speak so tenderly of the surface of bronze should endeavour to alter, with some rough instrument, the material of a piece of the cast metal. They may,

perhaps, by the use of sufficient violence, scratch away that incrustation or oxidised film which is called the patina, on which the beauty of colour of a fine bronze depends, but they will find themselves unable to produce any effect upon the form, which nothing less than the action of the anvil will modify. A few years ago, the Office of Works turned its attention to the noble bronze statue of James II., attributed to Grinling Gibbons, which stands in the centre of Whitehall Gardens. This figure has been exposed to London gases and corrosions for two hundred years, but when it had been thoroughly cleansed, it shone out with its rich golden-brown patina as unsullied as it did on the day that it first came from the foundry. It is a very poor excuse for not encouraging the production of bronzes to say that they would be injured by the weather:

"Tout passe. L'art robuste  
Seul a l'éternité.  
La buste  
Survit à la cité."

The fact is that two out of the three substances of which sculpture is commonly made are among the most perdurable known to man.

That sculpture is extremely expensive is another fallacy, though not one so complete. It is true, and had better be confessed at once, that the heroic forms of the art are exceedingly costly. The rise in the value of labour has cruelly handicapped the sculptors, who are forced to employ skilled and unskilled artisans in the conduct of their productions. The nobler sculpture could only thrive in countries where gangs of slaves could be set to work without cost for an indefinite space of time. The marbles of Ægina and of the Parthenon could not have been executed in an age and a country in which manual labour was not cheap. But the whole object of this series of papers will be to lead away the attention of those who read them from "heroic" sculpture, which must be left for the future mainly

to millionaires and to the State, and to concentrate it on the varieties of what may be called practicable sculpture—work, that is, which is within the scope of those who are able to indulge themselves reasonably in artistic pleasures. For such persons there is no reason at all why sculpture should be expensive. I shall indicate various modes in

which sculpture may be made to give pleasure analogous to that obtained from painting, and on terms by no means less reasonable.

A statuette by the most eminent sculptor of the day would be a much less costly indulgence than a cabinet picture by a painter of equal or less repute. It is impossible to understand why it should give less satisfaction to the owner, and if his eyes were opened it would not do so. The finest bust to be obtained to-day in England would cost less than a painted portrait by any one of a dozen fashionable portrait-painters, and would be absolutely durable, while liable to no such depreciation from the modes of dress and fashions of technique as threatens an oil-painting. A medallion portrait in bronze or a marble or alabaster head in low-relief may be one of the most refined and exquisite possessions possible,



JAMES II.

(From the Statue attributed to Grinling Gibbons in Whitehall Gardens.)

and yet be less expensive than a water-colour drawing. In fact, where the difficulty of wages for skilled labour does not come in to disturb the calculation, no art can be enjoyed at so reasonable a rate as sculpture, for the very obvious and somewhat pathetic reason that the demand is so small that the artist is obliged to keep his prices rigorously low. People with a little money to spare persist in imagining that if they spend some of it on sculpture, they will be obliged to order a life-sized Venus which will make their parlour-maid give warning, or a group of the Graces which it will be impossible to shunt through the front door.

The decline of the bust in England is a deplorable

thing. Whether art is at a high or low level, there is generally some iconic talent to be found in the studios. Portraiture is less affected by changes of taste than any other kind of art, and it is rarely indeed that, even in the darkest ages of decadence, good heads have not been executed. The "bustos" of Nollekens—broad, effective, faithful transcripts of living models; works which are neither precious nor picturesque, but learned, vital, and practical—retain their value while the painting of Fuseli and Hamilton and Howard is forgotten. In the earlier part of the reign of George III., busts were greatly in fashion, and we may still, in old country houses, come upon periwigged heads shrewdly set on admirably modelled necks and shoulders, faces from which the wit and capacity of an earlier generation beam genially forth. Those accomplished and dignified specimens of a neglected art are signed by Roubiliac or Wilton, Bacon or Carlini, and they remind us, as with a shock, of what was done in England a hundred years ago and more by men of whose merit we now take little cognisance. There is no form of portraiture in which a more distinguished impression of a head can be preserved, nor any in which men now living amongst us have shown greater dexterity; yet it seems to grow rarer every year for us to hear of a commission given for a bust in marble or in bronze. The monochromatic effect, broken only by the subtle harmonies of the patina of a bronze, does not suffice for our modern eyes, vulgarised by the excess of gaudy hues. We have come to think no portrait worth looking at, unless a vermilion hunting-coat or robes of purple satin and pink brocade dazzle all the form and line out of the design. The bust, in its organic realism of pure draughtsmanship, concedes nothing to this weakness, born of ill-digested Japanism and decadence of all kinds. It is therefore disdained, and a moralist might date the decay of societies from the repudiation of the bust as a form of popular portraiture.

In the following pages the attempt will be made to recall the suffrages of the public to these beautiful processes by recapitulating certain obvious modes of utilising them. I believe that to keep up the high and mighty tone so long considered *de rigueur* in dealing with this art, is to do nothing

less than to doom it to deeper disfavour. The early Victorian sculptors, very few of whom were really artists at heart, kept up a sort of pompous mystery about their business, and could not stoop to the practical needs of their clients. Gibson pushed the solemnity of the craft to a pitch that was almost imbecile, and sculpture in England has suffered ever since. We have now twenty men in England who have more knowledge of modelling and a purer taste in their little finger than Gibson had in his whole body; but the public, so often disappointed in its sculptors, has grown suspicious and disaffected. We must not repeat the old, pompous blunder if we wish to woo the public back. We must frankly admit that the great "bow-wow" style is out of date, and no longer responds to popular needs. We must uproot the deeply-planted conviction that nothing but the "bow-wow" is worth consideration in sculpture.

The criticism of to-day tends to confine itself to two specialised departments—the one a philosophical analysis of the aims and character of art; the other, and humbler, a description of the career and works of a particular man. Neither is quite adequate for the practical encouragement of such a profession as that of sculpture, which is in danger of being drowned while its critics preach to it from the shore. The public in England has slipped into a thoroughly numb and irresponsive condition regarding not individual sculpture so much as sculpture itself. In these papers an effort will be made to point out some of the more obvious ways in which a little attention on the part of amateurs would revive and restore a profession which is in the extraordinary state of being recognised and discussed and praised, but not employed.

NOTE.—Strangely enough, since the body of this article was written, the monument by Dalou, mentioned on p. 327, has suffered serious and even fatal injury. The severity of this past winter, doubtless, has been the cause. The upper part of the work, which has so long remained unimpaired, is now found to be consumed, as if by leprosy; the mother's head is absolutely ruined, and the child's, though less disfigured, is eaten into holes. It may be that the protective canopy is itself to blame, drippings having very possibly congealed in biting accretions of ice. It is proper, however, to record this melancholy fact. The moral is that a denser material should be employed for outdoor work in this northern climate.—E. G.



## “FAIR CHILDREN.”

BY MARION HEPWORTH-DIXON.

THE directors of the Grafton Galleries are evidently believers in a name. As the success of the “Fair Women” Exhibition proved what imaginative theatrical managers are apt to call

Matilda of Gloucester” and the same painter’s less known “Master Bunbury,” it bids fair to rival its forerunner in popular attraction. It is true, the inclusion of certain *genre* and landscape pictures in the End Gallery may be regretted by connoisseurs, who, knowing the mine of apposite canvases obtainable, may grudge the wall-space devoted to what seems to be a somewhat haphazard gathering of work. But this is in parenthesis. It would be unhandsome to grumble where there is scope, and more than scope, for gracious words.

Beginning, then, in the Octagon Room, for the sake of chronological sequence, the first important canvas to our left on entering proves to be a full-length, life-sized portrait group of Catherine de Medicis and her children. Lined by Clouet, the hard, cruel, yet intensely forcible and intellectual faces of the four children (afterwards Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Marguerite de Valois) do certainly little to justify their inclusion in an exhibition restricted by a somewhat prohibitive name. Less exception can be taken to the epithet “fair” as applied to the famous “Don Balthazar Carlos” by Velasquez. For though the slightly elongated features and sensual mouth of Philip IV. are indicated in the face of his ill-starred son, the magic of the master’s art—the lighting—which seems to depict atmosphere filtering as it were through some medium of mellow silver; the dignified yet perfectly natural dis-



MASTER CHARLES LAMBTON.

(From the Painting by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.)

“unprecedented,” a subsequent collection of “Fair Children” on somewhat identical lines might be taken as a foregone conclusion. Nor have the powers which rule in Grafton Street proved themselves anything less than astute. English children are celebrated the wide world over, and while we have a Reynolds in the last century, and a Millais in the present, to depict their infantine graces, no collection devoted to what may be called the Apotheosis of the Child is likely to be a failure in this country. So far from being a failure, indeed, is the present exhibition, that with its latest additions, which include Sir Joshua’s “Princess Sophia

position of the upright figure; the subtle and felicitous harmonies of a colour-scheme which ranges from buff to steely-blue and black;—all these various elements go to make so harmonious a whole as to justify the term beautiful being applied alike to the subject and the work. For the rest, the portrait, of which there is a replica at Madrid, was exhibited as recently as last winter at the Old Masters at Burlington House. Its neighbour, lent by the Duke of Devonshire and quaintly ascribed to Velasquez, is, without any manner of doubt, a product of the Low Countries. Entitled “Little Girl with Red Dress, and Flowers in her Apron,”

it reveals itself on examination to be an able and striking full-length study of a chubby-cheeked child gowned in a somewhat too obtrusive scarlet petticoat. Not without virility, nor indeed charm, and informed as the modelling of the face is with learning, it has, nevertheless, little of the restraint, the reserve, the strange dignity of handling which belong to any of the three known manners of the Spanish master.

Passing, as we needs must, from the prince of technique to the high priest of sentiment, we find Murillo's "Good Shepherd" cheek by jowl with the aforementioned "Don Balthazar Carlos." A pendant to the familiar "St. John the Baptist" in the National Gallery, the present canvas has all the popular Sevillan painter's mellifluous grace, all his charm of line, all his somewhat too mannered suavety and prettiness. The picture is in an admirable state of preservation—a state which probably justifies the belief that its owner, Lord Rothschild, possesses one of the finest Murillos in England. Merely noting in the same room the Marquis of Bristol's interesting "Spanish Boy," and the attractive if somewhat enigmatic "Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley," contributed by Lord Fitzwilliam, it must be said that a robust sketch of "Cupid's Harvesting," by Rubens, compels attention for its exuberant vigour of handling. The master's pupil, Vandyck, however, is better represented than himself in the present collection, for in entering the Large Gallery the visitor immediately recognises Sir Anthony's solid, subtle, and refined "Three Children of Charles I.," lent by the Earl of Suffolk, and the (Duke of Rutland's) "Charles II. in Armour," of which picture, it will be remembered, there is a replica at Windsor Castle.

As for Sir Joshua, whose tender, sympathetic, yet delightfully whimsical and half-humorous delineations of childhood for once bear comparison with the work of the last-named and perhaps greatest of all portrait-painters, Sir Joshua is here at his happiest. Here, for instance, is "Venus Disarming Cupid," "Hope Nursing Love," "Puck," and "Robinetta." Here is Reynolds's "In-

fant Johnson" (the quizzical, half-sportive, imagined sketch of the great lexicographer as a baby), the fine early canvas representing the "Ladies Amabel and May Jemima Yorke, Children of the Second Earl of Hardwicke," the later and better-preserved "Children of Thomas, Second Lord Grantham." Here, too, are Lord Houghton's "Master John Crewe as Henry VIII." and "Frances, Daughter of the First Lord Crewe," the great artist's well-known but ever-fascinating study of a little girl dressed in white and wearing a black hood.

A late but welcome new arrival, already mentioned, is the wholly charming and spontaneous "Master Charles John Bunbury," a picture painted by Sir Joshua in 1780, and exhibited in the



THE BASHFUL CHILD.

(From the Painting by G. Romney, R.A. By Permission of F. Schwann, Esq.)

Academy in the following year. This canvas, which depicts the most winsome of little lads sitting fronting the spectator, and dressed in red velvet, with the picturesque open collar of the period, was engraved by Francis Haward in the year it was first

shown to the public. Another work popularised by engraving is the famous "Master Charles Lambton," by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Lent by the Earl of Durham (the subject is chosen for our first illustration), the portrait would seem to have suffered somewhat at the hands of the cleaner, for its colour appears a trifle more garish than its admirers remember it some quarter of a century ago at Lambton. That Romney's "Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke at the Age of Thirteen" has been subjected to still greater indignities in a like quarter is patent; fortunately the artist's glowing impressionistic sketch of "The Bashful Child" (lent by J. Frederick Schwann, Esq., and reproduced in these pages) remains practically as it left the easel. Of Gainsborough's "Miss Linley and her Brother," lent by Lord Sackville (see volume for 1892, page 372, of this Magazine), it is difficult to speak too highly—so captivating is the pose of the sitters' heads, so gracious, tender, and expressive is the modelling of the comely faces. Nor must Raeburn's "Leslie Boy," in the Centre Gallery, escape attention while we are considering the masters of momentary expression; for the study alluded to is, above everything, an explicit rendering of what is an obviously characteristic, if fleeting, and in sooth somewhat fawning, appeal on the part of an over-sensitive, emotional boy.

Among the moderns, Sir John Millais and Mr. Whistler easily bear away the palm. The former artist, indeed, is handsomely represented by six canvases:—"An Idyll, 1745," "Orphans," "Bubbles," "The Marquess of Granby as a Boy," "Miss Lawson, Daughter of H. W. Lawson," and,

lastly, by his crisp, vigorous, and eminently representative "The Lady Peggy, Daughter of the Earl of Rosebery." With Mr. Whistler it is otherwise. He exhibits only the canvas known as "Miss Alexander;" but this canvas, betraying as it does the painter's overmastering passion for tone, is no less finely descriptive of his means and methods than

is Sir John's boldly assertive "Lady Peggy."

Of many remaining portraits, such as Sir Frederic Leighton's "Miss Dene," Mr. Arthur Hacker's forcible "Master Hoare," Mr. Mouat Loudan's quaintly original "Mariquita," the baby daughter of Mr. Harry Bates; M. Carolus-Duran's clever—perhaps over- clever—"Beppino," and Mr. Richmond's finely-posed "Cicely, Daughter of E. Wormald, Esq.," little space remains to speak. That André Zorn's "Children of Mrs. Carl Meyer" deserves, both on the score of its fine characterisation and breadth of handling, a description more adequate than the present one is certain, as that some of the same qualities, perhaps chiefly the selective instinct which makes for simplicity and directness, are to be found in Princee Pierre Troubetzkoy's "Master



DIANA, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

Keith Menzies." To Mr. J. J. Shannon honour is no less due. It is possible, of course, to regret this or that other canvas from the same hand. But, on the whole, few people will quarrel with Mr. Shannon's present representative—the small, blonde, bare-footed lady, who, robed in pearly satins, and clasping, with the infinite solemnity of babyhood, a purple poppy in her uplifted hand, makes her bow (figuratively) as "Diana, Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby" in the exhibition of the present year.

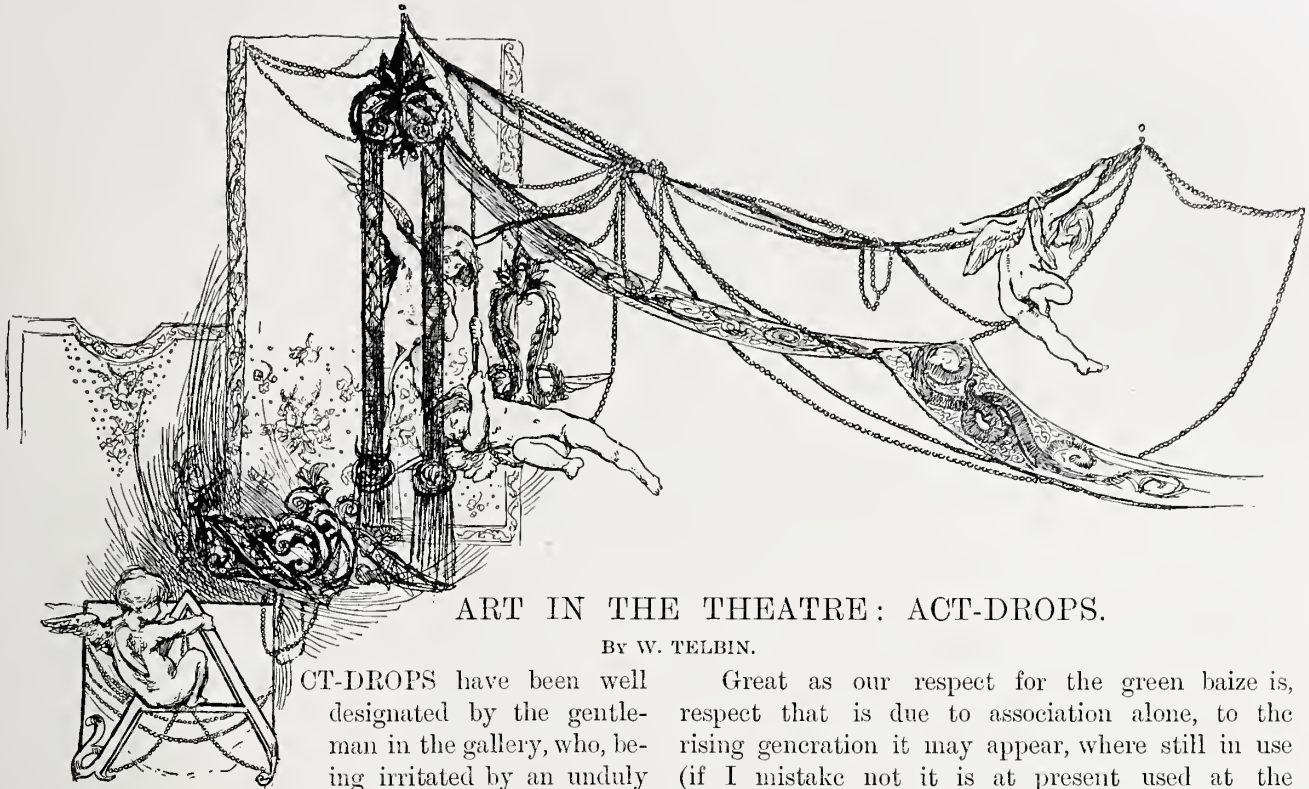


MADAME DE RECAMIER.

(From the Painting by David, in the Versailles Gallery. Engraved by Jonnard. See page 346.)







## ART IN THE THEATRE: ACT-DROPS.

By W. TELBIN.

ACT-DROPS have been well designated by the gentleman in the gallery, who, being irritated by an unduly prolonged interval between

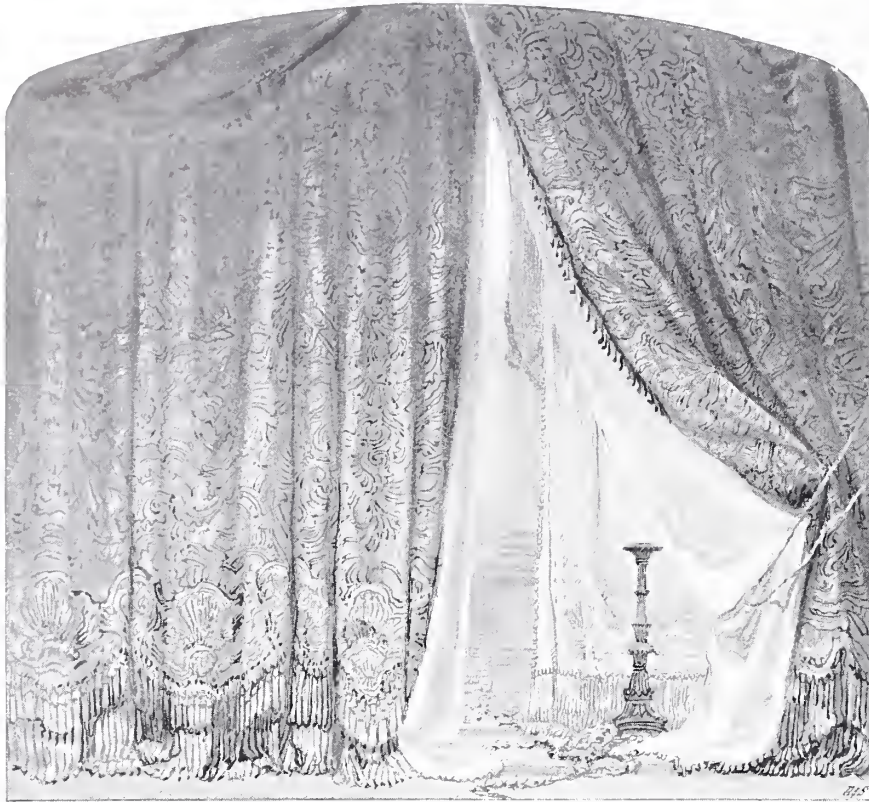
the acts, cried out, with a voice of unmistakable authority, "Pull up the blind;" for "the blind" shuts off all interest from the stage, and is in return shut off from all participation in the intellectual feast of the evening. It is an isolated item—an item in the decoration sometimes, but generally a thing apart—and whatever be done with it by the greatest painter, it is still but a blind.

As to our rooms at home we have blinds of various forms and materials, so we connected with the theatre have not been lacking in ingenuity and invention. First of all comes the time-honoured green curtain, then the painted drapery curtain, or blind, and the drop-scene, a feature rather apart, which claims for itself attention from the audience, independently of the decoration of the auditorium or the subject represented on the stage. In this order I will say what I have to say upon each departure of artistic taste or fashion. Association and veneration warp our judgment, and it is difficult to imagine how a thing may look to those who, late in the world and early in life, cannot possess the one and may never feel the other; but the green curtain to us older men is an appeal to "Prepare to see! Prepare to hear!" and slowly descending after the play, it seems to whisper *requiescat in pace*, or to echo Hamlet's last words—"the rest is silence;" silence more eloquent than the eternal flood of words that follow this one man's argument.

Great as our respect for the green baize is, respect that is due to association alone, to the rising generation it may appear, where still in use (if I mistake not it is at present used at the one house—the Lyceum—that exemplifies all that is highest in the stage of to-day in continuity with the best traditions of the past), to be a rather primitive arrangement. This I can easily understand, for do not we Englishmen feel irritated beyond measure at the clumsy three thumps with a stick upon the stage of a French theatre which serve as the cue for the raising of the curtain? But to the *habitués* of the *Comédie Française*, or the *Odéon*, how different those three rude thumps may sound! The green curtain, at any rate where it has been used during my recollection, has only been exhibited at the beginning of a piece and lowered at the end; in the interval between the acts a painted canvas, either representing drapery or other form of decoration, or a landscape (classical mostly), has been used.

A commission to paint this canvas was always sought for by the scene-painter, for it was, and is, comparatively speaking, the only durable record of his work. Such a commission was considered a diploma of merit of the highest order, only falling into the hands of those of the ripest experience.

For many years a sort of pseudo-classical composition was much affected for act-drops, but this style of subject degenerated into a perfect burlesque, except when treated by one or two of the most competent men; thorough "nonsense pictures," as Mr. Ruskin even calls some of those in this direction by the greatest landscape-painter, Turner—broken columns and cornices that never could have had the slightest relationship to one another, fragments as much like

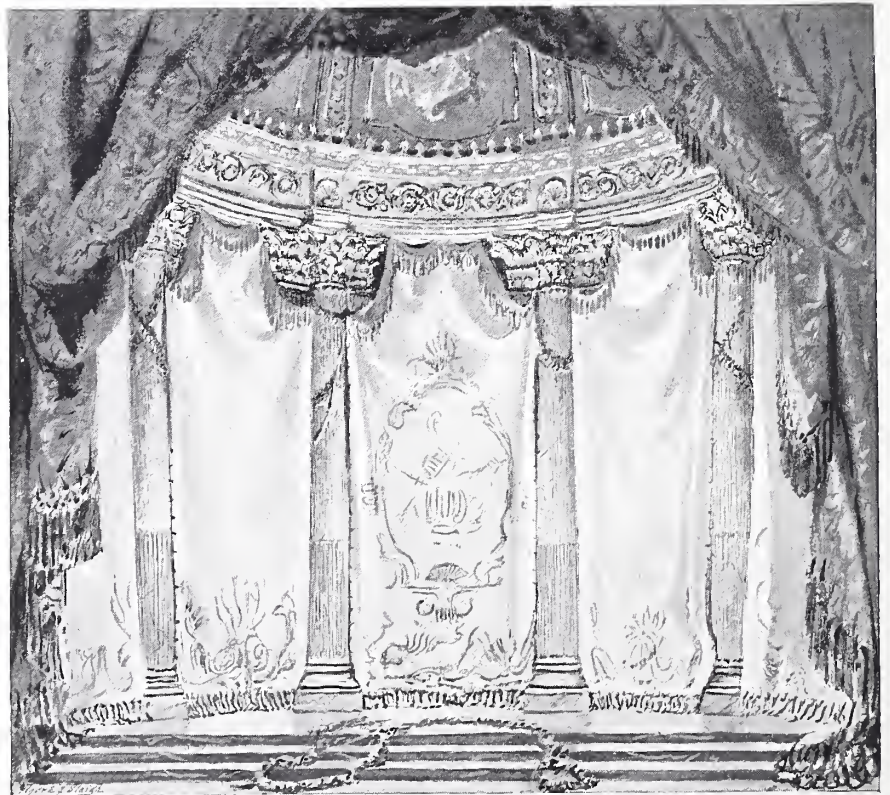


ACT-DROP AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.  
(By W. Telfin.)

portions of one design as those in a monumental sculptor's yard at Kensal Green, or a piece of Wardour Street antique oak furniture. Stanfield, after he had ceased painting for the stage, made a drawing for an act-drop, which was copied in large for the "New Adelphi Theatre," a composition introducing a classic building on the hillside on the left of the picture, with a group of very English-looking trees on the right. I fancy it was not considered to be a very great success.

Architectural, allegorical, and emblematical subjects treated by the past-masters of the scenic profession appear to have been greatly successful in meeting the requirements of a suggestive piece of decoration. For an act-drop to be successful a design should, in my opinion, be only suggestive, and not bear too directly upon any one special aspect of the

drama, as our theatres in the vicissitudes of their existence fall into strange hands, being sublet at certain periods to tenants whose productions are as the anti-theses of art to one another. For instance, at the Lyceum Theatre for some months in every year, Shakespeare, Goethe, or Tennyson, and the works of the followers of the bright lights of the classic form of drama are represented, and at intervals pantomime and opera bouffe find a temporary home there: therefore a subject representing the great dramatists, actors and actresses—Garrick, Kean, Siddons, and the Kembles, &c.—mounted in the highest heaven of artistic invention, would be out of place, as, indeed, would be the Triumph of Terpsichore or the dumb virtues of pantomime. A decorative subject agreeable in colour, graceful in design, will not offend in one case and



ACT-DROP AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

may add tone in the other; I distinctly feel that representations of scenes from particular plays are inadvisable. In support of this opinion, two illustrations from subjects are given. The first is a reproduction of Mr. D. T. White's and John O'Conner's picture from the *School for Scandal* as represented by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's

wise; calm water, placid skies, and the graceful rhythmic movement of the minuet—rather than stormy seas, wild and driving clouds, or dizzy whirling waltz—and thus for movement and colour is the *School for Scandal* scene exactly right.

I do not quite care, however, for the oval form. Mr. Ruskin wrote, in his notes upon a drawing in the



ACT-DROP AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

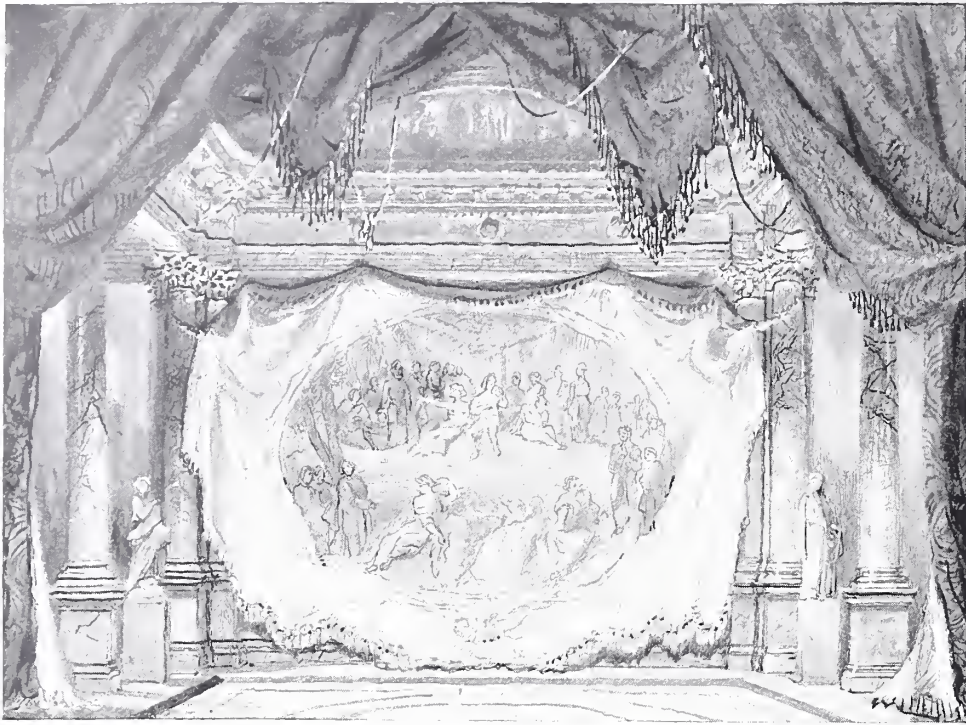
(By D. T. White and John O'Conner. From an Oil Sketch by D. T. White.)

Theatre; and the other, Charles the First and Henrietta Maria in the grounds of Hampton Court Palace, by Mr. Hawes Craven, for the Lyceum. They are both charmingly painted, and most agreeable subjects, but are too distinctly individual to be quite appropriate in their agreeable public position.

As with this too special interest, I also think that too much action is to be avoided on an act-drop. In the illustration on page 339, "Semiramide Driving the Chariot," the horses are too full of violent movement—though I have only seen the sketch herewith reproduced. The drop itself hangs in Madame Patti's private theatre at Craig-y-Nos. Galloping horses must, of course, represent violent action, therefore the choice of subject I think not

New Water-Colour Society's exhibition by my father, "Not a wise one," the oval shape, "for a landscape, where one wants to know accurately the difference between slope and vertical, as bearing much on the sublimities of some things and the moral characters of others." In an interior one wants thoroughly to see the verticality of the walls and the just level of the floor, to appreciate the grouping of the figures and their actual inclination or slope (as of the hills).

Perhaps the arrangement most acceptable to architects and generally favoured by managers is the painted drapery "blind"—the last term including every arrangement, from the iron shutter to the satin *tableau* curtains. Sometimes, as in the case of



ACT-DROP AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(By the late W. Telfin.)

those at the Lyric, at the late Opera House in the Haymarket, and at the Palace Theatre, this is used in combination with architecture and sculpture, as the others at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Lyceum consist simply of drapery.

The reader will, perhaps, understand from the preceding remarks that, in my opinion, the merit of this large decorative surface should be rather of the negative than of the positive order—no artistic conundrums, no violent colour—unregarded, unintruding; but, being inspected, not unworthy of attention.

In part agreement with this feeling, only more advanced—an advancement that I should be the last to encourage—it was suggested to

Mr. D'Oyley Carte, I presume, to apply to the upholsterer instead of the painter. Most costly were the great gold-coloured brocade satin curtains at the sometime English Opera House, and most beautiful, too, when in motion: dropping down from either side of the marble proscenium, the effect was that of molten gold poured from a giant smelting pot; but when at rest they were monotonous and uninteresting, and soon presented a dust-begrimed surface.



ACT-DROP AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

(By Henry Emden.)

To tableau curtains I have not yet referred. In this country they are seldom used and are not very acceptable to the public; but as one notable exception during recent years, I would call to mind the cream-coloured satin curtains, embroidered with lilies, used in the Lyceum revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, behind which was sung the delightful hymn composed by Sir Julius Benedict, and which rose to the admirably arranged scene depicting the grief of the Capulets and their household.

The advertising drop is an atrocity that only the

effects, was knocked down for the respectable sum of nine hundred guineas.

David Roberts, in his autobiography, speaks very enthusiastically of the work of several of his contemporaries in the direction of the subject of this paper. Visiting Glasgow in 1819, he saw a drop by Alexander Nasmyth (father of Nasmyth of steam-hammer reputation, who, it is recorded, first exercised his engineering tastes by constructing a small steam-engine to grind his father's colours), representing a view on the Clyde, with Dumbarton



ACT-DROP AT MADAME PATTY'S THEATRE, CRAIG-Y-NOS.

(By T. D. White and F. Harker. From a Sketch by T. D. White.)

older theatre-goers in England can recollect, at any rate as being used at a West-end theatre. I believe one was last used at old Covent Garden just before it was burnt down. How strange it is that so artistic a nation as the French should tolerate them at some of their leading theatres!

A few words must be said upon the work of the drop-scene painters of the past. The words must necessarily be few, as with one exception nothing remains of their work, and any written accounts of it are seldom to be met with. A small act-drop by Clarkson Stanfield — Eddystone Lighthouse — painted for a private theatrical performance given at Tavistock House by Charles Dickens, still exists. This piece of distemper painting, at a sale of the novelist's

Roek in mid-distance. This, he says, "was so wonderfully painted, that it excited universal admiration." He also refers to one painted by Dixon at Newcastle-on-Tyne, adapted from a drop at Covent Garden designed by Smirke. It was a sort of Valhalla of the drama: the great dramatist stood in the centre, surrounded by the Muses and supported by the leading dramatic poets. The Covent Garden drop referred to "represented a monument supposed to be erected in the metropolis to the memory of Shakespeare. In the centre was a temple containing a statue of the poet supported by Thalia and Melpomene, and ranged around were other Muses; in the background appeared the dome and campanile towers of St. Paul's" Roberts mentions that "to obtain

complete harmony, the decoration and painting of the audience department ("Auditorium" was not then in circulation, the word being coined or reissued later on by Dion Boucicault) was done under his supervision.

Charles Marshall, an octogenarian scene-painter (not, by-the-by, an exceptional instance of longevity among us), only recently dead, painted a classical subject for Drury Lane, which was superseded under Macready's directorship by the cloth painted by Stanfield for *Acis and Galatea*. This was a sort of *tableau* curtain for Handel's opera, representing several small subjects enclosed in a Grinling Gibbons style of frame. I saw, I believe, an exact copy of this drop by William Callcott, for the Princess's Theatre, for a revival of the opera during the Vinings' management of that house. When the present Covent Garden Theatre was first opened, it was furnished with a painted curtain by my father, which was the noblest work in upholstery painting I think he ever did. The grand lines of Barry's handsome theatre and the simplicity of the decoration added greatly to the effect of the large and sumptuously trimmed folds of pale pink satin of the curtain. From the same hand, though designed by Stanfield, came the act-drop at the theatre first known as the "King's," afterwards "Her Majesty's," in the Haymarket; the older generation of opera-goers may still recollect the amber-satin curtains with Raphaelesque decoration which gave such a remarkably rich and distinguished look to this house. In the late building, which rose from the

ashes of the one just referred to, the act-drop was also the work of my father.

In the limits of a review it is impossible to refer in detail to much good work, most agreeable to recall; but this short record would be most incomplete without mention of the Greenes, father and sons (William and Thomas), long connected with the two opera houses, and who, during their long professional career, painted many act-drops and curtains for the London and provincial theatres. W. Greene's work I never saw, but my old friend John Absolon always spoke most admiringly of it. Thomas Greene I can well recollect—mostly landscape, quiet and sombre in colour, technically very complete, failure hardly possible, but thoroughly conventional in treatment.

William Beverley, whose work of course many readers of these lines can recollect, chose generally a classical subject for an act-drop, delicate in colour and very pretty in drawing, but just a little artificial; in treatment of a decorative subject he was not successful. Of John O'Conner's work several excellent examples are still on view—perhaps the best at Manchester (Theatre Royal), a view of Windsor Castle, to which, if I mistake not, Sir John E. Millais added a swan. And George Dawson, of great individuality, socially and professionally, painted for many years for Ducrow at Astley's amphitheatre; and while there painted a drop-scene which Mr. William Callcott (an excellent judge) has described to me with much enthusiasm, representing a chariot race in the amphitheatre at Rome.



ACT-DROP AT THE LYCEUM.

(By Hawes Craven.)

## A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. W. M. ROSSETTI.

By WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

ON the 15th of August last I read in the morning paper, with what would have been joy if it had not been grief, an announcement that the sole bequest of Mrs. Rossetti was her picture, "Romeo at the Tomb of Juliet" to me for my life. It was just four months after her death at San Remo, and I had not yet been apprised of the remembrance. It came to me then, in a flash, that one of the most characteristic qualities of the friend I had so dearly prized was that essentially artistic quality of following impulse with action. With her, to conceive a courtesy was, even at great pains, to put it into shape. To imagine was almost to express in fact.

For, just as a magnifying-glass brings out the lines of a blurred print, I saw clearly by the light of this recognition the meaning of a visit I had paid her a year before, when she had long been shut up in ill-health at St. Edmund's Terrace and had occupied some of her hours of weakness in making translations from Petrarch. As both she and I were fervent admirers of her brother-in-law's translations of Italian poetry, I had been deeply interested to hear of her being busied with similar work. Nobody else knew about it—(extracts from the letters that concerned this occupation will be given by-and-by)—and when the little MS. volume reached me a few days before, I had opened it with anxious expectation, and been greatly disappointed. Her knowledge of Italian was not thorough, her English verse was haunted by echoes; in fine, the things would not do at all, and, as an honest friend, I had to tell her so. After some correspondence, I decided to discuss them with her verbally. Far from being painful, as I had

feared, the hour was a very pleasant one. Mrs. Rossetti was too clear-sighted not to see the faults of her work, and she was delightfully eager to fling

the whole volume at once into the easy fire by which we were sitting. Then suddenly, in some slight widening of the subject, we got to discussing where her strength really lay; it was like coming out of some hazardous cutting into clear sunlight and an open road: "Why don't you, as you get stronger, go on with your painting?"

On an easel in the front drawing-room, where the north light still was clear, stood the beautiful picture of "Romeo at the Tomb of Juliet."\* Here was a rendering, here a translation indeed! The picture, now reproduced, speaks for itself, as perfectly poetical, perfectly new. Romeo

has burst into the vault, and is bending over the peaceful form of his beloved. "I don't believe I could paint like that now," she said. "I've been wondering: is it really good?" This was a sort of question to which it was a happiness to be asked to reply.

It then transpired that there was some talk of the picture being purchased for a public gallery; of this possible sale, of price, and all its details, we talked for some time. It was getting late, she was tired, and in the dusk she had sunk into an armchair near the long windows. I was struck with the queer removedness of her manner. "But I would not sell it now," she said, "at any price; I have made other plans for that picture." Thinking



LUCY M. ROSSETTI.

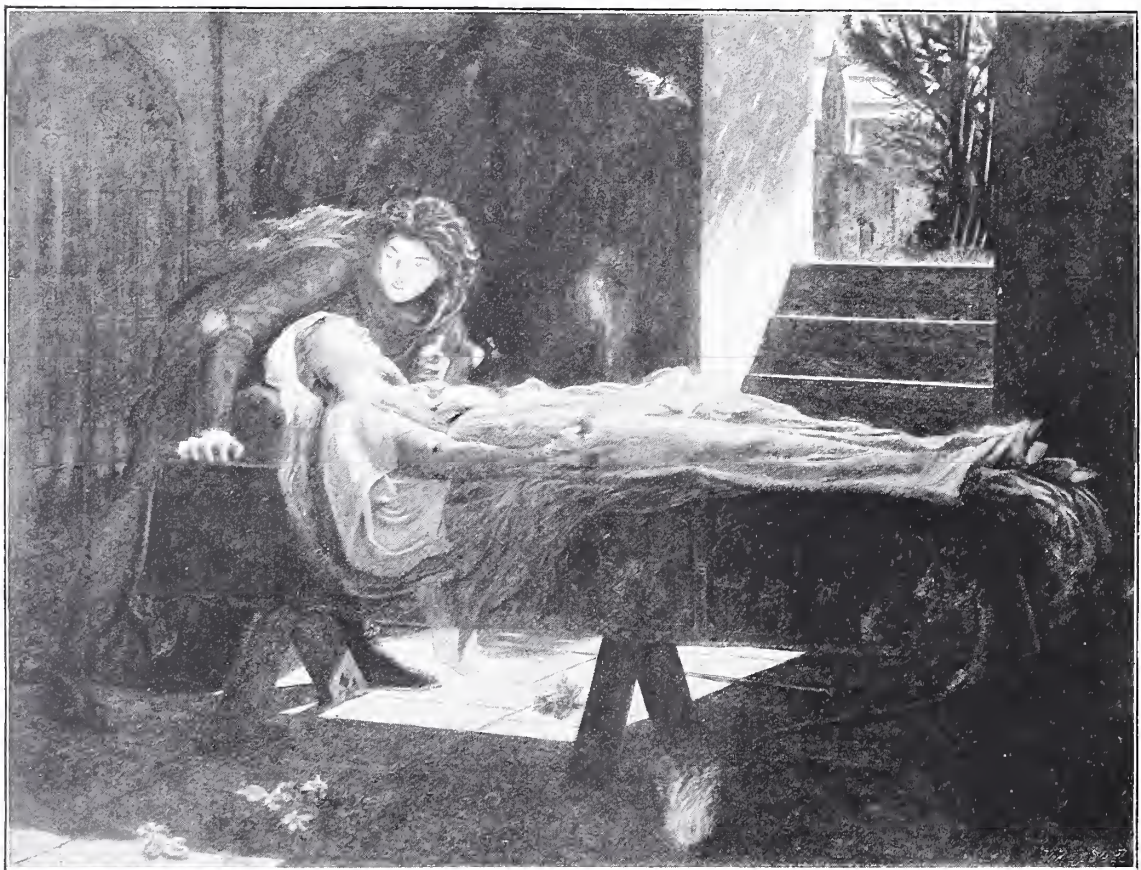
*(From the Portrait by Dante G. Rossetti.)*

\* Exhibited now at the Guildhall Exhibition, and included in the "Masterpieces of English Art," shortly to be published. A French critic of eminence, Ernest Chesneau, admired this work enormously some years ago.

it over now, I realise her restless spirit to have argued somehow thus: "He shall have the picture always before him, to show that I could do something great, something better than the Petrarch translations, something that had even a high value in money, had I chosen to sell it, and as a memorial of to-day." Many people might have harboured some such thought a moment and let it pass. With most of us life moves so fast that our resolves are as evanescent as our vexations, but what was characteristic of my friend was that she made this wish the only special wish expressed in her will, which dates from the following month. The picture is mine for life, with remainder to the little daughter—Maisie—who was with us part of the time.

In memory of that day and in recompense for this remembrance, I ask here to note a few qualities of her genius. Mrs. Rossetti was a woman of wide and varied taste, with unerring admiration

for its channel of expression a quiet life narrowed by illness and a rather specialised view of art. The work of her father, Ford Madox Brown, like the work of D. G. Rossetti, has for the defect of its strength that it impels to imitation, that you cannot see much of it without becoming attempered, without ceasing to be surprised: and she had seen it always. There exist pictures of hers which would have been far more vital had they not been so attempered. Her father once showed me one in his possession (here reproduced), "The Duet," which she painted in the height of her powers, of which he told me that Rossetti said to him, "This time Lucy has painted a really perfect picture," and here and there her work is so possessed by the manner of his school that it might almost pass for Rossetti's, though he hardly painted with such exquisite touch. But the "Romeo and Juliet" is at once more womanly and more alive. Here is work more dramatic than decorative; impulse;



ROMEO AT THE TOMB OF JULIET.

(From the Painting by the late Lucy M. Rossetti. The Property of W. M. Hardinge, Esq.)

for the beautiful, unerring contempt for the sordid, large-hearted, vehement in partisanship, strong in dislikes, almost intemperate in her zeal for justice; and this broad impassioned nature of hers had

even an effect of light—a flash, as it were, of action and that sureness which inspiration brings. You feel at once that she saw the incident so, starting towards her out of ideal truth, not flattened, not



conventionalised: this was really how the lovers looked as the drama wrought itself out in her lovely soul.

cousin Elizabeth Bromley. They were a very youthful couple, this pair of cousins, who were but twenty

Other work of hers had impressed me deeply from the day I first made her acquaintance. Here is one of them—it used to hang over the back drawing-room fireplace in Endsleigh Gardens, and is seen now to less advantage in the Regent's Park house—"Lord Surrey and the Fair Geraldine." In this the merely technical achievement of the grey fur mantle is a marvel. There is not surely in any woman-painter's work anything to come near it anywhere; it has more force and reality than the finest work of Mrs. Stillman, her fellow-pupil. This other picture of hers, of a girl falling asleep after a ball, in the dim dawn, is a thing once seen to recollect for ever. The amount of thought in each of these works is almost fatiguing to realise. You feel that in each frame abides a bit of the very life of the painter's heart and brain: an individual essence. One of my unforgettable things is the first sight I had of her father's great picture "Work." It seemed amazing that the mind which had conceived and the hand which had executed *all that* should have been able to go on again after. How different an impression to that produced by the masterful facility of

—Rubens, say, the vacuous wonder of the easy miracle which can be repeated so often without mental effort. And, in degree, this is what Mrs. Rossetti's pictures make one feel. Each is a little history, a poem full of original thought. What laborious imagining and what unstinted pains—the pains that only youth will give, unsparing of self! It is of just that "pains" that Rossetti and Millais became niggard as they became famous; but you find it in their early work, and Holman Hunt has never ceased from it. It is the very converse of the modern impressionist school, it gives absolute, not accidental, truth—truth that will endure the illumination of before and after.

Emma Lucy Rossetti—this was the correct name, though she always called herself Lucy Madox Rossetti—was born in Paris on the 19th of July, 1843, and was the only child who lived of the first marriage of her famous father, Ford Madox Brown, with his

and nineteen respectively at the date of their marriage, and they lived in France, where he worked hard at his painting. The young mother died of consumption in 1846. She was a beautiful woman, and her firm fine traits, with something more of power, were clearly to be discerned in her child. Though Lucy was educated by an aunt at Gravesend, she went to live at 166, Albany Street, with the Rossettis for some years when she was but eleven years old, and Mr. Rossetti and his daughter were her generous counsellors. This sojourn is artistically interesting, determining, as it must have done, not only her subsequent career, but the bias of her taste.\* Her future husband, too, was of the little group, not Gabriel.

\* The acquaintance of the Rossettis with the Madox Browns arose from D. G. Rossetti having in March, 1848, addressed Brown (whom he did not know but admired as a painter and inventor) when he wished to train himself in the processes of art. (*Note by W. M. Rossetti.*)



LORD SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE.

(From the Painting by the late Lucy M. Rossetti. In the Possession of W. M. Rossetti, Esq.)

At the age of nine, she drew for about three months, but had no further art-training till she was

(water-colour landscape), Dudley Gallery, 1872; and (8) "Margaret Roper" (oil), Manchester Exhibition, 1875. Of these the second, third,

fifth, sixth, and eighth are still in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's possession.\* It may be possible to have all her work exhibited somewhere together some day. After the date of her marriage (March 31st, 1874) she drew and painted but little. There were five children, of whom four survive.

It was after an attack of bronchial pneumonia in 1885 that her health failed steadily and she developed consumption. She left England finally with her three young daughters (October 3rd, 1893), and went to Pallanza, thence to San Remo, where she died on the 12th of April following, at the Hôtel Victoria.

The shock of Mr. Ford Madox Brown's death, which happened suddenly just after she had gone abroad, was a grief she never rallied from, though the villa she occupied at Pallanza—Villa Cadorna in Castagnola—is so delightful, and in a spot so beautiful, that one feels she must have had some consolation from nature. It would be hard to imagine a lovelier prospect than from its sunny terrace. She is buried in the cemetery at San Remo.

Besides the Petrarch translations—now no doubt destroyed—she had written a little at times in prose. She wrote the "Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley" ("Eminent Women" Series), 1890, and in THE MAGAZINE OF ART (1889) an account of her father and his pictures. She began at Pallanza a biography of him, too, which Longman was to have published, but this did not proceed far.

Mrs. Rossetti knew French and German, and spoke them correctly; she picked up some Italian after marriage, and had studied Latin with a master before. She was not a great deal abroad, but her three chief tours were made in good company; she visited Belgium and Cologne with the Morriszes in 1869, Rome and Venice in 1873 with the Bell Scotts, Miss Boyd and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and in

\* Mr. Rossetti has two other water-colours by his wife, one of Charmouth in Dorsetshire, painted 1879, and one an unfinished study—a girl at a lacquer cabinet.



APRÈS LE BAL.

(From the Painting by the late Lucy M. Rossetti. In the Possession of W. M. Rossetti, Esq.)

twenty-four. Early in 1868, one of her father's assistants failed to do some routine work, and she boldly volunteered to supply the defaulter's place. She did this work well, and then studied regularly under her father, who hired rooms in Bolsover Street, Miss Spartali (Mrs. Stillman), and Mrs. Hueffer and Oliver (her own half-sister and brother), being there at the same time.

She exhibited altogether eight pictures:—(1) "Painting" (girl painting from old woman, who holds some faggots: the girl from her sister Catharine, Mrs. Hueffer), (water-colour), Dudley Gallery, 1869; (2) "Après le Bal" (water-colour), Dudley Gallery, 1870; (3) "The Duet" (water-colour), Royal Academy, 1870; (4) "Romeo at the Tomb of Juliet" (water-colour), Dudley Gallery, 1871; (5) "Ferdinand and Miranda Playing Chess" (oil), Dudley Gallery, 1872; (6) "Fair Geraldine" (water-colour), Dudley Gallery, 1872; (7) "Lynmouth"

1874 Naples and Florence with the last-named (her husband) on their marriage trip.

For many years of her wedded life she lived in a fine house (rather Georgian) in Endsleigh Gardens—in some respects a worthier setting for her than the smaller, brighter house on Primrose Hill to which, partly to be close to Mr. Ford Madox Brown and partly to avoid the fogs, she and her husband ultimately moved in 1890. It was in Endsleigh Gardens that I, one day, some six years ago, had the honour of making her acquaintance owing to something I had written about Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for whom she had always had the warmest, most appreciative affection.

About the MS. translations from Petrarch, she first wrote to me, incidentally to the phrase "Happiness from conversation."

"The idea has always seemed to me one of the only means of going a little beyond oneself—so desirable. My conversations have generally had to be imaginary, but I have had pleasure from dreams, and somehow I seem to have lived in a dream for some time. I scarcely know what is dream and what is life, but the heroes of romance and chivalry have in some way come into this dream and appeared to have a reality. As a test to see whether I am bereft of sense or not, I have daily done some work at a sort of literary attempt which I should much like to have your real opinion of at some convenient time. . . . Curiously, work-a-day life has been easier while dreaming."

And again, March 21st, 1893:—

"I think the occupation has *helped* to keep me alive during the winter: does not it sound a little like the Thousand and One Nights—a thing to live by a little longer? I don't remember having ever asked a favour for myself of anyone in my life before."

The letter she wrote on the evening after the episode of our discussion—on the day she determined about the picture—contained the following passages:—

"Thank you so much for taking so much trouble for me; it was a strange impulse at trying to do something out of the every-day line. I am glad I showed it to no one but you, and I feel your remarks and notes were most true. I feel I have committed a kind of moral suicide, for I valued your friendship. Now you will see me as others see me. . . . I pity suicides: for I am sure they must go on feeling. I must trust to eternal truth and the compassion of nature (if there is such a thing) to be my help. I should have liked to ask one other small favour, but I will not. If there was anything to cure, and this has cured it, the impulse was right. . . . This letter is like a long journey after a happy time which one would not wish to end

as it seems part of the time. I felt I should get truth from you;—if only all could be truth!"

Once, of a book of mine, she wrote:—

"It is too true to be soon successful. People don't mind truth about Yorkshire schools or laundresses, but when it comes near themselves they get uncomfortable."

Elsewhere, also about truth:—

"I really am not conscious of ever having done anyone harm, but I may have a capacity for inspiring dislike! In art matters, it is true, I have expressed my opinions pretty freely, both as to the art and the supposed authorities on the subject; in other matters I have never borne false witness, nor true, against any neighbour. . . . It would be worth having the whole world of enemies to have the dream of a friend."

And the following fragments are charming:—

"I have felt the same about doing nothing. But, dear me,



THE DUET.

(From the Painting by the late Lucy M. Rossetti.)

what a pity many don't recognise their want of inspiration and knowledge too!"

"How much nicer a 'draughtless studio' would be; I have never had such a nice idea suggested to me before."

"I remember I never thought of weather when I was painting; rather strange to say, colour seemed scarcely to require looking at."

"What a good thing happy thoughts remain when all else seems hopeless!"

After a visit to the Royal Academy, June, 1893, she wrote appreciatively:—

"Some of the pictures come so vividly before me; the sweet, sad face of Lady Agnew—the picture is wonderful;\* and then that lovely, dreamy, golden landscape, with the golden wedding foreground.† I am so glad to have seen that. I saw my father on returning, and my description . . . has inspired him with the intention of going to see the works—which he had not thought of doing—especially the Bellona.‡ I have been feeling so much better since seeing the pictures."

"The creative, intellectual, and moral qualities must have continuation, though the more earthly are of the nature of dust."

"As to enemies—after all—I don't know that I believe in them. *If they are justified they are our friends.*"

And shortly before her death, she wrote from Milan:—

"Some hours spent in the Brera Gallery have restored my strength. How delightful it is to be taken out of the common life, and to feel that those you have cared for are *one with these great immortals*. Oh! there must be reunion of those who are really alike in their real selves—I often wonder what poor Nolly's§ 'Troth for Eternity' would have been. I thought while there of the palm and laurel wreath you sent my father. . . How I pity the poor who cannot be soothed by art. . . . The Luinis here! . . ."

\* Sargent's. † F. Bramley's. ‡ Gêrôme's.

§ Oliver Madox Brown, her half-brother.

These extracts are poor and few. Mrs. Rossetti's letters were chiefly about pictures of her father's, of which she greatly wished an exhibition to be planned after his death. These, except as showing her filial admiration and fine power of arrangement, would have their better place elsewhere in some memorial of him, and are not specially elucidative of herself. They did not abound in passages of thought. Reading them over, I wish our correspondence had been fuller of such passages: one feels the thoughts afloat above the words—undying thoughts—but the subjects of the letters—projects and plans—were of temporary or just immediate interest. But, poor though they be and few, these passages will serve to show two things: first, something of the impulse which dictated her bequest of her finest picture, and, second, the *reality* of any art-work to her.

She has ceased to be: it is all over—the burning spirit, the right judgment in all things, the passionate desire for beauty—but these pictures of hers remain. Time cannot efface their record; they are too real and too strong to become alms for oblivion. She once said, when somebody misquoted a line of Keats and added, "Oh, the form does not matter," "But surely that is one of the things that *do* matter?" Absolute truth, whether in poetry or painting—the exact and beautiful expression of a thing for ever—being really breath of life and health to her.

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## "MADAME DE RECAMIER."

BY F. GÉRARD AND J. L. DAVID.

THE two portraits of this *belle* of the Consulate and the First Empire fully justify the reputation of her beauty which has been handed down to us by her biographer, and account for the extraordinary influence she had upon all men who knew her, even in her old age. The list of her admirers includes men of such widely divergent minds and characters as Camille de Jourdain, the revolutionist, Lucien Bonaparte, Massena, Bernadotte, Benjamin-Constant, Canova the sculptor, Balanche the poet, Ampère—who was fascinated by her beauty when she had attained the age of sixty—and last, but most important, by Chateaubriand, who seems to have stopped short only at adoration. It is but recently that a collection of love-letters, containing contributions from most of these men, was sold in Paris; and curious reading they must have formed!

Jeanne Françoise Julie Recamier, a daughter of a banker of Lyons named Bernard, was born in

1777, and when only fifteen was married to the man whose name she bore—a Parisian banker. After the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and when Napoleon had established the Consulate, her *salon* became the centre of Parisian social life. Here, arrayed in complete costume of white, this fair-haired, bright-eyed woman swayed and enraptured the poets, artists, and men of talent of all kinds of her time. Her whole life was a continuous successful effort to charm. "Your office," said one, "is to inspire." "You are yourself a poem," said another; "more—you are poetry itself."

Gérard and David have both recorded her beauty, and both have mingled with it the touch of sadness which she habitually wore. The latest pictorial version of Mme. de Recamier's *salon*, which she pervaded rather than directed, is Mr. Orchardson's celebrated canvas, which shows us the sober splendour of her *entourage*, but little of its brilliancy and merriment.

## A PROBABLE GIORGIONE.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

I AM about to commit the sin of all others the most heinous in a student of art—that is, to propose a new attribution for a picture which I have as yet studied only in photographic reproductions, the original being in the distant gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg; and that I have not yet had the good fortune to visit. Nevertheless, the point involved is one of such importance to those who are interested in the study of Venetian art, and the work to be discussed is one of such freshness and beauty, that I cannot resist the temptation of seeking *quand même*, with such means as are now within my reach, to ascertain its right name and place in art, even though by so doing I should lay myself open to the obvious reproach of showing undue haste and temerity.

A detailed description of the picture to which reference is made is rendered unnecessary by the accompanying reproduction, taken by permission of Messrs. Braun and Co., from a fine autotype executed by them from the original. It is, indeed, upon this autotypic reproduction, and a reduction of it in that useful publication the *Klassischer Bilderschatz*, that I am relying in what I have to say about the work.

It is No. 93 in the catalogue (1869) of the Hermitage collection, and is there described as follows: "Madonna and Child, by Titian. The Virgin is seated in a niche, the back of which is ornamented with a coloured mosaic; she holds on her knees the Infant Christ—(dimensions, 0·87 metre by 0·76 metre). This picture is painted in the style of Titian's master, Giovanni Bellini." I find no mention of the painting in the main authorities on the subject; but this may possibly be because I have not searched with any great diligence. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their elaborate and comprehensive "Life of Titian," discuss other St. Petersburg pictures, but not this one. The superbly illustrated volume of M. Georges Lafenestre, "La Vie et L'Œuvre du Titien," published in 1887, contains no reference to my picture. Lastly, the greatest authority on the subject, Giovanni Morelli—the critic who has done more than any other to dissipate the clouds which, since the early sixteenth century, have enveloped the art and the personality of Giorgione, and to distinguish him from his followers and imitators—is also silent, no doubt because he never found his way to St. Petersburg, and knew its artistic treasures only through reproductions.

I am ignorant of the history of the work,\* all

\* It is a panel transferred to canvas.

that I can gather about it, by inference, from the Hermitage catalogue, being that it did not enter the Imperial Gallery with the group of Titians which in 1850 were purchased from the Barbarigo collection at Venice.

More and more as I have familiarised myself with Messrs. Braun's reproduction of the "Madonna and Child" has the conviction grown upon me that we have here not an early Titian, as has been assumed, but that much rarer thing, a genuine Giorgione. How important it would be to establish as a fact what for the present must remain at the best a conjecture, appears clearly when we consider that only two representations of the same subject by Giorgio Barbarelli are known to exist—these being the great "Madonna and Child between S. Liberale and S. Francesco d'Assisi" at Castelfranco, and the "Madonna and Child between St. Anthony of Padua and St. Roeh," in the Prado Gallery at Madrid.†

Let us first see how it differs from similar works of the young Titian in his Giorgionesque phase, and then observe how well it takes its place with the most typical of the now recognised Giorgiones. The earliest in date of the "Madonnas" which can be ascribed with certainty to Titian is the so-called "Zingarella" (Gipsy Madonna), or "Vierge au Parapet," in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna. While there is manifest a family likeness between the two works—as there may well be, seeing that they both spring direct from the last and most sumptuous phase of old Giambellino's art—the differences are at least as striking as the resemblances. Titian's Madonna is the woman of the people beautified by maternity, but not spiritualised by any higher divinity; that which I ascribe to Giorgione is nearer to the latest type of Giambellino as exemplified in the great altar-piece of S. Zaccaria at Venice (1505) and the "Madonna and Child in a Landscape" of 1510 at the Brera—to say nothing of intermediate works which it is unnecessary for the present purpose to enumerate. Still, it is a new type evolved out of the old, with less of the sacred character, with less aloofness from the worshipper than is to be found in even the latest and most human creations of Bellini, but with a tremulous sweetness, a womanliness of the higher and more spiritualised order, which makes ample amends. Then the type of the *Bambino* differs entirely in the two pictures. That in the "Zingarella" is characteristically Titianesque, precisely such as we find again in the

† Still officially catalogued there as by Pordenone, but by Giovanni Morelli given back to its real author, Giorgione.

Cupid of the so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" \* at the Borghese Gallery, and in the *amorini* of the "Three Ages" at Bridgewater House. The hands of the "Zingarella" are much coarser and heavier than those eminently Giorgionesque ones of the St. Petersburg Madonna: there are marked differences, too, in the cast and type of the draperies, which can best be appreciated by a comparison of the two examples here reproduced.

There appears to me to be just such a difference in

and distinctiveness the further we get from the St. Petersburg picture. In the so-called "*Madone aux cerises*" of the Vienna Gallery, Titian, though he reveals his affiliation to Giorgione, is already unmistakably himself, as he is, indeed, in the "Madonna and Child with St. Bridget" in the Madrid Gallery, though this last work is still officially given to Barbarelli. Still less necessary is it for our present purpose to refer to early works of Vecellio, of the class to which belong the "Virgini



MADONNA AND CHILD, KNOWN AS "LA ZINGARELLA."

(By Titian. In the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.)

the quality of the informing spirit in these two works as may be noted between that early Giorgionesque work, the "Sacred and Profane Love" of Titian and the great "Venus" of Giorgione himself, in the Dresden Gallery.

If we take the other Giorgionesque "Holy Families" of the master of Cadore, we find that the more we advance in the direction of maturity

\* Now, according to the singularly ingenious conjecture of Herr Franz Wickhoff, to be called "Medea and Venus" (see "Jahrbuch der Königlich-Preussischen Kunst-Sammlungen," January, 1895).

and Child with St. Stephen, St. Ambrose, and St. Maurice" at the Louvre, and the very similar "Virgin and Child with St. Jerome, St. Stephen, and St. George" at the Vienna Gallery.

The St. Petersburg "Madonna" must, on the other hand, be compared, among genuine Giorgionesque, with the two altar-pieces already mentioned, with the Dresden "Venus," and the Louvre "Concert champêtre." The exquisite beauty of the Madonna is redeemed from what might otherwise appear an undue sensuousness, by that singular and almost classic purity of feature which almost invariably



MADONNA AND CHILD.

*(Attributed to Titian. Probably by Giorgione. In the Imperial Gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. From the Photograph by A. Braun and Co.)*

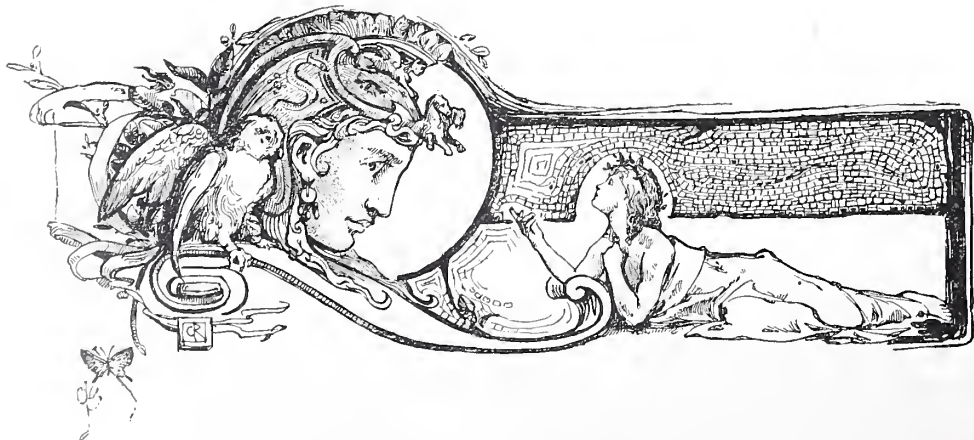
distinguishes the female types of Giorgione. The physiognomy bears no doubt the strongest resemblance to that of the Madonnas in the Madrid and Castelfranco pictures: yet, allowing for the necessary differences of expression, it is even more strikingly akin to that of the Dresden "Venus," and of the undraped female figure standing at the well, in the "Concert champêtre" of the Louvre. Particularly to be noted is the soft rippling flow of the parted hair in all three examples, and the straight line made by the nose and the brow. Titian, even when he most avowedly strove for the Giorgionesque ideal, as in the "Profane Love," and the amorous shepherdess of the "Three Ages," never so elevated and spiritualised a type of beauty naturally of the sensuous order. The figure of the *Bambino* in the St. Petersburg picture is less modern and of a less supple beauty than that in the Castelfranco picture, but it very nearly approaches to the type of the Infant Christ in the altar-piece of Madrid, having all its *vivacité* and more than its pathos. There has already been occasion to note the Giorgionesque type of the hands in our picture; the left one supporting the Infant Christ is almost the counterpart in reverse of the hand which the poet Antonio Broccardo presses to his breast in the portrait by Giorgione at the Buda-Pesth Gallery. Giorgione's draperies in his finest works, and especially in the Castelfranco "Madonna," are studied with extraordinary care, and show by their differences of fold and break the make and quality of the stuff, with a truth hardly equalled by any other Venetian master. In this connection should be noted the puckered folds of the Virgin's bodice—as in the Castelfranco picture—the light flow of her diaphanous veil, and then the bold, splendid cast of her outer mantle. A feature of great interest in the composition, and one which distinguishes it from almost all others in the class to which it belongs, is the curious niche or throne on which the Virgin sits. This is not ornamented, like the altar-pieces of Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, Marco Marziale, and other contemporaries, with the typical By-

zantino-Venetian gold mosaic, but so far as can be made out from the reproduction, with an inlay of coloured marbles rather coarsely applied to architecture of a classical type. Another curious and very significant feature is the plain, hoop-like nimbus round the heads of the Madonna and Child; this is to be found again, done in identical fashion, in the Madrid "Holy Family with St. Antony and St. Roch," but not in the Castelfranco altar-piece—which would, so far, tend to show that the last-named work is in order of date the latest of the series.\*

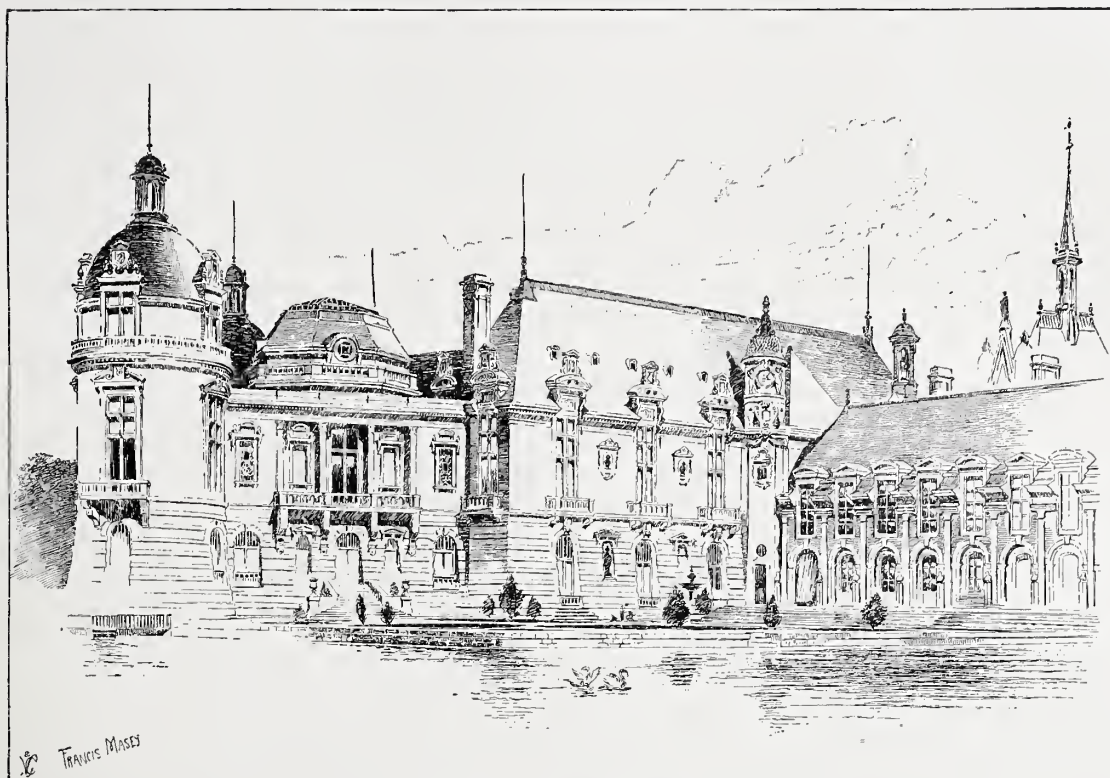
True, there were intermediate men, even between Giorgione and the Giorgionising Titian, possessing some of the outside qualities of both; such as, for instance, the unknown Venetian who is responsible for the "Virgin and Child," No. 1 in the recent Venetian Exhibition (Mrs. R. H. Benson), and the similar, but inferior, "Virgin and Child with Saints," No. 7 in the same exhibition (Capt. G. L. Holford). Some connoisseurs may therefore think it more prudent to ascribe the St. Petersburg picture to an artist of this type. To me it appears, I must confess, even in the reproduction, to breathe the very spirit of Giorgione, to exhale that perfume, of a rare and indefinable exquisiteness which belongs to Giorgione and to none other; with which nothing even in the more mature and splendid art of Titian can be exactly paralleled.

Here the demonstration must for the present end, leaving untouched those all-important points of colour, of technique generally, of preservation, of originality, which can only be dealt with after an examination of the picture itself. I cannot help, however, indulging in the confident hope that the attribution which I have thus ventured to put forward will in the future receive support from those who are lucky enough to boast an acquaintance with the original of the beautiful "Madonna and Child" of the Hermitage.

\* No early "Madonna," by Titian, with which I am acquainted has the nimbus. Where the adult Christ has it, as in the "Tribute Money" of Dresden, it is of the radiating type.







THE CHÂTEAU OF CHANTILLY.

(Drawn by Francis Masey.)

## CHANTILLY AND ITS ART TREASURES.

BY DELIA A. HART.

CHANTILLY, the princely residence of His Royal Highness Prince Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Aumale, son of the late Louis Philippe, King of France, is universally regarded as one of the most beautiful domains in Europe. Its antiquity, the renowned names and splendid souvenirs associated with its history, and the magnificence of its art collection, cast an aureole over its poetic surroundings not easily eclipsed. Chantilly is an idyl; nature unchanged holds her own in the sylvan scenery which frames the exquisite home of this royal patron of the Fine Arts.

Chantilly possesses the distinguished trait of being inaccessible as regards the precise date of its origin. The archives of the Bourbon family record the foundation of the chateau at a period anterior to the ninth century, and the chronicles of the tenth century mention it as an "isolated castle upon the banks of a river, buried in a dense forest." About the commencement of the eleventh century we find the redoubtable chateau in the possession of the "Bouteillers," and afterwards that the ill-fortune of the last of this race obliged him to sell Chantilly to Philippe d'Orgemont, High Chancellor of France.

We are told by the chronicles that the last of

these d'Orgemonts "there lived a quiet and tranquil life, the monotony of which was relieved by fierce skirmishes with his neighbours, the canons of Senlis Cathedral." It appears that eventually the dispute ran so high that Henry the Fifth—then styled of "France and England"—was obliged to interfere. This incident is referred to in the following terms:—"Henri par la grace de Dieu Roy de France et de Angleterre regla les droits de Senlis 23 Mars en son parlement." Then follows a voluminous "whereas." The chateau and lands of Chantilly afterwards passed into the possession of the family of the de Montmorency, through the marriage of d'Orgemont's sister with the grand chamberlain of France of that name. The grandson of this chamberlain was the celebrated "Connétable" of France, the bravest soldier and most cultured intellect of his age, as well as a magnificent protector of the arts. Chantilly owes much to the taste and lavish expenditure of this "grand old man," who, exiled from Court, devoted the latter part of his life to its embellishment. Here the Constable entertained numbers among the greatest savants of the time, and also many of the celebrated artists, among whom may be reckoned

Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Benvenuto Cellini.

The last of the Montmorencys, a marshal of France, was beheaded, having taken part in a revolt against the abuses of Richelieu. Chantilly, his

The grandson of this Condé, Louis, gave to Chantilly the world-renowned stables, which cost ten millions of francs and fifty years in the construction. The château to the east of the grand terrace was built for the use of the suite of the



COURT OF HONOUR, CHANTILLY.

(Drawn by Francis Masey.)

home, was confiscated at the time, but restored soon after by the king Louis XI. to the sister of his victim, by whose marriage the property and château came into the possession of the noble family of Condé. The issue of this marriage was the great Henri Prince of Condé, whose career forms one of the most brilliant pages in the history of his time. Exile from Court drove this prince also to Chantilly, where he dedicated years to the home he loved best.

Under the direction of Mansart, the château was enlarged and decorated with a luxury and taste which excited the admiration of Louis Quatorze himself, who desired the Condé to name his own price for Chantilly. The Condé replied: "My liege, it is yours upon one condition; your majesty's permission to remain as *concièrge*." The famous Le Nôtre designed the grounds and gardens—and the Condé himself the ornamental waters.

masters of Chantilly by this same Seigneur Louis, at the birth of his grandson, the ill-fated lad shot twenty years later by order of the first Napoleon, for the crime of being a Condé. The father of this victim to a tyrant's brutality was the last Prince of Condé, and the godfather of Prince Henri, Duc d'Aumale.

In the year 1840 the present owner commenced to restore his magnificent heritage to its ancient grandeur. The work of repairing the vandalism of the first revolution had, however, scarcely begun when that of 1848 put a full stop of years to its progress, and a decree of exile against the prince was passed. Chantilly was saved only through a nominal sale to our English bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co. In 1877 another decree restored to its lawful possessor this domain, who has since then devoted great part of his fortune to its embellishment.



THE TRIO.

(From the Painting by Louis Uhl. Engraved by G. Hever and Kirmse.)



The chateau was restored and partly reconstructed by M. Daumet, a distinguished French architect, and the chatelet (or little chateau) by M. Duban. The chateau was designed partly as the residence of His Royal Highness, but principally as a receptacle for the treasures of art preserved at Chantilly and at another of the residences of the duke, the historical castle of Beouen. The reconstruction effected by M. Daumet cost eight millions of francs. The ancient foundations were scrupulously adhered to, for the charmingly irregular plan of the first architect, Bullant, has lost none of the quaintness for which he has been reproached, the rules laid down by Palladio being, it is true, sometimes thrust out of sight in order to give place to an originality which one must confess has produced a charming ensemble. M. Daumet has admirably resolved the difficulties encountered in the construction of a new allied with an old building which is in the style of the Renaissance. The

and nobly lighted. As one advances, the innumerable *objets d'art* bewilder and dazzle, each with its history wound up in the heroic lore of the Condé, a long line of fair women and brave men, Chantilly's sad, sweet souvenirs, and regretfully we are constrained to pass on among antique bronzes, enamels, drawings, and gems of the Renaissance, feeling powerless to approach a description rendering even a faint justice to these gorgeous items.

Upon the grand staircase we encounter some magnificent majolica—Rouen, the oldest known to exist—1542. The paintings are located in a succession of highly-decorated *salons*, communicating one with another by means of the beautiful *loggia*, which winds along, laden with its precious freight, separating while connecting these grand centres. The state dining-room, known as “La Salle des Cerfs,” rejoices in the possession of the famous Guise tapestries, which are eight in number, representing hunting scenes, the cartoons for which were



ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM, CHANTILLY.

(From a Photograph by Kuhn, Paris.)

interior distribution is even still more cleverly designed than the exterior, the dominant idea being, the rendering all else subordinate to the exigencies of art. Grand staircase, *salons*, *loggia*, chapel, courts, are simply “amateur galleries,” exquisitely decorated

designed by the Flemish artist, Van Orley. This tapestry was fabricated at Brussels, with the exception of the border, which is the work of Gobelin. Set in a side door of this chamber can be observed a tiny panel, upon which, in enamel work, we find

emblazoned the heraldic devices of the Lords of Chantilly (this long and noble line commences with Guy de Senlis, 1099, and ends with the present Duc d'Aumale, 1830). The delicacy of this work, the circumscribed space upon which the genealogical and heraldic history is wrought, and

and Teniers. That pearl beyond price, "The Three Graces," from the pencil of Raphael, was purchased by the Duc d'Aumale in England. This exquisite gem, not much larger than the palm of the hand, cost £24,000. "La Vierge d'Orleans," from the same divine pencil, possesses the most lovely face



THE CHATELET, CHANTILLY.

(Drawn by Francis Masey.)

the perfection of the design, is one of the "curiosities of literature" as of art. The "Salles des Batailles," a state drawing-room dedicated to the trophies of the Grand Condé, is adorned with paintings after Van Menlen representing scenes from the battles won by the hero, of whom we find a bronze by Coysevox considered a perfect likeness and work of art. The pistols, ivory-handled sword, and banners taken in war are also among its possessions.

"Les Singeries," or monkey boudoirs, draped in white and gold, are decorated in a curious style. The painting of walls, ceiling, &c., represents monkeys grouped in the most fantastic, intricate, and artistic manner. The paintings of these boudoirs is by some attributed to Watteau; but at Chantilly, where facts are not doubtful, to Claude Gillot, Watteau's master.

The noble Rotonde is the crowning beauty of the "Salons des Tableaux." Here we find, perhaps, the most exquisite items of the collection. The ceiling is the work of Paul Baudry, and is a masterpiece which represents the "Rape of Psyche by Mercury." Among the Italian and Flemish masters we find Raphael, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Perugino, Botticelli, Rubens, Vandyek, Van Eyck,

imaginable, not always a gift to the virgins of Raphael. Our own Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by the magnificent portrait of the Duc d'Orleans, grandfather of the Duc d'Aumale.

Entering the *loggia*, one of the most striking objects which arrests the attention is the portrait-bust in coloured wax of Henri the Fourth of France, taken a few minutes after death. The intense sadness of that noble countenance is touching in the extreme, for the anxiety of that troubled life seems in those last moments to appeal to posterity. Close by we are greeted by the beautiful crayon drawings, so justly considered one of the special treasures of Chantilly, which represent in part the collection of Lord Ronald Gower, purchased by His Royal Highness. Some of these crayons are taken from very old paintings, but the many are original, amongst which we may count the portrait of the handsome Constable as a young man, Margaret of Navarre, favourite sister of Francis the First, and a portrait in crayons of Henri the Fourth.

As is natural to suppose, French art wields her royal sceptre in these *salons*, and verily the sign-manual of her power is faithfully inscribed on their august walls. In all this vast collection, however, none captivate the eye as do those exquisite

miniatures, forty in number, from the pencil of Jehan Fouquet, known to the initiated as "Les Heures de Maître Estienne Chevallier," which proceed from the illuminated missal of Estienne Chevallier, treasurer to the king. These specimens of fifteenth-century art were purchased by the Due d'Aumale at Frankfort—Brantome Collection—complete with the exception of three, one of the missing beauties having strayed into Scotland, the other two into the Louvre.

Thanks to the efforts of modern criticism, the name of Jehan Fouquet, so long consigned to oblivion, has been called back to occupy its exalted place among French eminent painters. The works of this master remained locked up in the congenial atmosphere of a government office until about the end of the last century, when, owing to the political earthquakes of the time, the treasures were disgorged and, luckily for art, fell into the unofficial hands of the erudite M. Brantome.

In the *loggia* also are deposited those exquisite *vitreaux*, forty-four panels of painted glass, representing the different scenes in "The Love of Venus and Psyche," the cartoons for which are from the pencils of artists of Raphael's school, attributed to Michel Coxie, and engraved by "Maître Au De," and reproduced in France by Jean Maugin, surnamed "Le petit Angevin" (1555), also by Leonard Gaultier. The designs of Prudhon form another special attraction of the *loggia*. Delicate, cloud-like, soft as the thought which conceived them, these designs of a few inches in size are not less august, less impressive, than paintings of larger dimensions.

Wandering along, still wrapped up in the dream-like world of the *loggia*, we find ourselves in the full glory of the "Salons des Tableaux," and all the charm of the French school smiles out upon us. "Ingres, by himself," is the title of the charming portrait of this master, in which the *spirituel* nature of the painter reveals itself, a tranquil poetry which reflects the soul, and which, in the portraits by Ingres, recalls the emanations of the Italian masters he loved so well.

Magnificent in all its belongings, Chantilly is supremely happy in its library, the richest private collection France has possessed since that of the famous Due de la Vallière. Among the most

valuable things in this priceless collection is a manuscript considered to be the most exquisite and precious now existing, "Les Grandes Heures du Due de Berri," unique monument of the history of French art at the end of the fourteenth century, and which has been the work of various hands employed upon it alone by the Due de Berri, the artists being the first miniaturists of the age.

The chapel, a comparatively modern edifice, is beautified by the works of art transferred by the Due d'Aumale from the Château d'Ecouen, which are due to the exalted taste of the art-loving Constable de Montmorency. The altar, one of the grandest monuments of the Renaissance, is the composition of Bullant, and was executed by Jean



THE CHAPEL, CHANTILLY.

Goujon himself. In the mausoleum of the Condé bronze figures were modelled by Sarrazin which keep their silent watch over the noble hearts here preserved of a grand race, solemnly and sadly consecrated, in this beautiful shrine of art, to the eternal.



FRIEZE.

(Designed by Stephen Webb for Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

JULY.

The National  
Gallery in  
1894

MR. POYNTER'S first report is a highly-satisfactory production. The gallery has increased by thirty-six pictures—as has been duly set on record from time to time in these pages—twenty-three by purchase (three out of the Lewis Fund and one from the Clarke Bequest), and thirteen by gift and bequest. Besides these there have been presented by Mr. YATES THOMPSON the beautiful porphyry bust of "The Dying Alexander," and by Mrs. Hueffer the palette of her father, FORD MADOX BROWN. Twenty-two pictures have been cleaned; twenty-five glazed; half-a-million persons have visited the gallery, paying on students' days £1,116; 20,232 students' attendances have produced 865 oil-colour copies of pictures—307 from the works of 83 Old Masters, and 558 from the works of 56 modern painters (details of the favourite pictures are omitted from this report); and 13,128 catalogues have been sold for £379. In place of the late Sir A. H. Layard and Lord Hardinge, the Marquess of Lansdowne and Sir Charles Tennant have been elected as trustees; Sir Frederick Burton, the late Director, receives a pension of £500. The trustees vigorously urge the Treasury to remove the dangerous barracks alongside and extend the gallery, and explain improvements which have been made in the re-arrangement of pictures. In one of the appendices it is shown that during the past ten years 130 pictures and numerous copies have been added to the collection at the purchase-price of £200,000.

### Some Important Sales.

SEVERAL important collections have recently come under the hammer, chief among them being that of the late Mrs. LYNE STEPHENS. We reproduce two of the finest pictures: the first, a magnificent work by VELASQUEZ, "A Portrait of a Young Lady called an Infanta," was sold to Mr. Agnew for 4,300 guineas: at the Duc de Morny's sale in 1867 it fetched 51,000 francs. "La Game d'Amour," by WATTEAU, realised 3,300 guineas. Other important pictures disposed of were "Faith Presenting the Eucharist," by MURILLO,

(2,350 gns.); "A Lady of the Court of Louis XV.," by NATTIER (3,900 gns.); "Portrait of a Lady," by Madame VIGÉE LE BRUN (2,250 gns.); and "A Group of Three Dogs and a Gamekeeper," by C. TROYON (2,850 gns.). There was also a magnificent cabinet of *objets d'art* in the same collection, the sale of which realised £17,951 17s. 6d., among them being the beautiful pair of candelabra reproduced on page 360. Another collection which has been dispersed was that of the late Dowager Duchess of Montrose, consisting principally of pictures of the English school. The gem of the collection was the "Lady Smith and her Children," by REYNOLDS, which was purchased by Mr. Colnaghi for £5,040. "Madame Le Brun," by GAINSBOROUGH, went for 2,150 guineas. The total of the sale was £55,016. Large sums were also realised at the Clifden Sale. This celebrated collection contained almost unequalled specimens of decorative work of the Louis Quatorze and Louis Seize periods, besides magnificent examples of Dresden and Sevres porcelain. In New York a record price at art sales in the United States was established for a single picture by the purchase of VANDYCK'S "Marchese d'Ispinola" by Mr. Sedelmeyer for 50,000 dollars.



J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Mendelssohn.)

### Art in Australia.

It was recorded in the article on "Art in Australia" in the April Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART that Brisbane was the only city of note in the Australian colonies not possessed of an Art Gallery. We are glad to be able to say that this reproach is now removed, for on March 29 a National Art Gallery was opened with due ceremony by the Governor of Queensland. The catalogue shows that the collection has been started in a very modest way indeed, seventy-nine works out of a hundred being black-and-white drawings, for the greater part copies of well-known Old Masters. But being once founded there is no reason why the gallery should not in time attain to the dignity of the national collections of the sister colonies, the spirit of emulation—a powerful incentive—coming to the aid of the love of art.



**Mayoral Insignia.**

THE Earl of Lonsdale, the first Mayor of Whitehaven, has presented to the Corporation of that place an official mace and a mayoral chain and badge, of which we give illustrations. The mace is crested with the Lonsdale crest (which was also adopted as the crest of the Borough), and below it is the usual open-arched crown, bearing the inscription, in a band running



LIONEL CUST, THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

round its base, "The Mace of the Borough of Whitehaven." The bowl is ornamented on one side with the arms of the town, and on the other the arms, supporters, and coronet of the Earl, separated by the rose and crown of England, all beaten in repoussé. The Royal Arms are displayed on the flat plate of the bowl below the open-arched crown. The stem is divided by a narrow beaded knop, and below is a triangular knop on which is inscribed the record of the gift. One peculiar

feature which distinguishes this mace from the conventional design is that the base is a flat plate which allows of the mace standing upright. The chain is of 18-carat gold, and has as a centre link the arms, crest, supporters, and motto of the Earl of Lonsdale; a miner's pick is placed on each side of the centre link, and from this are continued the other links of the chain, which are thick shield-shaped bands, each surmounted by a mural crown; and between each link are the letters forming the name of the town, "Whitehaven," which can be read either side from the centre link. The badge is a circular one, with an inner circle and four medallions, the inner circle containing the Borough arms, flanked on either side by a dolphin, typical of a seaport town,

and surrounded by an enamelled oak wreath. On the lower medallion is depicted a ship in full sail, the side ones containing a shipbuilding yard and a blast furnace respectively, whilst the top one has a view of a pit-head, all in enamel, and symbolising the trades of the town. Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. J. Bellman, Lowther Street, Whitehaven.

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FRIEZE.

(Designed by Stephen Webb for Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.)

**New Members.** THE following artists have been elected members of the Royal Society of British

Artists: MESSRS. JOHN ABORN, J. NOBLE BARLOW, FRANCIS BLACK, ARNESBY BROWN, A. LEICESTER BURROUGHS, CHARLES COLLINS, C. H. EASTLAKE, WALTER FOWLER, WINDSOR FRY, E. GOULDSMITH, ROBERT HUME, T. IRELAND, BOROUGH JOHNSON, J. E. JACOBS, S. W. LAWRENCE, W. LUKER, JUNR., FRED MILNER, J. E. MOSTYN, GREVILLE MORRIS, J. W. PARSONS, GRAHAM ROBERTSON, HARRY STANNARD, J. SANDERSON WELLS, and W. TATTON WINTER. This large addition has been made to give effect to a resolution to increase the roll so as to enable the Society to hold one exhibition annually of works of members only. There were 117 candidates for membership. The following Associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers have

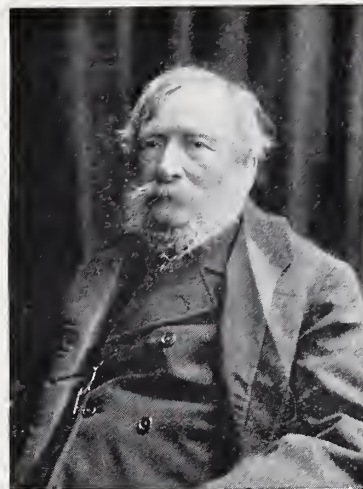
been elected full members: MESSRS. D. Y. CAMERON, J. FINNIE, OLIVER HALL, J. KNIGHT, and A. LEGROS.

**The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour.** IN a body constituted as this Society is the loss occasioned by members not exhibiting is seriously felt. In the present,

the one hundred and twenty-third, exhibition, nearly a score, including among them Sir JOHN GILBERT, Sir E. BURNE-JONES, and MESSRS. GEORGE DU MAURIER, CHARLES GRE-

GORY, DAVID MURRAY, H. MOORE, and E. J. POYNTER, are not represented at all. The drawings — 216 — are also less numerous, and the leading feature of the collection is certainly the landscapes, for whilst there are a good many figure subjects, they do not as a rule strike one as being particularly happy.

Facing the visitor on entering the gallery, in the central position usually occupied by Sir John Gilbert's pictures, is a sweet landscape, "Springtime in the Flat Lands of Essex," by Sir FRANCIS POWELL, President of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society. Professor HERKOMER's "The Golden Rill: a Souvenir of J. W. North," the side of a hill, with red sandy soil, and a good



W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.—RETIRED.

(From a Photograph by Window and Grove.)

deal of foliage, is really so like the work of Mr. North that one requires the catalogue to be assured the drawing is by another hand. The Professor, by-the-bye, has two gems of portraits in "H. H. Armstead, R.A.," and "E. Ouslow Ford, A.R.A.," on one of the screens. "The Water-Cart" is by Mr. R. THORNE WAITE, and some young lovers on a wooden landing stage, with punt moored at the side, "You and I," has the sentiment of the design enhanced by the warm glow of the setting sun over peaceful meadows, by

Mr. TOM LLOYD. "The Principal Entrance to the Mosque of Sultan Kalaun, Cairo," by Mr. HENRY WALLIS, is a wealth of orange, purple, and gold. We have seen more interesting work from Mr. EDWARD R. HUGHES than "Pertuccio's Bride," an incident from Mr. W. G. Waters' translation of "The Nights of Straparola," the subject being one that will hardly appeal to the general public. Mr. J. HENRY HENSHALL'S "Merry goes the time when the heart is young" is scarcely too refined in design, but there is plenty of spirit in the picture, and it is strongly painted. We rather prefer the artist's other work, "The Cradle Song." Mr. BASIL BRADLEY has an interesting group of "The Wild Cattle of Chillingham." "Homeward," by Mr. C. NAPIER HEMY, is redolent of the sea, and the "Procession on Pardon Day, Quimper, Brittany," if a little unlike Mr. BIRKET FOSTER'S usual subjects, is an excellent specimen of that artist's talent. Mr. J. W. NORTH sends only one

small landscape, but that full of charm—"The Mill Pool," and Mr. ERNEST A. WATERLOW one of his poetical transcripts of nature, "The Last Leaves of Autumn." One of the most attractive drawings in the gallery is "An Alsatian Flower-stall," a girl leaning over masses of the many coloured flowers she is selling, by Mr. ROBERT W. MACBETH. "Betwixt Two Worlds," by Mr. NORMAN TAYLER, is replete with suggestion, and "In the Afterglow," by Mr. W. EYRE WALKER, is a view mysteriously indistinct in the warm light of departing day. On the screens among the more noteworthy drawings are "Naseer Monsoor, the Bedaween Sheikh of Sinai," a head full of character, by Mr. CARL HAAG; "Westminster by Lamplight," by Miss ROSE BARTON; "Cottage in the Isle of Wight," one of Mrs. ALLINGHAM'S always delightful studies; and "A Daughter of Eve," by Mr. ROBERT W. MACBETH.

#### Some Minor Exhibitions.

It was almost time that an artist so individual as Mr. DENDY SADLER should have a one-man exhibition; and this year, when only the lesser of his two pictures is in the Academy, seemed the time to hold it. It was opened under the auspices of Messrs. Lefevre, King Street. "The Ride to York," or rather the waiting in the inn parlour for change of horses, a scene full of humour and character, painted with scrupulous

exactitude in that Tom and Jerry period on which Mr. Sadler is one of the greatest living authorities, was the main attraction. This was supported by "Darby and Joan," the painter's best-known work.

An exhibition of Mr. PHIL MAY'S drawings and sketches has been held with signal success at the Fine Art Society's; but as we have so fully dealt with this brilliant draughtsman's personality and art in a recent number of the Magazine, we feel it unnecessary to revert to the subject more fully.

Mr. AUBREY HUNT'S drawings of Tangiers, which have been shown at the Clifford Galleries in the Haymarket, give us another proof of how admirably fitted to deal with the strong light, sparkle, and vivid colour of the South and East is the impressionist's brush. But in the little canvases, "The Shoemaker" and "The Gunsmith," Mr. Hunt finishes as minutely as an old Dutchman—just to show that he can.

On page 237 of the April Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART we published a reproduction of the great picture entitled "The Exiles' Farewell," painted by M. ALEXANDER SOCHACZEWSKI, the Polish artist. This work is now being exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, and presents a vivid record of the horrors of the Russian



MACE FOR WHITEHAVEN.  
(See p. 357.)



MAYORAL CHAIN FOR WHITEHAVEN.  
(See p. 357.)

penal system. The artist himself suffered a term of thirty years' labour at the Siberian mines, so his work is not based upon extraneous knowledge. It is a gigantic canvas containing upwards of a hundred figures painted with a high amount of skill. The numerous studies exhibited in the room show the painstaking efforts of the artist, each group and every single figure being carefully thought out before being worked into the finished picture.

The thirteenth annual exhibition of black-and-white drawings executed for Messrs. Cassell and Company's publications has recently been held at the Cutlers' Hall. Over four hundred drawings were on the screens, and a large proportion of these were by artists of note in this particular branch of art. We need only mention the names of Sir J. D. LINTON, P.R.I., Messrs J. MACWHIRTER, R.A., GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A., W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., ALFRED EAST, R.I., ERNEST PARTON, EDWIN BALE, R.I., W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., W. RAINEY, R.I., R. C. CATON-WOODVILLE, HERBERT RAILTON, PERCY TARRANT, and Miss M. I. DICKSEE, to prove that the exhibition was of a very high order.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery Mr. STACY MARKS, R.A., tempted Providence with a third exhibition of the birds of the Zoological Gardens. His saving grace is a humour too covert to be defined; and he is also a practical ornithologist, dexterous from experience and habit.

**Reviews.** THE second edition of what is modestly

called "*A Dictionary of Artists, 1760—1893*," is a monument of useful labour. The original work, so successfully carried out by Mr. ALGERNON GRAVES, was recognised on its appearance in 1880 as a key, more or less complete, to the history of English art since before the foundation of the Royal Academy. The new edition, also published by Henry Graves and Co., is an enormous improvement upon the original issue, for not only has it been thoroughly revised and corrected, involving a curious amount of difficult research, but the catalogues of every important annual exhibition in the metropolis have been added and analysed, and a possibility of a complete survey offered of the art of the country in all its forms as shown in London. The amount of information of fact and detail here brought together is enormous; and it is doubtful if any other man in the land would have been willing (even if he had been capable) to devote years of his life to such a colossal labour of love. To collectors, to writers, and critics, and to students of the history of art, the volume is indispensable, and to Mr. Graves the thanks of all such are due, not only for the book as it is planned, but for the extraordinary accuracy with which it has been carried out.

The catalogue to the collection of pictures and sketches by GEORGE MASON and GEORGE PINWELL, recently brought together by the Royal Society of Artists of Birmingham, is a book to get and to keep. It is accompanied by a notable essay by Mr. HARRY QUILTER on "The Group of Idyllists," of whom Mason and Pinwell were the chief, and is illustrated by nearly a score of woodcuts by Pinwell and Mr. J. W. North—Dalziel's original blocks. This is not the place to discuss Mr. Quilter's essay; but it is one to read.

"*Wild Flowers in Art and Nature*" (Edward Arnold: London) is a *multum in parvo*. It is natural history, botany, painting, design, and poetry all in one, and each section is very good. The coloured plates, which are the foundation of the work, are by Mr. H. G. MOON. The text describing the method by which these are to be copied is by Mr. SPARKES, the Principal of the National Art Training School at South Kensington. The natural history and botany are by Mr. BURRIDGE, of the Dublin University Botanical Gardens. It is a very pretty book containing many designs by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, and of its kind a very good one. The publisher deserves credit for the way in which it has been produced.

**New Engraving.** MESSRS. SWAN AND Co. have recently made a photogravure plate from the picture exhibited last year in the Royal Scottish Academy, of the meeting between Burns and Sir W. Scott, painted by Mr. C. M. HARDIE, R.S.A. The picture is exceedingly interesting as a bit of history. It represents a drawing room in the house of Professor Adam Ferguson, showing Burns as a man of about thirty, Scott being a lad of half that age. The plate is published by Messrs. Aitken, Dott and Son, of Edinburgh, and it is hardly necessary to add that Messrs. Swan have made a most admirable reproduction of the picture.

**Miscellanea.** MR. W. E. H. LECKY has been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.

The bust of Mrs. Thornycroft, published in the June Part of this Magazine, was the work of Miss ALYCE THORNYCROFT.

Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., has been commissioned by the Government to exe-

cute a large statue of Cromwell. It will probably be placed at Westminster.

Mr. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A., has been elected full Academician. His promotion was rightly considered a certainty, and little excitement attended the election.

Mr. Tate has purchased Sir JOHN MILLAIS' "St. Stephen" for £6,000. The artist's other picture in the Royal Academy exhibition, "Speak! Speak!" has been acquired by the Chantrey Fund for £2,000.

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., is raising a fund for the endowment of the Home Arts and Industries Association, which he has opened with a donation of 1,000 guineas.

The "Frescoes," or rather mural paintings, at the Royal Exchange, by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON (see p. 141, vol. for 1894) and Mr. R. W. MACBETH, were uncovered by the Lord Mayor on the 30th May.

Mr. W. C. T. DOBSON has retired from the membership of the Royal Academy. He was elected a full member in 1871, and is the sixth on the list of living retired Academicians.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

(Flemish School. Recently acquired for the National Gallery. See p. 360.)

We reproduce on page 359 a recent addition to the National Gallery, bequeathed by the late Mrs. Lyne Stephens. "A Portrait of a Lady" is a strong painting by an unknown artist of the Flemish school which has been hung in Room IV. (No. 1,433).

No first-class medals have this year been awarded at the Salon of the Champs Elysées for painting. The Americans and English who have gained third-class medals are MESSRS. NIELS M. LUND, W. L. PICKNELL, W. E. LOCKHART, and T. C. GOTCH, and Miss MADELINE SMITH.

The Antwerp Museum has become possessed of a triptych, "Christ and his Angels," attributed to MEMLING, at the cost of 240,000 francs, to be paid in six yearly instalments. The first of these will be made up by an anonymous contribution of 15,000 francs, and the remainder by Mrs. Beernaert, sister of the former Prime

Minister. The work was discovered by Mr. A. J. Wauters.

Newlyn is to possess a Fine Art Gallery, the cost of which is to be defrayed by Mr. Passmore Edwards. The artists now resident at Newlyn intend decorating the gesso panels on the exterior, and painting the walls of the hall with suitable subjects.

The annual report of the committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and School of Art shows that a high interest is taken in the Museum and Art

Gallery. The exhibition of British Marine Painters was visited by 141,219 visitors. During the year an acceptable addition was made by the transfer from the Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute of the permanent loan collection of Warwickshire drawings. The sale of catalogues was sufficient proof of the interest taken in the gallery, the number disposed of being 24,142.



LA GAME D'AMOUR.

(By Watteau. From the Lyne Stephens Collection. See p. 356.)



LOUIS XVI. CANDELABRA.

(From the Lyne Stephens Collection. See p. 356.)



A YOUNG LADY CALLED "AN INFANTA."

(By Velasquez. From the Lyne Stephens Collection. See p. 356.)



THE NUNS' WALK.

(From the Painting by Marie-Geneviève Duhem.)

## SALON OF THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

SO far as the pictures go at the "Old" Salon—and it is by them almost exclusively that the general public judges—it must be owned that this year's exhibition at the Champs Elysées was one of the most dispiriting inferiority as compared with the general average of its forerunners. The sculpture was, on the other hand, of remarkable excellence, several of the foremost artists of France—among them Paul Dubois, Frémiet, Mercié, Falguière, Bartholdi, and the incomparable medallist Chaplain—having put forward their best work.

Still it would not be safe to pass a definitive judgment on French art from the meagre feast put before the visitor in 1895. We must remember, in the first place, that the split between the two great sections of French artists endures, with the result that at the Old Salon are shown no fewer than 2,813 paintings, cartoons, and drawings, leaving architecture, engraving, and lithography out of the question; while at the Salon of the Champ de Mars we find 1,755 paintings, cartoons, and drawings. With the existing paramount necessity for covering every year the walls of interminable galleries with acres of painted canvas, how is it possible that either the one or the other exhibition should show a high average of excellence,

or should fail to be wearisome as a whole? What one does feel this year more strongly than ever—though much less strongly at the Champs Elysées than at the Champ de Mars—is that the foreigner, using the Frenchman's own weapons, is now running him hard in the race for supremacy. In this moment of pause in French art, when invention is languid and true originality rare, though the modes of pictorial expression and the technical methods of execution are infinitely varied, the Briton, the American, the Scandinavian, the German, having more to say, and an almost equal skill in giving form to their conceptions, show to great advantage by the side of their French brothers in art, who not infrequently are at a loss what to do with their rare virtuosity, with that inventiveness of brush which is not always accompanied by inventiveness of brain. It would be ungrateful, all the same, to forget that France is the pioneer of the modern art which for good or for evil has now invaded the whole world, sapping even the inner defences of our own island stronghold; that it is she who has guided the faltering footsteps, and steadied the hesitating hands of those who now compete with her sons with such brilliant success.

Those vast decorative compositions with which it

is deemed necessary to cover the walls of the three great central galleries—scenes of war, of horror, or allegories in the modern mode, taking as their basis the life of to-day—are for the most part as wearisome and diluted as ever. That excellent artist, M. Jean

in single file along a high-road, their muscular forms half obscured by its dust, while, as in the Greek gymnasias, others look on critically at the performance, or, retired a little, philosophically converse.

Even those who, like myself, are on principle absolutely opposed to those hospital scenes treated from the decorative point of view which were so fashionable a year or two ago in Paris, must find something to admire in M. Brouillet's "Le Vaccin du Croup à l'Hôpital Trousseau"—the clean, cold, achromatic tonality is so absolutely suited to the subject, the expression of the fair-haired child laid out on the bed to be vaccinated is so trustful in its simple wonderment, the expression of the doctors and nurses is so reverent and almost sacerdotal, for all its business-like calm.

Why is it that M. Bonnat's latest works, though not exactly inferior in technique to their predecessors, have ceased to interest? The breadth of execution, the effective, if mannered, vibration of touch are still there; yet either the essential qualities of force and truth have evaporated, or else our eyes are opened to a certain want of true vitality under the vigour, to a certain emptiness under the strength. Notwithstanding all this, the full-length "Portrait de M. le Président de la République" is a very able performance, having about it nothing of the perfunctory official likeness. The half-length "Mme. A. Oppermann" of M. Benjamin-Constant shows in a Rembrandtesque illumination a sumptuous dame, dark-eyed and languorous, weighed down, as it were, by the sombre splendours of her



HENRI III. AND HIS DOGS.

(From the Painting by C. Hermann-Léon.)

Paul Laurens, in cutting himself adrift from his old style, with its rich strongly contrasting hues and its bituminous depths of shadow, seems to have lost some of his romantic temperament and his dramatic power generally. His great canvas, "La Muraille—1218," shows with the pale hues which are exacted from the modern French decorator, but without the charm and delicacy which a Puvis de Chavannes can impart to them, a swarm of stalwart half-naked burghers fortifying in frantic haste the Castle of Toulouse. Much labour, much sound searching art is here expended to little or no purpose. One of the most curious of the essays in modern decoration is "Les Exercices Physiques—frise décorative," by M. Henri Bonis. The central motive of this is an interminable vista of completely nude athletes running

toilette. There is affectation and a want of true refinement in this fashion of composing a portrait with a personality arranged specially for the spectator: but it is very well done, for all that. Particularly charming by reason of the originality of its design is the same artist's "Portrait de Mlle. M. S." M. Cormon, best known by his huge canvases dealing with Biblical history, Greek triumphs, or prehistoric man, distinguishes himself chiefly by a truculent but powerful portrait of the artist M. Pierre Lehoux. M. Detaille's immense canvas with equestrian portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught is, for all its metallic hardness and over-precision, a remarkable success, achieved under circumstances of great difficulty. Two portrait-studies, "Jeune Fille" and

“À la Croisée”—works delicate to the point of exaggeration in colour, but delicate also in the expression of youthful grace and charm—illustrate the art of M. Raphaël Collin, one of the candidates for the Médaille d'Honneur who most nearly attained success. This distinction fell, as is well known, to the veteran painter M. Hébert, for his “Sommeil de l'Enfant-Jésus,” showing the Virgin and Child in the deep shadow of forest trees, which cast transparent greenish shadows on the figures of the divine group. M. Hébert, who was twice director of the French Academy at Rome, and is best known as the author of “La Malaria,” “Aux Héros sans Gloire,” and the mosaic in the apse of the Panthéon, is ultra-fastidious in art. He admits no form of beauty which has not passed through the crucible so often as to lose the robust healthfulness of nature. The “Vierge avec l'Enfant” has an exquisite mannered grace which does not exclude loftiness and pathos; the Madonna is not—as M. André Michel has said, with something less than his usual felicity—a modernised Sassoferrato, but rather a Byzantine Virgin freed from her hieratic stiffness, and vivified with something of human warmth and human sorrow. To M. Paul Dubois belongs the honour of having produced not only the most remarkable statue of the Old Salon—the equestrian “Jeanne d'Are,” which will be referred to in due course—but what is in many respects the best picture, and certainly the most remarkable portrait. This is the “Portrait de Mme. L. A.,” an elderly lady who stands erect, facing and almost defying the spectator, an ennobled type of the strong but not unfeminine Frenchwoman who is the very antithesis of the modern Parisienne. M. Henner's charming mannerism is fast becoming mere perfunctoriness, and “La Femme du Lévitte Ephraïm” is but a poor successor to the long series of similar studies of the nude which have preceded it. The profile portrait of a lady in widow's weeds, “Mme. F. D.,” makes amends by its sweetness and dignity, as well as by the strength and relief of the modelling.

No pictorial method could be more unlike that of M. Henner than the dry, hard, linear style of M. Jules Lefebvre, to whom we are nevertheless constrained to accord the rank of a master in his own

peculiar style. The finely-designed study “Violetta” would be admirable with the colour left out—as a pencil or silver-point drawing—but really the textures are painted metal and not flesh. Of late years M. Rochegrosse has abandoned the sanguinary tragedies of antiquity and the Middle Ages for subjects in which his chief aim would appear to be to bring together in frank contrast as many sparkling brilliant hues as possible, and to flood them with the sun's fullest radiance. With all his effort, however, his colour is rather *voulu* in its brilliancy than a harmony spontaneously suggesting itself to the genuine colourist; and of this his curious interior of a harem, gay with the beauty of strangely-costumed Oriental women, making a



THE SARABAND.

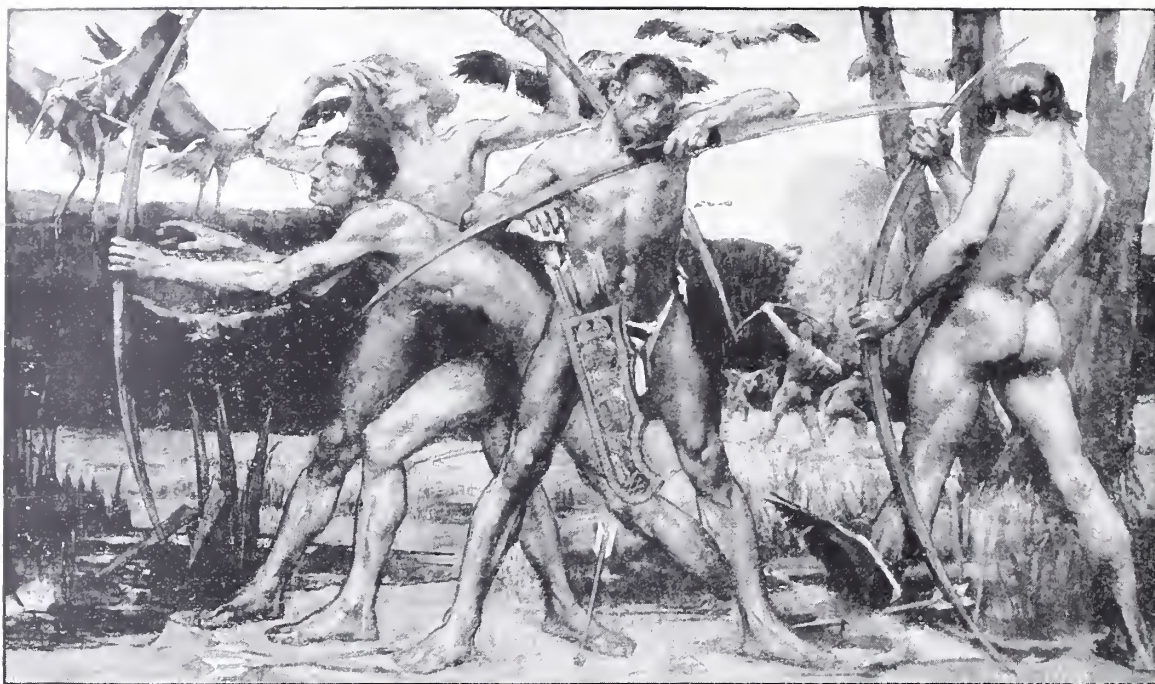
(From the Painting by F. Roybet. Photograph by Fiorillo.)

kaleidoscopic dazzle of many colours, affords convincing proof.

None of this year's contributions to the Salon are of higher interest than those of M. Georges-Olivier Desvallières, a pupil of Elie Delaunay and M. Gustave Moreau, in whom these gifted masters

appear to have evoked or set free a genuine poetry of conception akin to their own. There is, alas! no genuine imaginativeness nowadays without mannerism, and M. Desvallières certainly is a mannerist, though in no sense an imitator of the mannerisms of others. His "Adam and Eve" has that mixture of romantic passion and realism which is commoner with the present generation of German artists than

was distanced by M. Hébert. A certain scintillation of light, a certain pulsation of heat in the clear atmosphere, is produced by his extremely mechanical *procédé*; and with this he may—he does—charm on occasion the unwilling beholder. Yet this is less truly and legitimately a style, in the true sense of the word, than the wildest of the modern Impressionistic methods. "L'Inspiration" is but a



THE HUNTERS.

(Decorative Panel by Georges-Olivier Desvallières.)

in modern France: his "Tête d'Homme" has something of the concentrated intensity of a Florentine master of the *Quattrocento*. But his noblest performance is the great pastel "Chasseurs—panneau décoratif," a sombre, splendid composition showing in the unabashed nakedness of the heroic time a company of mighty hunters bringing down with their arrows a flock of cranes. This fine motive has very probably been furnished by the superb sonnet "Stymphale," itself an unforgettable painting in words, in M. José-Maria de Hérédia's now famous volume, "Les Trophées." M. Gustave Moreau would appear to have an unusual power of imparting his own poetic gifts to his pupils, since another of them, M. Georges Décote, sends an interesting "Orphée" and a remarkable study, "Portrait de M. S.," the latter of which has been purchased by the State.

It is curious that so many French artists of distinction should have been found to vote the Médaille d'Honneur of the year to the chief of the *vibristes*, M. Henri Martin. At the first voting he was actually ahead of all competitors, and only at the second

variation, and a very affected one, of his suave and charming "Les Poètes," now at the Luxembourg. The vast "Frise—fragment de décoration pour l'Hôtel de Ville" is treated with just the same mechanical manipulation of paint in high impasto. Here, however, the effect of the vibration is undeniably pleasing, and the decorative effect of the frieze in its proper place will be brilliant. How well M. Martin's followers can imitate him is shown by the large canvas, "La Promenade des Sœurs," by Mme. Marie-Genève Duhem. Here, under the same stately, widely-spaced pines through which M. Martin made his red-robed poets wander in inspired reverie, the accomplished lady who models herself upon him, depicts a band of white-robed sisters in resigned contemplation.

Subtle in conception and accomplished in execution is M. Hermann-Léon's "Henri III. et ses Chiens." The most sinister and untrustworthy of the Valois kings sits toying with his pet spaniels and surrounded by other bigger canine favourites—a prey, nevertheless, to a measureless languor and



ennui. It is not so much by his strange oil-painting "La Muse Verte—l'Absinthe," as by his fresh and original pastel "Un Nid de Sirène," that M. Albert Maignan distinguishes himself. It is the return of the merman to the family, which from the floor of the green pellucid sea joyously hails his coming. Besides the sacred subject "Les saintes Femmes au pied de la Croix," painted for the mortuary chapel of the late Count Julius Andrassy, M. Munkacsy has a sombre piece in his earlier and more bituminous manner, "Avant la Grève"—one of those strike-scenes into which it would be possible to infuse a more appropriately turbulent passion than the famous Hungarian has here at command. Mme. Virginie Demont-Breton proves in the great canvas "Stella Maris" that her style is as masculine, her command of pathos as great as ever. A shipwrecked scaman, bound to floating wreckage and swooning in the final exhaustion which precedes death, sees a vision of the Virgin and Child in the

strange garish form appears singularly trivial and incongruous. M. Adrien Demont, one of the most pathetic and thoroughly French of modern landscape-painters, has also let his literary fancy run away with him this year. His curious infernal scene "Les Danaïdes" is more remarkable as an imaginative fantasy than as a painting. Like another accomplished landscape-painter, our own Mr. Albert Goodwin, M. Demont-Breton would do well not to take too ambitious a flight into regions in which he cannot hope to sustain himself. His poetic temperament expressed itself better, he much more surely touched the heart of the beholder, in the simple everyday landscapes of fair France.

In "Les Bulles de Savon" M. Joseph Bail brilliantly achieves the *tour de force* aimed at—depicting on the scale of life two urchins blowing rainbow-hued soap-bubbles.

With the huge costume-piece "La Sarabande" M. Roybet neither diminishes nor increases his



AN OLD OAK.

(From the Painting by H.-J. Harpignies. By Permission of Arnold and Tripp.)

form of the rude painted image worshipped by him in his little village shrine. The idea is exquisitely pathetic from the literary point of view, but it is not truly pictorial. Until we divine the real drift of the painter, the celestial apparition in this

newly acquired vogue. It is full of brilliant passages of execution, but must nevertheless be described as *genre writ large*—too large—as a splendid piece of emptiness, void of true vitality and significance.

It is in landscape perhaps that the present Salon shows itself least inferior to its predecessors: it contains many a noble page reflecting and interpreting nature; the elder and more pathetic, the newer and more decorative school being both well represented. I should have been inclined to assign to M. Harpignies' singularly noble landscape, "Un vieux Chêne," the highest reward of the year—so

the vibrating atmosphere of veiled sunlight in Provence; he is, it must be owned, quite himself in "Un Village de Provence." No two landscapes in the exhibition are more powerful or more original than the "Soleil de Mars" and the "Temps orageux sur la Loire" of M. Le Liepvre—both of them wrapped in an atmosphere pale and grey, yet at the same time designedly hot and lurid.



THE SIRENS' NEST.

(From the Painting by Albert Maignan.)

august is its simplicity, so unexaggerated its pathetic truth.

M. Pointelin, the painter of steely-grey, melancholy expanses of heath and woodland, can do one thing only, but he does it supremely well, and, what is more, without loss of emotion in the repetition. His "Les Fonds du Brézin" is, however, with difficulty to be distinguished from many a predecessor due to the same brush. M. Nozal's "La Lande d'Or" is superbly bold in conception, but painty and unpleasant in realisation. M. Camille Dufour, again, has but one note—the hot greyness,

Something might be said, too, about the productions of MM. Dantan, Bompard, Julien Dupré, François, Gosselin, Japy, Kulstols, Poreher, Lucien Simonnet, and not a few others, were not our limits of space by this time fully exhausted. Special mention must nevertheless be made of M. Zuber's landscape-study, "Au Bord de la Rivière," so simple in statement, so masterly in its breadth and decision; and of M. Flahaut's "Soir," with its lurid, threatening sunset and the deep juicy greens of its dark foliage, audaciously true to nature in this curious moment of transition from dying day to evening.



*WHO is Silvia? What is she,  
That all our swains commend her?*

*Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did  
lend her,  
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?*

*For beauty lives with  
kindness.*

*Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blind-  
ness,*

*And, being help'd, inhabits  
there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing;  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwell-  
ing:*

*To her let us garlands  
bring.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: "WHO IS SILVIA?"—THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA (ACT IV., SCENE I.)  
(Drawn by Paul Hardy.)

## THE PLACE OF SCULPTURE IN DAILY LIFE.

## II.—SCULPTURE IN THE HOUSE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

WHEN we turn to consider the use of sculpture in the private house, we are confronted by an economical condition which is absent in the case of

happy with a few precious little water-colour drawings, a serap of Mr. Birket Foster's landscape, or a child's head by Mrs. Allingham. I should like to see the same variety of taste and range of capacity exercised in the field of sculpture.

A man tells me that he has no room for life-sized statues in his house, and that a "Diana Surprised by Actæon" would render his front staircase impracticable. Very likely; but is that a reason why he should deny himself the pleasure of the art altogether? There is a practical business aspect to this matter as well as to most others. In indulging the poetry of life we must be sure not to disregard its prose. Most persons who buy works of art do



STATUETTES OF JOHN BRIGHT AND GENERAL GORDON.

(By T. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Published by George Collie.)

monuments in our streets, or in public buildings. The statue in a park, the tablet on the wall of a church, and the decorative frieze around a fountain, are intended to remain in their places for ever. The immobility of sculpture has even been named among its disadvantages, and we are reminded how exceedingly difficult it was to move, and still more to remove, the monstrous effigy of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park Corner. Such sculpture is like fresco-painting, but the sculpture which is to adorn a room should have something of the same relation to its dimensions which cabinet pictures bear. Every well-furnished house in our days possesses a number of such pictures, and these differ according to the taste and wealth of the inhabitant. Some very rich people indulge themselves with long classical entablatures, as large as the wall of a ball-room, by Sir Frederic Leighton or Mr. Poynter; others, whose incomes for five years would scarcely buy one of these pictures, yet make themselves very

so with the more or less vague idea that they or their heirs may some day need to part with them. They buy, if they are intelligent, the most beautiful objects they can get, not because they are also sure to become the most valuable, but certainly with a consciousness of that fact. The painters sometimes grumble at this, and think it very unsentimental of rich men to buy their works as a speculation, that is to say, with an idea that they may possibly require or wish to sell them again. But this speculation, the chance that, by offering a larger sum, the would-be buyer may eventually secure a favourite work now buried in a collection, is what keeps up the prices of pictures, and feeds the families of such a host of painters. It would be a capital thing for the sculptors if people would buy their works in this way, as they buy cabinet pictures, with a sense that it was really a clear investment for their money. But a statue, life-size, in marble or bronze, is too unwieldy, too much of a white elephant, to be a safe

speculation for ordinary private people. For any room but a hall such a figure is out of place. Yet our ideal artistic house must have one statue in it. There should be an imaginative female figure, some grace or nymph, to form the centre to the hall, and to rob it of its desolate look. This statue should stand on a pedestal of some fine stone or marble, not one of imitation marble of hideous and pretentious dimensions, but a base firm enough and simple enough to be appropriate for its work of support.

If I had the good fortune to be able to carry out the dreams which I create for others, this single welcoming statue opposite the threshold of my front door would be the only life-sized piece of sculpture with which I should indulge myself. I should regard it as the presiding genius of my rooms, and before I gave a commission to any sculptor to execute it, I should reflect long, and should visit and re-visit the studios of the best men. I would try to secure the early masterpiece of some young sculptor; I should feel it a matter of exquisite and trembling delight to choose the figure which is to welcome me every time that I enter my house, and by which every stranger will try to guess my character before he sees me. I am sure that such a statue, if it were really beautiful and noble, would become more indispensable to one than any single picture.

My love of an easy life is too great to make me wish to be rich enough to possess more than a single statue. We are not thinking of what a great nobleman or a millionaire can do with a gallery, but how a reasonably well-to-do person, who would naturally buy pictures, can make himself happy with sculpture also. We will

suppose that he has one of the dark harmonious drawing-rooms or libraries which are now in vogue, rooms which Mr. William Morris first put into our power to arrange. The woodwork, I suppose, is sombre; the wall-papers glaucous green or dusky red, the furniture, as far as possible, in the taste of the last century—Sheraton and Chippendale and Hepplewhite. We cannot suppose that this taste for dark rooms will last for ever, but as long as it does last it is certain that one form of sculpture will be out of place in the dwelling-house, and this is new, white marble. In one of these coloured



PEACE.

(By E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Published by George Collic.)

modern rooms anything glaringly white distresses the eye directly. I remember an exceedingly pretty room which was completely spoiled by

having large white china finger-plates on the inside of the doors, and which could not be made harmonious until these were exchanged for plates of satin-wood. In such a room a modern marble bust is merely a glaring patch. Old marble that has become toned to a yellow like the colour of old lace is very enjoyable, but freshly carved marble, sparkling everywhere from the chisel, like a mountain of salt, is quite out of place. I am not sure that this grievous whiteness of new marble might not be removed at once by some mechanical process. It is sometimes suggested to smear new busts with yellow wax, and heat them until the grain is saturated with it. Though this improves the general tone of colour, however, and has also the advantage of preventing the dirt from penetrating the grain of the marble; it is said to increase the ugly prominence of any vein of discoloration which may exist in the substance. But unless something of this kind is done, I think it is plain that marble busts must be left to adorn a corridor or staircase until our dwelling-rooms shall return once more to the bright and grey tints which are compatible with so much brilliant whiteness.

But why should all our busts be made of marble? Why not of bronze, that exquisite material, so durable, so artistic, so precious in itself, so versatile and picturesque? Fashion, happily, begins to turn that way, as may be seen at the Royal Academy this year. I wish I could convert all my readers to an acknowledgment of the beauty of bronze. Not, of course, to that cheap stuff which calls itself bronze, livid as a handful of halfpennies, a composition that makes the fingers smell brassy when they touch it; but the bronze of artists, fine compound of copper and tin. On bronze of this kind there comes, if it be properly preserved, a delicate surface, which is called the patina, in which are perceived all manner of tones of olive-brown and coppery-green, and tints of gold, and shades of black, so that, in any surroundings and from any point of view, the eye rests upon it with satisfaction. It should never be forgotten, too, that in a work executed in bronze, we get very much nearer to the actual touch of the artist than in any other substance. Let us suppose that a sculptor is commissioned to produce a bust, and that it is not stated in what material it is finally to be executed. It is not necessary, in most cases, that he should concern himself with this until the actual clay model is finished. He models his head, as all sculptors have done from the earliest times, in wax or clay, and the latter he is obliged to keep moist by means of syringes and wet cloths from day to day, until the work is done. Then, perhaps, as he looks over the

bust from every side, to perceive what more can be done to perfect it, he sees that a little lock of hair projects too much below the ear, and he puts his thumb there and presses it down. The next step is to cast it in plaster; and then, if it is to be executed in marble, the laborious business begins by which a workman points a block of that substance, and mechanically hews it out in a rough shape. Last of all, the sculptor himself takes it in hand, and goes carefully over it with his chisel and finishes it. This marble head, then, will be an exquisite and artistic copy of the head the artist made in clay, but will have no touch from the clay upon it. It will be, in a certain sense, a translation into another material. But suppose that the work is to be executed in bronze; a workman makes a mould from the plaster cast, and this is taken to the foundry, and the molten metal poured in. When it is cool, and the mould is broken off, what comes out is the finished work in bronze. It requires nothing more than a little chasing at the seams, and is not a translation of the original, but that original itself. That last light thumb-mark behind the ear is there repeated for ever in the unyielding bronze, and across the surface of the patina we seem to feel the very breath of the master as he bent over his handiwork in the latest act of creation.

Bronze does not suit all faces or all types of head. As a rule, the refinement of a woman's features are best rendered by the delicate pallor of marble; for men, I think, both old and young, bronze is more suitable. In bronze, the substance being more picturesque, a greater latitude is permissible, and there are a great many heads of men, rugged and powerful, but somewhat grotesque heads, which are quite unsuited to treatment in marble, but which would be appropriately and artistically rendered in metal. Within the last few years, a certain graceful fashion has set in for portraiture in medallions. This ought to be made much more general. These works can be treated, according to the genius and habit of the sculptor, in a great variety of ways, either in very low and delicate relief, in the spirit of the Italian silversmiths of the fifteenth century, or with a rough, effective force and salient forms. The most shadowy and phantasmal reliefs are best translated into marble; we have seen with how magical a tenderness Mr. Frampton can deal with such examples. These are best employed as plaques in frames, hung on the walls like pictures, or, rather, like very fine etchings. Bronze medallion-portraits, on the other hand, of which Mr. Thornycroft has made a speciality, have the advantage that they require, as a rule, no frame at all, but

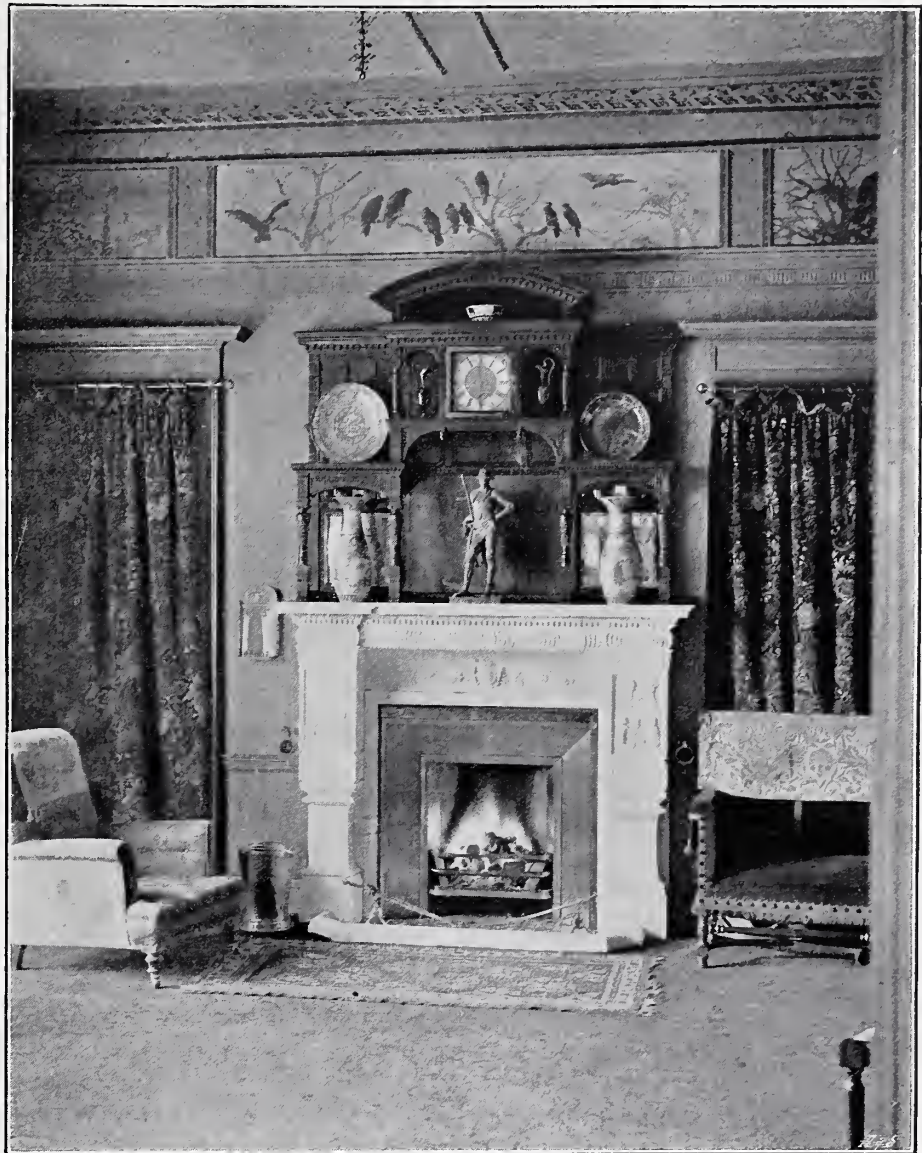
can lie upon a table among books and flowers, secured, by the durability of their material, from any danger of injury. Such bronzes are absolutely improved by the handling their patina receives from servants and visitors. If these portraits in relief are too large to be lifted easily in the hand, it will be found convenient to frame them in stained wood or coloured marble. In any form, they provide us with a cheap and yet peculiarly delightful form of domestic sculpture.

There is no reason, however, why our bas-reliefs should be confined to portraiture. This is the species of sculpture which approaches most closely to engraving, the elements of colour and of salience being almost wholly withdrawn, and beauty depending entirely upon contour. Relief permits a freer dramatic action than any other branch of the art, and may with ease and simplicity render sculpturesque designs which it would be highly elaborate and difficult to render in the composite group. It should, therefore, lend itself to the sculptor's dreams, and in its delicately modulated planes he ought to rejoice to sketch for us some of those compositions which crowd his imagination, and which can never be carried out in any fulness in the statue or the monument.

Great latitude is permitted to the sculptor in bas-relief; he may confine it to the elements of plastic design, purely and austere chiselled, or he may so fill his spaces with narrative and action as to approach the vivacity of a cartoon. His range of experiment is bounded only by the laws of beauty. Here is a field for the adornment of our private houses which has been almost entirely neglected. We need but to break down a conventional shyness,

for it can be nothing else, to open our dwelling-rooms to a perfectly novel class of art of the highest beauty and variety.

By far the most adequate way, however, in which sculpture can be used in the house, is by the introduction of statuettes. A great air of



THE MOWER.

(By T. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Published by George Collicie.)

distinction and refinement is given to a room by the presence of such figures. I do not know any mode of furnishing a drawing-room more exquisite than that which was in vogue in the days of our great-grandmothers, when big old china vases alternated with rich and delicate cabinets. In such a room, the tops of the cabinets, or the shelf that generally ran across them, were the support of prickly Chinese grotesques in bronze. These no

longer interest us very much, but their place might very well be taken in our modern furnishing by statuette, as individual and precious as little cabinet pictures, and more portable.

Statuettes may either be loose, so that they can

the sculpture. Such *bronzes d'art* are highly appreciated in France, where they form a recognised branch of domestic ornamentation, and are, I understand, the chief source of income to many leading French sculptors. It is strange that they have hitherto achieved so little success with us. Mr. Collie, of 39B, Old Bond Street, who publishes charming specimens by such eminent sculptors as Leighton, Thornycroft, Onslow Ford, and Frampton, deserves high commendation for the zeal with which he has sought to encourage this department of the art. I know nothing which gives a room a greater air of refinement than such statuette. They fill up the awkward angles; they remove the impression that the room is a box.

Sculpture is in its essence a more truly domestic art than painting, for it is more sensitive to its surroundings. If the light is equally favourable, a picture may be seen to as great advantage among broken handboxes in a garret as on the walls of an exquisite drawing-room. But the surroundings of a piece of sculpture are its atmosphere: it is not independent of them, they are part of the secret of its effect. A picture is self-contained. It carries its air and its distance and its foreground within the four walls of its frame, and on this account it really adds nothing to the effect of a house. We have seen rooms where the most precious and beautiful paintings hung side by side on the walls, which were yet ugly and tasteless rooms, showing no sympathy with beauty on the part of the owners. The pictures withdrew



THE SLUGGARD.

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. Published by George Collie.)

be taken in the hand and examined, or attached to little upright blocks of polished precious marble. Such tiny statuette will usually be bronze casts of sketches of large statues, such as the latest antiquarian science tells us that the Greeks possessed, and such as we know that old sculptors like Benvenuto Cellini produced for the houses of cardinals and merchants. Such, too, were the figures of children, by Flamingo, which were so highly prized throughout Europe in the last century. But yet another mode of furnishing a private room with sculpture, and this perhaps the best of all, is to place in it, in corners or niches, pieces of bronze about two feet high, figures or groups, firmly placed on well-designed pedestals, taking care that these latter do not, by any error, spoil the proportions of

into themselves, satisfied to produce within the limits of their frames their detached effect. But a fine piece of sculpture becomes a portion of the room in which it stands. In the last century, when white rooms were in fashion, Adams produced his beautiful marble mantelpieces which contained real sculpture, though of a humble kind, and made a centre of delicate art around the hearth, a setting for the beautiful marble busts of Nollekens and Bacon. Nowadays our rooms, studded with gold-framed pictures only, have lost their intimate charm, but I hope that a time is coming when the capacity of sculpture will be recognised as that of painting has so long been recognised, and when the fancy and native bias of our sculptors may be used once more in shedding a charm around the rooms we live in.





THE LATE F. H. HENSHAW.

*(From the Portrait by Himself, in the Corporation Gallery, Birmingham. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)*





WILLIAM HOGARTH.—PART ONE.

By JOSEPH GREGO.

“Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of art;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart.”



HANKS to William Hogarth, on whose canvases the habits, manners of life, and even motives of action of his contemporaries are indelibly fixed, the social historian is spared unnecessary research, for the times in all their expressive vitality live again, as observed by his eye and delineated by his

hand. It must be noted that outside portraiture Hogarth was the first successful native artist, and was certainly “the man of his time,” as he has been designated by George Augustus Sala in his brilliant series of articles upon the painter. Before the advent of this versatile genius there was no English

school and few native artists—and those indifferent. Social and political satires—for, under the early Georges, the branches of caricature and pictorial humour enjoyed evident popularity—were in the hands of foreigners, like Gravelot and Boitard; while an antiquated elaboration of confusing allegories and prolix descriptive labels turned these productions into pictorial enigmas which demand the skill of indefatigable students, like the late Thomas Wright, F.S.A., and Mr. F. G. Stephens, to elucidate for the comprehension of later generations. The language of Hogarth was universal, and the productions of this downright uncompromising Briton appeal to the intelligences of all nationalities, for his study was human nature.

For more than a century, Hogarth's sole claim to the enthusiasm of his admirers was the purpose and intention dominating his pictorial dramas, and

these forcible qualities are well conveyed in his engravings. It has been reserved for the art-lovers of our day to discover that his higher excellences are found in the qualities of his “paint,” and that, like Reynolds and Morland, he ranks with the select band of “colourists.”

Hogarth's “handling” is remarkable for its decision and well-calculated knowledge of the effect he desired to produce, his method perfectly “direct,” his colour simple, luminous, and harmonious. The progress of time, instead of marring his pictures, has improved their qualities; they were avowedly painted to withstand the effects of age, and admirably have they fulfilled this mission; while the spurious canvases which, from generation to generation, have been foisted upon credulous purchasers as genuine “Hogarths,” have cracked and deteriorated, the veritable originals show no signs of decay, and are as fresh as when they left the artist's hand.

The story of Hogarth's life has been told so often, that it is not necessary to repeat it here. The youth's natural bent for art caused his early apprenticeship to honest Ellis Gamble, a working goldsmith, whose shop cards, when he resided at the Golden Angel, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields, Hogarth designed and engraved. At about the age of twenty-three, Hogarth is found established in Cranbourne Alley, as an engraver on his own account. The card he engraved for his address “at the Golden Ball” is dated April 12th, 1720. Besides engraving armorial bearings upon plate for the silversmiths, he designed pictorial tickets for plays and concerts, benefit tickets for performers, shop cards, book plates, invitations to funerals, and similar productions, for anyone who would employ him. In the intervals between these multifarious

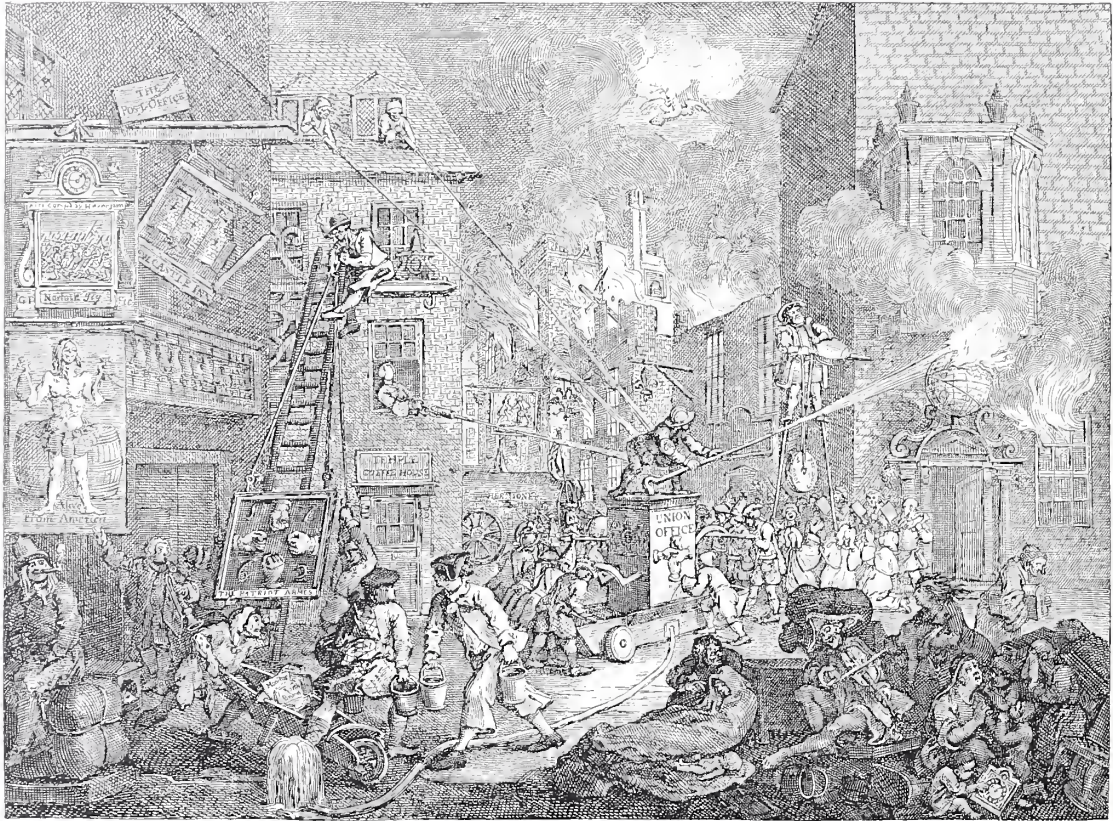
occupations he studied art with a diligence which qualified him to attempt more ambitious projects. Thus, in 1723, he designed and engraved twelve plates for De la Mottraye's "Travels," followed by seven plates to "embellish" Apuleius's "Golden Ass;" a series of seventeen small plates for head-

ran away with the taste of the town, though there is reason to suppose his prices were most modest.

"Large families obey your hand;  
Assemblies rise at your command,"

wrote an admiring poetaster.

The success of this innovation on the practice of



THE TIMES.—PLATE I.

(From the Engraving by Hogarth.)

pieces to "The Roman Military Punishments, by John Blaver, from the Happy Revolution, anno 37," were executed in 1725; the succeeding year Hogarth found more congenial employment in illustrating Butler's "Hudibras" with a series of twelve spirited plates, designed and engraved by himself. The true bent of his genius was manifesting itself. These designs exhibit a grasp of character and a breadth of comic power characteristic alike of the author's intention and the powers of the illustrator.

From the graver Hogarth turned to the palette and the painter's art, and at once stepped into the only arena in which commissions were then obtainable—that of portraiture. In this branch the artist contrived to mark his strong individuality and the original turn of his genius; for awhile his "assemblies" and "conversation pieces" in miniature came into favour with distinguished patrons and sitters as a fashionable novelty. Hogarth's "family groups in small" were eminently characteristic, and

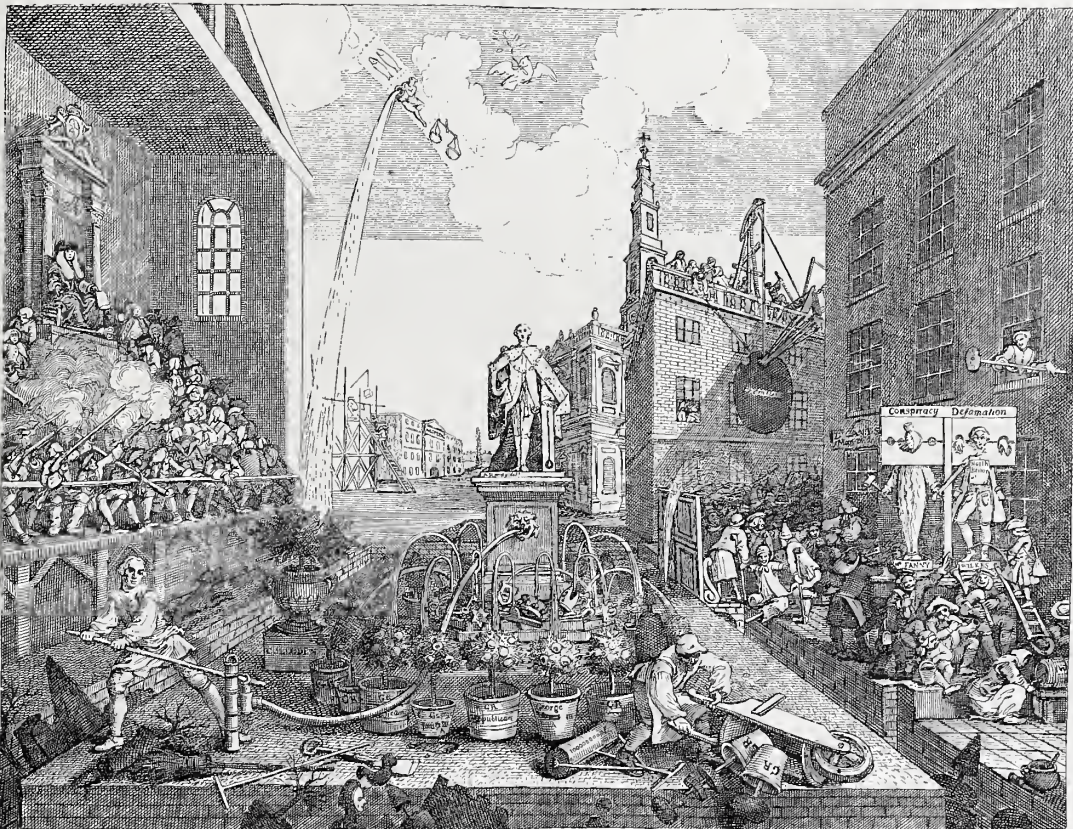
his contemporaries, which quickly found imitators, established Hogarth as an artist of reputation, and placed him in more prosperous circumstances. His "own manuscript," as quoted by Samuel Ireland, mentions, "When I commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches, I married:" on the same authority we are informed concerning this novel method of assembling "portrait groups in small," "It succeeded for a few years, and though it gave somewhat more scope to the fancy, was still but a less kind of drudgery." Respecting his success as a portrait-painter, Hogarth himself has set down his opinion, expressed at a late period of his life, when, as Samuel Ireland observes, "his judgment may be fairly presumed to have reached its fullest maturity:" "I had occasionally painted portraits, but as they required constant practice to take a likeness with facility, and the life must not be rigidly followed, my portraitures met with a fate somewhat similar to those of Rembrandt.

By some they were said to be nature itself, by others declared most execrable; so that time can only decide whether I was the best or worst face-painter of my day, for a medium was never so much as suggested."

Beyond his immediate success in this department, the practice of painting portraits combined with accessories and the surroundings, either within doors or of the garden scenes he frequently adopted, happily served as an almost unconseious training for higher things more consonant with the artist's proclivities and those original gifts with which the man was richly endowed. While following the pursuit of this branch, uncongenial to his aspirations, Hogarth learned composition, the just proportions of light and shade, and that simplicity and firmness of touch which enabled him to set down his colour

as remarkable as for their dramatic force, humour, and observation. All these qualities, acquired as the results of long experience, seem spontaneously exercised on the part of Hogarth, such readiness of resource and command of material do his pictures convey, and so seemingly simple is his painting in the frank directness of his method.

Concerning the "new departure," Hogarth has himself assigned the motives which actuated him in embarking on a professional career so remarkable, that it has handed his name down to posterity as the first and foremost painter of the English school. "The reasons which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were that I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subject which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque.



THE TIMES.—PLATE II.

(From the Engraving by Hogarth.)

with such certainty. Here also his eye was educated, and the harmony of his colouring assured: not altogether drudgery, for the outcome gave him the technical proficiency for which his paintings are

I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and, further, hope that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion."

(To be continued.)

## IN MEMORIAM: HENRY MOORE, R.A.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE death of Henry Moore is a severe loss to English art. To the Royal Academy it is irreparable. As a sea-painter the artist stood alone; and there is not one that can be named with him. Mr. Hook regards the sea rather as a *motif*—as pictorial material—than as an object to be examined with the eye of the naturalist, and reproduced on canvas, in all its beauty and with truth of effect. With the great Dutchmen, no less than with painters of the stamp of Clarkson Stanfield, the sea was a convention rather than a problem to be realised for its own sake: and even Turner was apt to generalise in dealing with the moving mass of water. The sea's green transparency brightened by the sun's rays has ere now been truthfully rendered by Mr. Walter Shaw and Mr. Olsson; its grey fury and dust of spray, by Mr. Brangwyn; its smooth, lazy oiliness, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; its swift tumble, by Mr. Colin Hunter: but no one has hitherto so completely grasped the material qualities of the ocean as Henry Moore, nor translated them on to canvas with such masterful "bigness," such unerring skill.

He was born in York in 1831. His father, William Moore, was a popular and skilful portrait-painter, who had a talent for landscape as well: and he brought up his four sons, Henry, Edwin, John Collingham, and William, to the practice of the art to which he was so passionately devoted. It was not merely out of respect to their father's fancy that the sons adopted his profession. Art, which so often runs in families—as in the Dicksees, the Thornycrofts, and many others at the present day who might be named—was so strongly implanted in them that they followed it without question, and practically without choice. Henry Moore began to draw as soon as he could hold a pencil, and after a course of paternal instruction, supplemented and accompanied by a long and weary attendance at the local school of art—where the uninspiring training involved in the stippling from the east, the copying of still-life, and the usual course of the life school, was

followed with characteristic earnestness and perseverance—Henry Moore came up to London in 1853 and secured an entrance as probationer at the Royal Academy schools. The very next year he contributed to the exhibition a landscape—a view of "Glen Clunie, Braemar."



THE LATE HENRY MOORE, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.)

Schools and casts were irritating to him, still-life presented few attractions, and he had not yet discovered the sea. He therefore devoted himself to landscape, and travelled through France and Switzerland, as well as through his native land, not merely in search of the picturesque, in the ordinary sense, but rather to satisfy his artistic cravings. When I say that still-life presented few attractions to him, I mean that he declined to regard it in the light of accessories or "stage properties"—as nothing more than aids to picture-making. Some years ago he showed me a picture painted in what is commonly called "the Pre-Raphaelite manner," and invited me to name the painter. It represented an interior with figures—a sort of cottage-kitchen, in

which all the still-life had been painted with a care, with a loving appreciation of texture, surface, fact, and detail, hardly excelled in any P.R.B. picture of Sir John Millais or Mr. Holman Hunt. Even the graining of the deal table was executed with a conscientiousness and success that rendered it amazing as a feat of discreet imitation. But more surprising was it to learn that this remarkable canvas was one of the early works of Henry Moore.

In his early days, Cumberland waters and Devonshire country attracted him most, and pastoral scenes in Switzerland; but at last, in 1858, he found his *metier*. In that year he exhibited "Kittiwakes in their Nests" and "A White Calm," canvases that presaged his coming mastery of the sea—a ruling of the waves ("Britannius Moore," I have heard him called) that was slowly and surely acquired during his years of cruising off the Solent, Cherbourg, Devon, and Cornwall in his middle period. I recall no sea-picture of his of that time for which the studies were made elsewhere than in the Channel,

which he loved for the great depth and translucency of its waters; but in later years he went farther afield and cultivated an intimacy with our other coasts.

But in spite of all his industry, and in spite, too, of his fine achievement, the Royal Academy was slow to recognise, by electing him, the merits that were patent enough to the whole world. This injustice, for so he considered it, was a source of grief to the artist, who strongly resented the neglect, which he knew to be undeserved, under which both he and his brother Albert notoriously suffered. His friends who had the ear of the public were not slow to champion his cause; but it is doubtful if their efforts—stimulated though they were by a strong sense of right—did not harm him more than they helped. For nearly twenty years I had the pleasure of his friendship, and almost to the end he showed himself, not, perhaps, a disappointed man, but at least an artist who, while conscious of his powers, lived under a sense of wrong. He freely acknowledged that his brother artists recognised his art, and that individually the members of the Academy generously and frankly awarded him all the praise and credit which his achievements merited. But he wanted the Associateship and the Membership that alone carry with them the official imprimatur which was so freely accorded in private. Chance was to blame nearly as much as the Academy, and the same ill-luck that delayed his Associateship attended also his promotion.

Meanwhile he worked hard and successfully, and received the minor recognition of election into the Society of British Artists, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours—Moore being one of the few artists who belonged to the two latter societies at the same time. For thirty years and more he annually sent in his work to the jury of the Academy before he could claim a place upon the walls by right. From "Haymaking in Switzerland" to "Catspaws off the Land," he struggled to attain his high ideal of art, and often enough he accomplished

his object. He rejoiced in popularity, but in his pictures he never troubled to secure it. He took little pains to attract the public eye by choice of subject; he only cared to please himself, and so carried out the doctrine of "art for art's sake" before many of those who now misunderstand it were born. "The Launch of the Lifeboat" was one of the few successes with which he delighted the public otherwise than by his painter's art alone. It did not touch the highest level to which he was destined to attain; still, as it hangs in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, it challenges the attention of connoisseurs as well as of lovers of the sea and adventure. He would, however, take infinite pains with his titles; and I remember the throes through which he passed before he decided upon the name of "The Beached Margint of the Sea." I am bound to add that the dog in the foreground of this picture was painted in as a concession to the popular desire for adventitious interest.

At last, in 1885, Moore's turn came. "Catspaws off the Land," a charming picture of the south coast—if I mistake not, off the Isle of Wight—was purchased by the Royal Academy for the Chantrey Collection, and on the strength of the same work he, along with Sir Edward Burne-Jones, received his call to Burlington House. The joy of this recognition was tempered by domestic sorrow; but the artist went bravely on, painting better and better, soon



THE LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT.

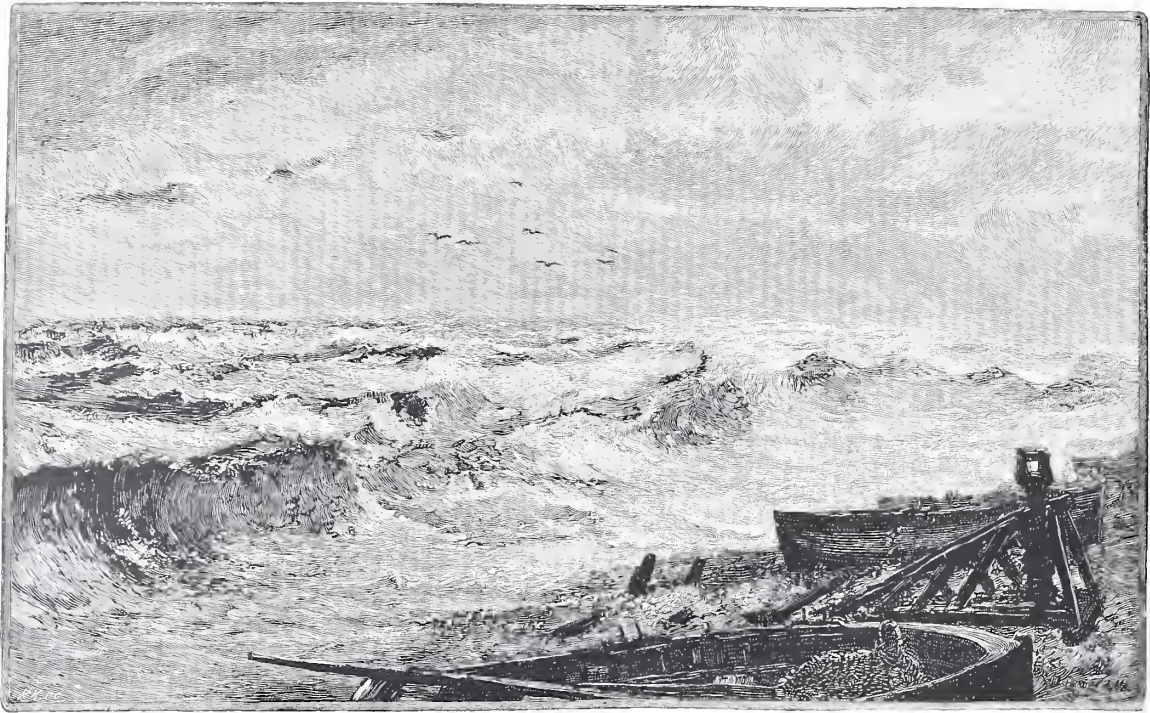
(In the Possession of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

surpassing everything that had been done before in his own line in this country or elsewhere. His next surprise was his "Afloat and Ashore"—a collection of pictures in oil and water colour exhibited at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, in which he revealed his full strength both in land and seascape. His election as full Academician did not follow for a time, although he was producing work of the highest order. "Clearness after Rain," "Shine and Shower," "Nearing the Needles," "A Breezy Day in the Channel," "Calm before a Storm," "Off the Lizard," "Summer Time, Channel Islands," "A Storm Brewing," "The Setting Sun

now Gilds the Eastern Sky," "Perfect Weather for a Cruise"—even these do not exhaust the brilliant list of masterpieces yielded by the last ten years of his life. The "Clearness after Rain" created an extraordinary sensation at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, securing for the painter a Medal of Honour—a distinction obtained but by very few indeed, and accompanied by the

for a Pilot." Since then no great work has come from him; but it may be noted that chief among his contributions to this year's Academy is his "Glen Orchy—Storm coming on"—his last important work being a return to the landscape in which he first made his name.

As a painter of the sea—of the sea regarded as a moving mass of colour and limpidity, of swelling



"AS WHEN THE SUN DOTTH LIGHT A STORM."

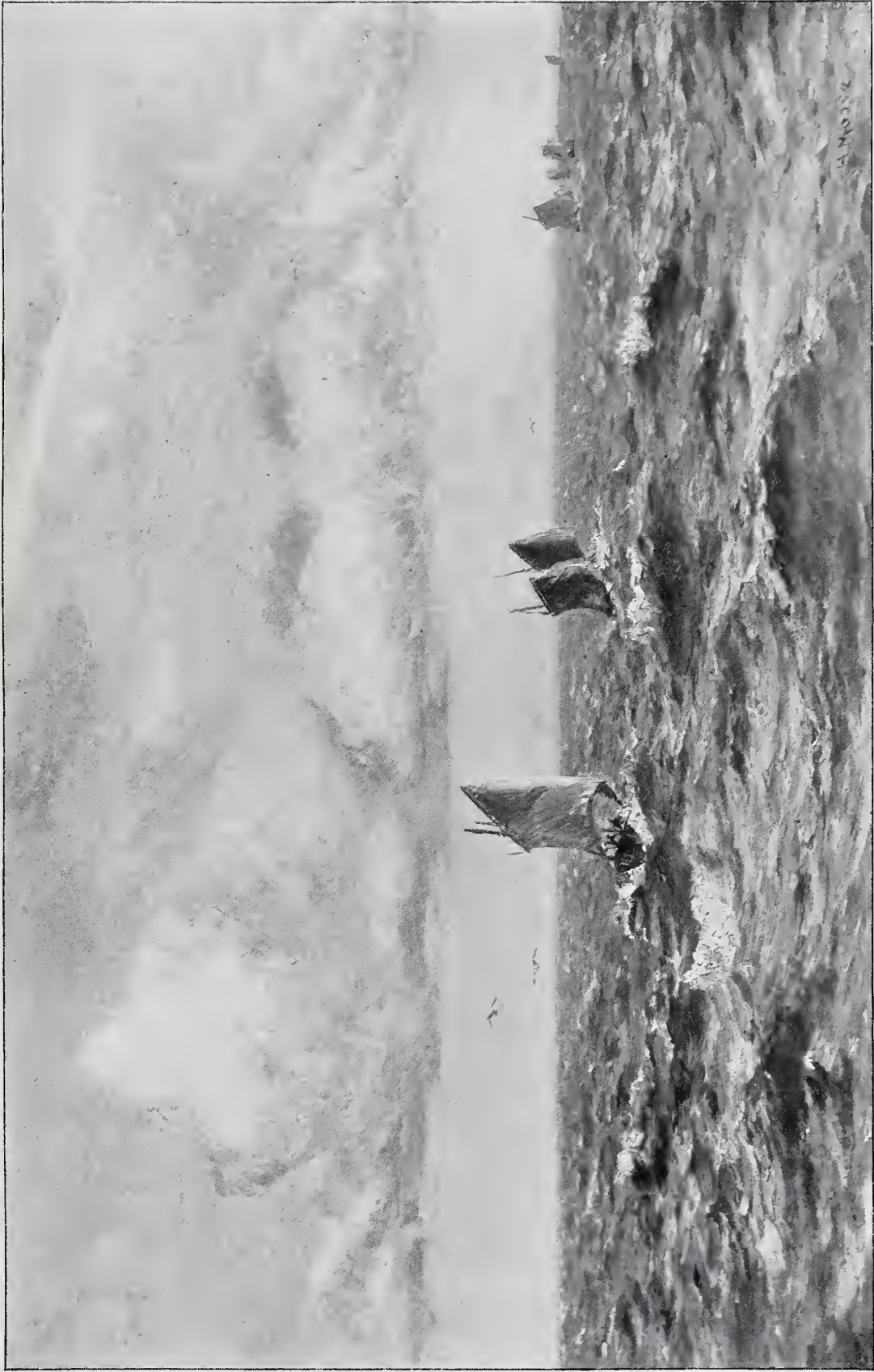
(Engraved by P. Kahdemann.)

knighthood of the Legion of Honour. "*La note bleue de Moore*" was as much a revelation to the artists of France as the art of Burne-Jones has since become, and his rank was immediately acknowledged as belonging to the great masters of the century. Some French critics, it is true, protested that Moore's seas were too blue—an objection that the artist heard with scorn. "What do they know of the high seas?" he exclaimed—"they who judge the sea only by their own flat, sandy shallows!" But the name of Moore is now one of the half-dozen of English artists which are known to and respected by their brothers in France and Germany—aided, in the former case, no doubt, by his regular contributions in later years to the Champ de Mars Salon.

Removed to Hampstead from Kensington after the death of his wife, greater success awaited him. He was elected a full member in 1893—the election being accompanied by a dramatic incident that will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it; and he justified the honour by the pictures he exhibited that year—"Summer at Sea" and "Hove-to

volume and ever-changing form—Moore is without a rival. For he sought for truth, and aimed at rendering that truth without "effect:" no piled-up waves with a ship poised atop, no liquid charm that idealises the summer sea into a vapour. That is to say, that he displayed, and sought to display, no imagination as Turner did, no poetry that his eyes had not witnessed. His means, as he understood them, and his knowledge how to use them, were perfect. Wave form, and the infinite variety and variation of colour, had no secrets from him, and, furthermore, presented no insurmountable difficulty in the rendering. Whether his sea was of sapphire, intense and sparkling, or grey or yellow, rolling in sulky masses, or smooth on its glassy surface, or rippling daintily to the beach, his science made itself felt, and defied criticism, or even argument. He disclaimed to generalise as other sea-painters have done; and every aspect of water, every sort of weather, every condition of atmosphere, was to him a thing known, a thing to be separately appreciated and clearly set down in canvas and



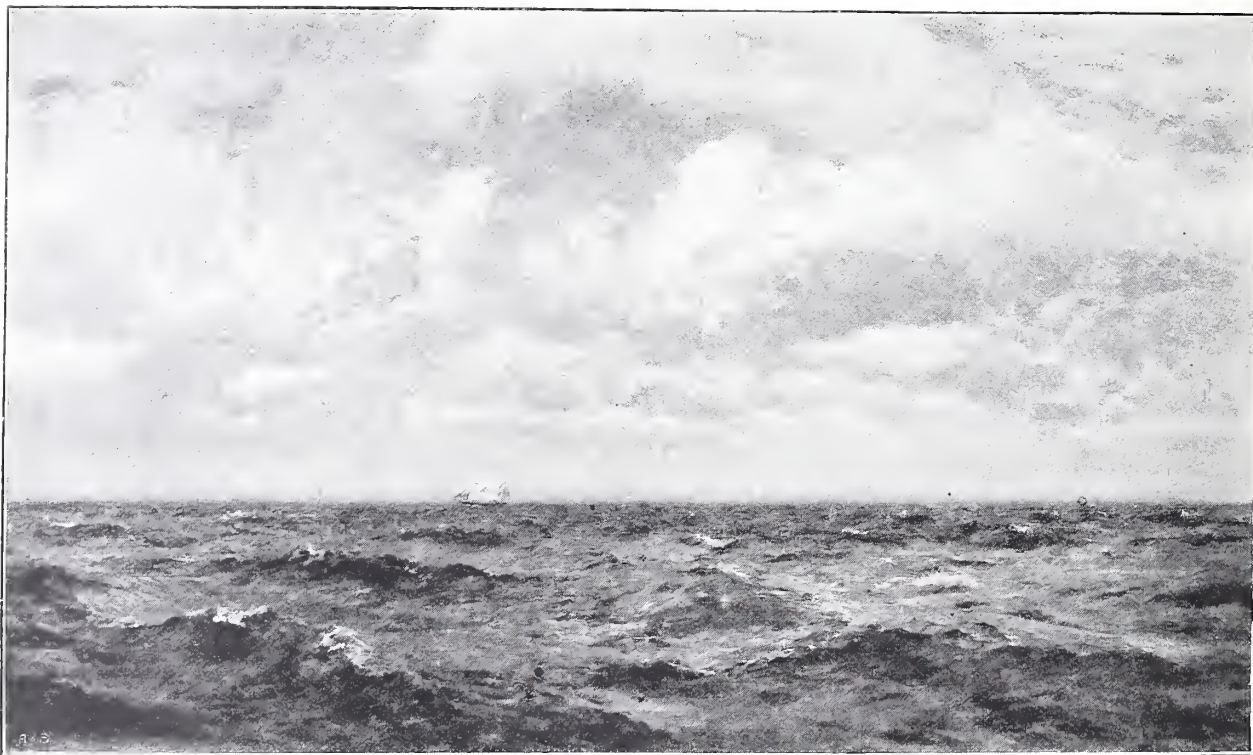


COMING HOME.

(Royal Academy, 1894.)

paint. He would brook no "composition," as he would brook no "effect," that did not contain the main element of truth that his eyes had seen and his spirit felt. It may be, if what I say is true, that by this lack of imagination Henry Moore failed to be as great an artist as he was a painter; but that he touched the greatest heights accessible to his genius posterity will perhaps affirm. Style he assuredly had, though not to the highest degree, for his artistic temperament was not so accentuated as his downright, uncompromising, and perhaps a little matter-of-fact view of nature. But this is perhaps his greatest merit: that he was an originator—that he showed the way where many have followed—showing what none had before believed possible, or, believing, had never attempted. He loved nature for itself, and the problems of colour and of light which he solved so brilliantly were not to him the end and aim of his art, but an incident and nothing

just abating—and the reward of it was rheumatism, so severe that the artist's wrist swelled to twice its size. So far, Moore has been spoken of chiefly as a marine-painter; as a sky-painter he rarely has his due. In their way his skies are as true and masterly as any other part of his art, and he was as fastidious in their design and composition, in the combination of art and nature, with which he piled up his clouds or smoothed out the expanse of his summer sky, or displayed the moon's silver light across his picture, as in the form and colour of his waves. But there was, I think, a limitation in his clouds that did not proclaim itself elsewhere—there was sometimes an opaqueness, a painty quality about them that would now and then mar the effect of an otherwise splendid work. It is possible that this defect may disappear as the hand of time passes across the pictures; and Moore will then be recognised as one of the greatest glories of the English school.



PERFECT WEATHER FOR A CRUISE.

more. He loved colour and the deep blue waves with their white caps, and the rising and falling and eddying of water; and the beauty of it all, with form and movement, was often rendered by him from his friend's yacht, or from the shore, as sitting perchance in a gale, he would try to defy the wind and rain and cold, swathed up in rugs and wraps. The picture reproduced on p. 380 was painted on the Yarmouth beach at a time when one of the greatest and most protracted gales ever known upon the coast was

Henry Moore's industry was unrelenting. Graves' "Dictionary of Artists" shows that the number of his works contributed to the recognised exhibitions amounted, in 1893, to not less than 550. Of these 107 were sent to the Royal Academy, 174 to the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, 55 to the Old Water-Colour Society, 23 to the Grosvenor Gallery, and 10 to the New Gallery. His studies, too, were innumerable, and his pen drawings many and fine.

## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

## "THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING."

WE have for years been waiting for a history of modern painting—not merely a list of modern painters or a *réchauffé* of biographical notices of the great men of all countries, but a careful work which would take in European art of the present day in its purview and lay before the reader a systematic criticism of all the modern schools of art, synthetical in arrangement, and just and unprejudiced in its estimate.

Such a work as we have hoped for promises to be that of which the first two parts lie before us.\* If it carries out that promise it will not only fulfil the conditions we had laid down, but it will have the further advantage of being thoroughly popular in tone—popular in the best sense, to the point of attracting by its inherent interest the general reader for whom æsthetics are dry if not altogether vain and distasteful. Dr. Muther is not better equipped by his learning than by his natural capacity for taking a broad critical view of men and their works, and placing them in their proper place in his comprehensive survey. How comprehensive this survey must properly be can be appreciated by none but the student of art-history, who knows that the art of a nation is not an exotic, a phenomenon, but is to be regarded only as a demonstration of its life and history—a product whose existence is modified by the circumstances of the times, and is moulded by, and is dependent on, the influence brought to bear on it by other nations.

Eschewing the refinements of technical phraseology as far as may be, Dr. Muther sets out on his enquiry on a clearly defined basis. His plan is to subdivide his subject rather by movements than men, rejecting the greatest painters of any one country if they are overtopped by greater in

another, judging each man from the point of view of the aims and aspirations of each, testing the success of those aspirations closely and strictly, with a judgment philosophical in its exercise and acute in application. In short, he exercises the function of a true critic, in attractive language—a little flamboyant at times, it is true, but lively and picturesque, and eminently readable.

Looking on the European art as a whole, Dr. Muther regards England as the fountain-head of the movement which instituted the line of demarcation at which modern art begins, or at least the true demonstrator of the fact that to nature and not to convention and pure tradition must the artist go for his inspiration both of subject and treatment. He then deals broadly with the English school of painters in a way that shows his mastery of facts and theories, regarding them not with the eyes of a foreigner, nor quite of an Englishman, but with that cosmopolitanism and freedom from prejudice of favour which form the chief merit of his book.

Turning to the historical position of art on the Continent—for which, he says, from the middle of the eighteenth century England had been the schoolmistress; unacknowledged, he might have added—he considers the relative and collateral influence of literature, and points to the effect upon art of the period of *sturm und drang*. This leads him to a dissertation on the brilliant initiative and powerful personality of Goya and his works in Spain, and then on to the classical reaction in Germany and France, and to the subsequent struggle in both countries between tradition and liberty, and the final triumph of the latter, in its various expressions, through the masters of Barbizon, of the Pre-Raphaelites, and the rest.

The second book opens with the consideration of a school, little understood as a school, in England—the Nazarenes, who with Overbeck and Steinle at their head, sought to restore the glories of the



"LORELEY."

(By Steinle. From "The History of Modern Painting.")

\* "The History of Modern Painting." By Richard Muther. With many illustrations. (London: Henry and Co., 1895.) Parts One and Two.

Italian quattrocentists. Next, the Munich and the Düsseldorf schools are passed in review, and the book breaks off with the interesting consideration of



DEATH THE FRIEND.

(By Rethel. From "The History of Modern Painting.")

"The Legacy of German Romanticism," and the opposition of Rethel and Schwind to the Roman tradition. We await the completion of the work with interest.

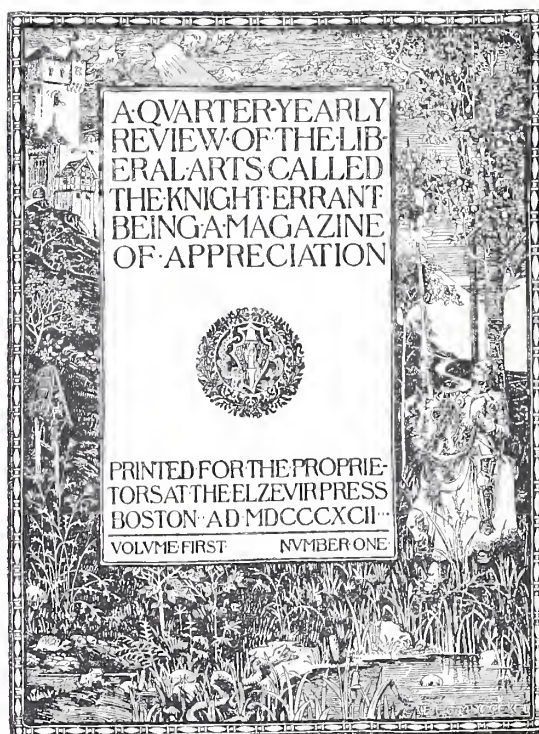
#### "ALPHABETS."

MR. GLEESON WHITE has done well to devote one of the volumes of the Ex-Libris series to the subject of "Alphabets" (George Bell and Sons); and we are glad to be able to applaud the industry which the author, Mr. Edward Strange, has displayed in bringing together so many beautiful examples both of ancient and modern lettering. As a handbook of technical specimens it will prove attractive to the book-lover, as well as valuable and suggestive to the student. In the letterpress, however, facts are not always well-digested, and they are at times misleading; and it seems as if the author here and there misconceives and misreads the drift of facts to the subversion of artistic morality.

Mr. Strange, for example, has been unjust to the glorious printer of the fifteenth century. In the chapter "On the Placing of Letters" he says: "An extremely beautiful effect was obtained by printing in two narrow columns, instead of covering a wide page with long and tiring lines of text." It is perfectly true that the effect so obtained was beautiful, but it is surely an unjust reflection upon the printer to suggest that his primary object was the beautifying of the page. He made his line of type two inches instead of

four, on the principle that every fount of type connotes its own length. He knew that, given the distance at which, to a man with average clearness of vision, the particular type is most easily read, the length of line for such type is absolutely delimited by the range of the muscles of the eyes.

There are, too, certain slight errors of fact and misprints which Mr. Strange would do well to make note of for any future edition. Here are two of the more important. It was under Emperor, not Pope, Leo III. that the worship of images in Catholic Churches was suppressed. The Pope of that name was not elected until A.D. 795. His namesake, surnamed "the Isaurian," assumed the Imperial purple A.D. 718, when the Iconoclasts were making their supreme effort. Again, the date of the earliest Oxford printing was 1478, not 1480. The controversy which has raged round the dropped decimal of the colophon of the Oxford Tyrannius Rufinus should surely have impressed the date upon every student of typography. We would refer those interested in this matter to Mr. Madan's recently



(Designed by B. G. Goderich. From "Alphabets.")

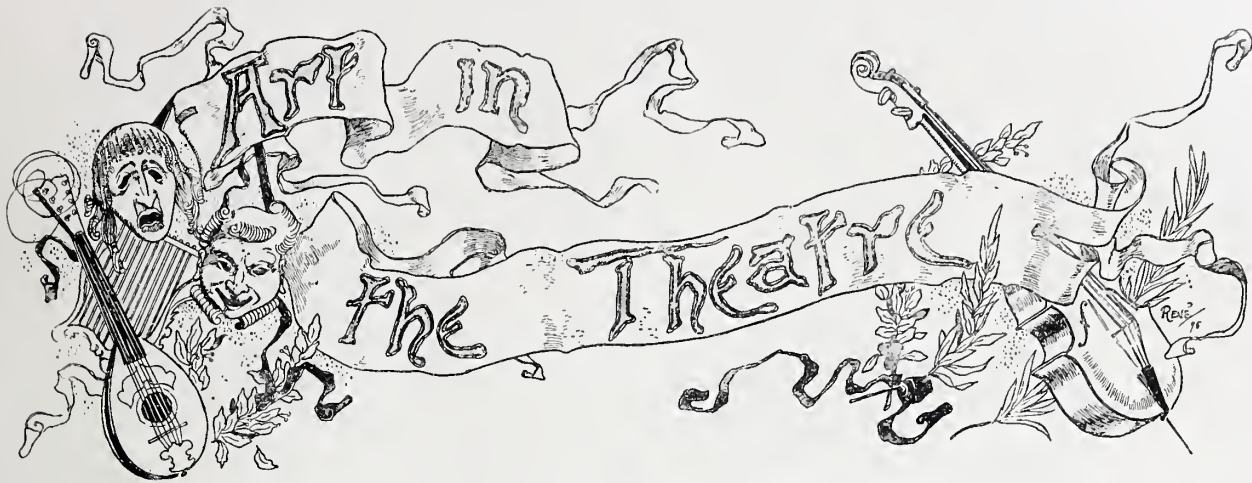
published "Early Oxford Press," which should be included in Mr. Strange's Bibliography. We miss also any allusion to the works of Professor Key and the learned Lepsius. By careful revision and tightening of the otherwise excellent text this little volume might be made as necessary to the bookshelves of the bibliophile, as its plates render it now to those of the calligraphic artist.



DEATH THE REAPER.

*(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A., exhibited in the New Gallery. Engraved by P. Naumann.)*





## STAGE SCENERY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

IT will come as a surprise to most people who are not unremitting students of theatrical literature, to learn that the custom in vogue in Shakespeare's time of allowing the fops of the town to loll about on the stage obtained in the patent theatres down to the meridian of Garrick. One would have thought, by the way, that the absurdity of a practice which, in confusing auditor with actor, sometimes led to whimsical perplexities, should have afforded abundant themes for the pencil of the caricaturist. Strange to say, however, the only pictorial evidence testifying to the existence of this evil is presented in Hogarth's serious treatment of *The Beggar's Opera*—a fact which adds materially to the value of the picture as a "document." Time and again had the theatre been deluged with a flood of royal proclamations, every one of which aimed at sweeping the stage lounge over the orchestra into the pit and boxes. But no one seemed a penny the worse. Pressure from without proved useless until assisted by pressure from within. What the terrors of the law failed to enforce, the dawn of pantomime helped to bring about. In previous times, according to Mr. Machine in Fielding's "Tumble Down Dick," audiences had tolerated much carelessness in scene-shifting in "tragedies and comedies and such sort of things;" but under the new order they insisted upon the flats being drawn "in exact time and tune" to prevent bungling in the tricks. A further reason for the banishment of the stage-limpet from the boards of Covent Garden during pantomime time (not then any particular season) was given in that Manager Rich "was tenderly tenacious of his harlequin's jacket being profaned or infringed upon and kept his holy rites and mysteries of serpents, lions, Druids, &c., sacred from the inspection of all curious, prying inspectors."

By the middle of the century playgoers had all been induced to seat themselves on the proper side of the curtain. The reform made for dramatic illu-

sion, scarcely procurable under pristine conditions, brought the scenic background into more direct association with the action. Viewing this important change, and remembering that new forms of theatrical art were uprooting old traditions, it would be idle to attempt to crystallise the scenic characteristics of the century into a paragraph. Next to the comparative darkness of the house, perhaps the one thing which would strike the latter-day playgoer, who chanced to be transported by the enchanter's wand into the middle of an eighteenth century audience, would be the amount of noisy and clumsy scene-shifting indulged in during an evening's performance. It was this irritating peculiarity that impressed itself most on the mind of Sterne, even above the wonderful acting of Garrick, and inspired many a deft theatrical metaphor when *Tristram Shandy* came to be written. Playwrights still constructed their pieces after a slipshod system, dating from days when scenery was not in vogue. Comedies, like Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*, in which the scene remained unchanged throughout an entire act, were very seldom seen. Only the force of French example in our own time taught the English dramatist the benefits of simplified construction. Heavy sets would have been out of the question where so much scene-shifting was required; a careful arrangement of flats, drops, wings, and borders coped satisfactorily with all demands. The most serious defect was in the method of lighting, which not only lacked intensity, but was obstructive to the view and utterly uncontrollable. Away in the dim and shadowy background was the scenery, which would hardly have been distinguishable at all had not the painter made up somewhat for the deficiencies in the lighting by laying on his brightest and most glaring colours.

Not until about the year 1750 did the practice of providing new scenery and costumes for an

untried play come into regular vogue. Before that, on such rare occasions as they were furnished, the manager made the spectator recoup him for his outlay by raising the prices of admission. So little attention was paid early in the century to the mounting of new pieces that one zealous author, Aaron Hill, found it necessary to have special scenery painted, at a personal cost of £200, for his

in an outer and less artificial atmosphere, and thoroughly imbued with the Art that calls for a capital "A." Dramatic records go to show that managers, of themselves, are loth to take the initiative in matters of radical reform. More or less hide-bound by tradition, they are apt to think the public afflicted with similar prejudices and limitations. The salvation of the English stage, viewed



THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

(From the Painting by Hogarth.)

revision of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* as produced at Drury Lane in 1723.

Scenic generalisation rather than archaeological preciseness reigned supreme until Kemble's day. Nevertheless, for many years previously public intelligence had outpaced theatrical convention: and Garrick was condemned on all sides for robing the characters in Home's *Fatal Discovery* (1769) in costumes of "purple and gold," and for housing the monarch of the rock in (ye gods!) a Grecian palace. Only a year or two earlier the writer of a trenchant theatrical pamphlet had occasion to complain that "the scene-shifters of the period often present us with dull clouds hanging in a ladies' dressing-room, intermingled with the disuited portions of a portico, a vaulted roof unsupported. . . . Again, it is equally ridiculous to behold the actors making their entrances through plastered walls and wainscoats instead of through doors."

Precisely at the time when the theatre was being cleared of its mustiest conventions, there became associated with it as painters--happily for the well-being of scenic art--a group of men reared

in its pictorial and illusive aspects, was in large measure due to the fact that throughout the last century its tone was directly influenced by the art of the schools and of the *salon*. It should never be forgotten that the Royal Academy gave to the scene-loft men like Hayman, Lambert, Rooker, Dall, Hodges, Garvey, Inigo Richards, and De Louthembourg. (The scene loft, by the way, repaid the debt in giving Stanfield and Roberts to the Academy.) Considered purely as innovator, the greatest of these was undoubtedly De Louthembourg. And one of the best things ever done by Garrick for the welfare of the stage was the engaging of the German battle-painter as scenic director of Drury Lane.

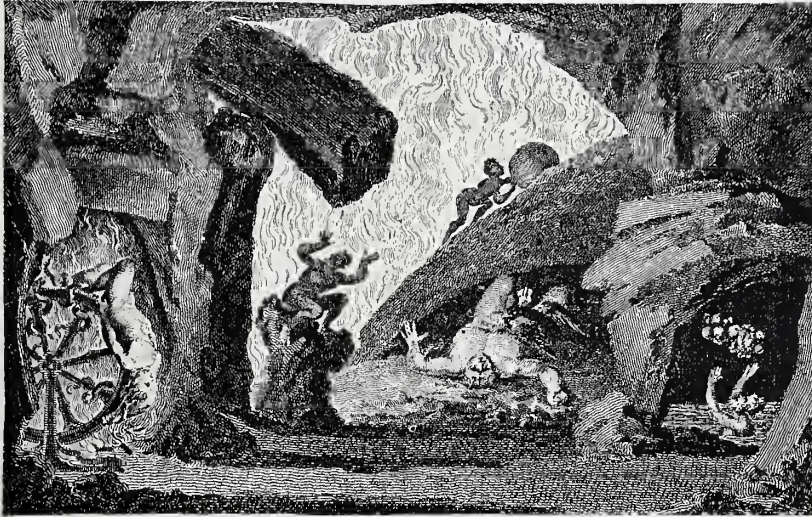
Having pieced together, with much labour, a literary mosaic of a given scenic era, with materials taken from dramatic memoirs, pamphlets, magazines, and what not, the student of *mise en scène* is naturally anxious to verify his work by the light of contemporary theatrical prints. Not always happy is the result. One only comes to appreciate to the full the unflinching realism of Hogarth when it



dawns upon one how very few scenic engravings have any value as "documents." Embellished out of all proportion by the pictorial and refining instincts of the engraver, the average scenic print of the last century fails to give the slightest clue to

and Ralph, taking sacks from a cart." A cursory glance at Woollett's engraving will convince the most sceptical that Richards' picturesque scene could not have been set without the employment of much substantial built-up work and the temporary subversion of all the old stereotyped arrangements. With such an unimpeachable record before us, it may be safely affirmed it was not from ignorance of better methods on the part of scenic directors that the primitive system of flats and wings held good throughout the greater part of the century. Progress was stayed by the faulty technique of living playwrights, who made no attempt to deal scientifically with the art of dramatic construction.

We have reason to feel thankful, also, that Bonnor the engraver has accurately preserved for us the gruesome mythological inferno which proved the attrac-



THE PRINCIPAL SCENE IN *HARLEQUIN EVERYWHERE*.  
(Painted by Cipriani and Richards.)

the precise arrangement of the scene depicted. And, what is infinitely worse, even when the play is shown in action, the whole can seldom be taken to represent a photographed moment. As a case in point, let us examine a curious engraving in the *Universal Magazine* of 1749, entitled "The Scene of the Tragedy of Coriolanus." It deals with Thomson's tragedy so-called, as produced at Covent Garden in January of that year, with Quin, Ryan, Peg Woffington, and Miss Bellamy in the principal parts. So far from depicting an actual scene in the play this plate is of a composite nature, and shows Coriolanus, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once. The outer action between Coriolanus, his mother, and wife occurs in the first scene of the fifth act, and the inner action, to the left, two scenes later.

A very pleasing exception to the rule is found, however, in Woollett's fine engraving of the first scene in *The Maid of the Mill* (1765), as designed by Inigo Richards, R.A. Note how it tallies with the stage direction at the beginning of Bickerstaffe's comic opera:—"A rural prospect with a mill at work. Several people employed about it; on one side a house—Patty reading in the window; on the other a barn, where Fanny sits mending a net; Fairfield

tion in Charles Dibdin's pantomimical burletta, *The Mirror; or, Harlequin Everywhere*, when produced at Covent Garden on the 30th November, 1779. In



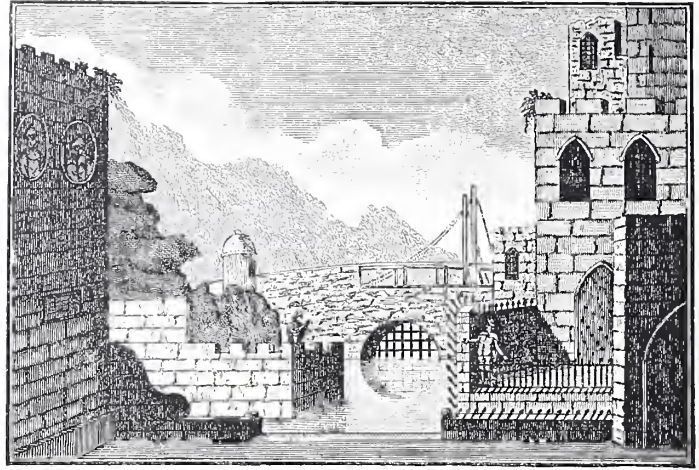
THE FIRST SCENE IN *THE MAID OF THE MILL*.  
(Designed by Inigo Richards, R.A.)

this striking scene Richards and Cipriani seem to have taken a leaf out of the book of Inigo Jones. To the modern mind it smacks more of the classical Stuart masques than of frivolous pantomime; but this, of course, only makes more palpable the wide gulf which resolves itself between the holiday entertainments of then and now.

Although his merits were somewhat obscured by the commanding genius of his great Drury Lane rival De Louthembourg, Richards did the stage yeoman's service during the three decades he was associated with Covent Garden. His influence even extended as far as America, some of his best scenery, together with a fine drop-curtain, having been shipped across the Atlantic by Wignell, his brother-in-law, when the latter opened the original Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in 1794. Richards was among the first who sought after local colour in their scenic work, and paved the way for the profoundly archaeological studies of Capon, Kemble's artist and friend. When Cobb's comic opera *Ramah Droog*, whose action took place on the Malabar coast, was produced at Covent Garden in 1798, it was furnished with a series of interesting scenes, painted by Richards, from the exquisite designs of Daniel—as executed in India.

In many respects the engraving which we present of the prison scene in General Burgoyne's historical romance *Richard Cœur de Lion*, an after-

too strong a deviation from Millot's narrative of Richard's captivity. Though no singer, Mr. Kemble did contrive to reply to Matilda's strain, and the spectators enjoyed the sight of his noble figure,



MR. KEMBLE AND MRS. JORDAN AS RICHARD AND MATILDA IN  
*RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.*

spacing his melancholy exercise within the walls of his prison."

After scrutinising this scene one feels very much inclined to dispute the great claims put in for the theatrical reformers of the present century who seem at best merely to have re-discovered old and long-forgotten systems and effects. That scenic progress works in circles the stage student has only to take down his Serlio to become convinced. He will learn there that our latter-day modelled and built-up scenery, regarding which so much has been said *pro* and *con.*, is purely and simply a revival of the cumbrous and costly system which obtained in Medieval Italy.

For the harmonisation of such irreconcilable qualities as accuracy of detail, picturesque force and deft composition to meet the necessities of the action, nothing could well be better than this



SCENE IN THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS, AT COVENT GARDEN, 1749.

piece produced at Drury Lane in 1786, sums up the scenic progress of the century. Writes Boaden of this piece: "By throwing the interest of Blondel into the character of Matilda the translator made a provision for the gratification of the ladies which the original had neglected or imagined

striking prison set. Indeed, if the impossible could happen, and *Richard Cœur de Lion* were now revived, this particular scene might be reproduced from the illustration without evoking invidious comment from the most fastidious playgoer.



MILTONS COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST GILES.  
*(Original sketching by F. S. Walker ARPEL)*



## AN AUSTRALIAN QUARTETTE.

By R. JOPE-SLADE.

AUSTRALIA stands conspicuous amongst the colonies of Great Britain by reason of the munificence with which she fosters art. Her full-pursed commissioners are ever busy visiting English

mastered the grammar of their art in the Melbourne schools, came to Paris to learn, and finally to London to sell; but whilst their easels are pitched in our midst, and the bulk of their patrons are found amongst our buyers, they keep keen eyes lifting towards the Big Island, and watch warily for the passing of her financial troubles, when they hope her own sons will be the first to profit by her renewed enthusiasm for art. With minor variations this is the record of one and all of them.

The first Australian student to come over to Europe to study was Mr. E. Bertram Mackennal, the sculptor, of whom a sketch is here given by Mr. Abbey Altson. He was born in Melbourne thirty years ago; but his father, who is also a sculptor, is a Scottish settler, as the surname sufficiently indicates. Mr. Mackennal landed in England in 1883, studied



E. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.  
(Drawn by Abbey Altson.)

galleries and studios to acquire what they conceive to be the best work of the year for the Melbourne and Sydney galleries; and an English society yearly exports and exhibits great numbers of works to the antipodean capitals with results entirely gratifying to our artists. Nor do Australia's efforts end with the patronage of the mother country's art. Her schools are richly endowed; and the Melbourne Gallery possesses a travelling scholarship which our Royal Academy schools may well envy. Such generosity bears quick fruit—the Australian artist is beginning to make himself felt in the galleries of Europe; and four at least of Australia's most promising men have commanded considerable attention at Burlington House: Messrs. E. Bertram Mackennal, Rupert C. W. Bunny, John Longstaff, and Abbey Altson.

The careers of these artists, as far as they have run, naturally bear a strong family likeness. They



"SHE SITTETH ON A SEAT . . . IN THE HIGH PLACES  
OF THE CITY."

(By Bertram Mackennal. In the Royal Academy.)

the antique at the Museum, and obtained admission to the Royal Academy schools. But he soon found himself intolerant of the necessary routine, and went on to Paris, where he placed himself under

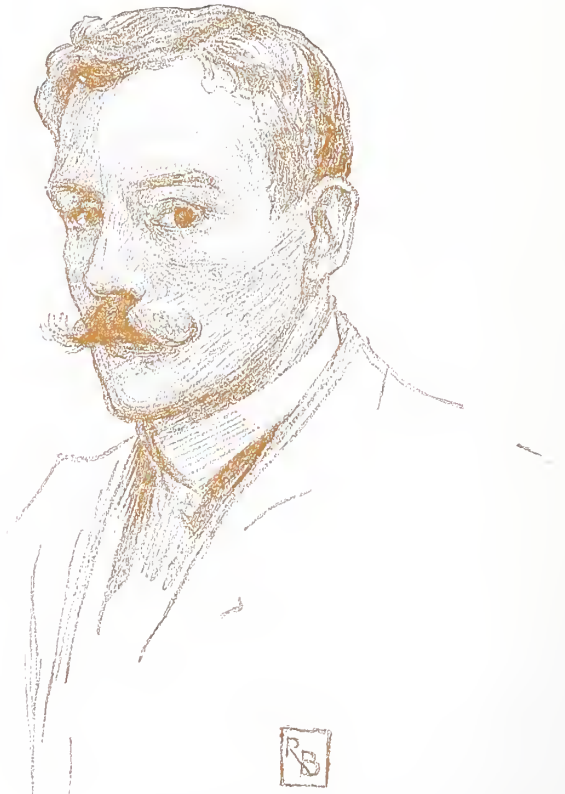
no one master, but set up a studio for himself—he was then only nineteen, and obtained his varied tuition by visiting the studios of the several leading sculptors. Five years later he was for-



J. LONGSTAFF.  
(Drawn by Phil May.)

fortunate enough in a competition, open only to Colonials, to secure the commission to decorate the façade of the Government House in Victoria, and returning to his native country, spent two years in the execution of his work. In 1892 he exhibited "La Tête d'une Sainte" and "Le Baiser d'une Mère" in the Salon; and in 1893 the statue of "Ciree," which has brought him fame in more ways than one. This work is stamped with a remarkable and distinctive individuality. Influenced as it unquestionably must be by contemporary French sculpture in handling and execution, it is conceived as a whole by a man whose genius is no less that of a poet than of a decorative artist. So carefully selective in all that he attempts is he, that he admits that when a model sits to him it makes him furious to discover how much she has that he does not want. On the other hand, the restraint and simplicity of its lines distinguish it from the work of Mr. Mackenmal's English contemporaries, whose ambitions bend largely in the direction of grace and sweetness. This powerful woman with extended arms and drooping hands, and

the serpent-filleted tresses of a witch, stands erect, almost rigid in the pride of the consciousness of the irresistible supremacy of her nudity: but form and face are devoid of voluptuousness, and her expression is one of scorn for her victims. It was admirably placed in a central avenue in the Champs Elysées, received an honourable mention, and a great critic writing of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* said:—"The tense, restrained, but triumphant beauty of the sorceress bears itself with a firm and elegant alertness which is free from all trace of vulgarity and all suggestion of the model: no small merit in our opinion at the present day." His contribution this year to the Royal Academy is a seated figure, for which he finds explanation but not name in the Book of Proverbs. We may call her "Rahab." She is splendidly established in one of the high places of the city, sitting sternly erect with eyes of scorn that sweep the crowded streets beneath her; the rose of love, in gold, she holds in her extended hand. The back, the pose of the body, and the vanity of it all, her invitation and her contempt, are very finely expressed. In the lower



RUPERT C. W. BUNNY.  
(Drawn by Himself.)

part of the body, which is muscular and powerful, the sculptor has dared to indicate the hard service of vice. The plinth, as usual, he charges with decorative symbolic meaning. Under the feet of

the figure lies Love, with broken wings; his life ruined by contact with such a creature. At the back is a huge but sinister male face, of Syrian

tures who have drunk of Circe's wine, though he was concerned in the doing it rather with the greater value these abrupt masses of light and



THE FORERUNNERS.

(From the Painting by R. C. W. Eunny. In the Royal Academy.)

type, and, despite its strong beauty, of goat-like expression. It is Sin.

On sending "Circe" to the Academy last year, a surprise awaited Mr. Mackennal. The plinth on which the statue stands is decorated with a flowing series in high relief of small nude figures in animated action and surmounted by a coiled snake. Thus the sculptor indicates the swine, the debased crea-

shade were giving to his figure than the allegoric significance of the forms themselves. In Paris, however, his interpretation of the legend was accounted to him as poetry. Not so did it appeal to the Hanging Committee at Burlington House. They were conscious of the merits of the work and anxious to secure its exhibition, but the base appeared to them, to use their own words, "as



THE GOLDEN AGE.

(From a Pencil Sketch of the Picture by Abbey Allson.)

not being in accordance with the exigencies of the exhibition:" and courteous negotiations resulted in the diplomatic compromise of the retention of the statue in a place of honour, and the covering of the base from public view with a swathing of red baize. Mr. Maekennal has a gift for portraiture, and generally succeeds in adding to mere likeness some revelation as to the character

painter gave it up and taught at Julian's, "and his *dèle* I have always remained," says Mr. Bunny, with evident pride. His first picture at the Salon was the "Witch's Sabbath." Three years later, a composition dealing with Tritons at play in the sea, a somewhat weird twilight effect, earned for him an honourable mention. In 1891 he had a picture called "The Sea Idyll" at the Academy, and the following

year "La Pastorale" at the Salon, and "Le Passant" at the Academy. He has also sent work to the Royal British Artists' and the Grafton Galleries. Mr. Bunny has a powerful and original imagination and a bizarre fancy. He loves to paint mer-folk, nymphs, and fairies, and to deal with witches and warlocks, and the meannly little people of legendary lore. He is particularly at home in treating the nude with a marine setting: and none of his English work has aroused more discussion than his "The Intruders" shown in Suffolk Street. Here we had a breadth of brilliant and intense blue ungraduated from horizon to zenith; in the middle distance a classic galley, with prow and oars of flaming vermilion, and behind her, dazzlingly bright in the strong sun, the white cliffs of the East coast. The crew of the galley are fishermen, and one or two of them have waded ashore to set their nets; but they find themselves confronted by the local mermen—uncanny fellows



MRS. PHIL MAY.

(From the Painting by J. Longstaff.)

of the sitter. One of his most successful efforts has been a bust of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, of whom he had opportunities of intimate study both during her Australian tour and his Parisian sojourn. He has built himself a studio in the north-western district of London.

Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny, the son of an Australian judge, is a painter of about the same age as Mr. Maekennal, who studied in Melbourne in 1883-84, and then came to London only to fail to obtain instruction or advantage at the St. John's Wood Art Schools, and so passed to Paris, where he entered the studio of J. P. Laurens, before that

with greenish bodies, whose flesh looks as though it had never seen the light. A fault is the absence of strength and muscularity in the physiques. Such creatures could never battle with the waves of their tyrant Neptune. The arrangement of the light is peculiar, and the treatment of the whole composition somewhat unsatisfactory, as being partly realistic and partly conventional. Nevertheless its boldness as a piece of decoration and the barbaric vehemence of its colour were qualities not to be lightly overlooked. "Una" at the Academy, a delightful picture of the blue-mantled maiden wending her way through a thicket of small



trees, the light falling through the slender columns of the trunks on her and her congregation of quaint imps, shows a great advance in charm of colour and technical dexterity, and no falling-off in novelty and grace of invention. The picture here reproduced, "The Forerunners," was shown last year at the Salon as "Avant l'Orage." It now hangs at the Royal Academy immediately over the President's topaz-harmony "Flaming June." As decoration this canvas is very imposing, and the irresistible force with which the undulating masses of intensely blue water rush to the shore is very impressive. But the drawing of the armed Tritons and the white foam horses which they ride is perfunctory. Mr. Bunny has reached the crisis of his career. We want no more student's work, however strong. He must give up Paris, and come to London, and live painter-like a painter's life if he means to achieve anything more than seasonal sensations.

Mr. John Longstaff was born at Clunes, a well-known mining centre at some distance from Melbourne; and after a vigorous boyhood, spent in contact with unspoiled nature, went up to the capital, and entered the art schools. He had timed his advent opportunely. The Victorian Government, in 1887, determined to establish a travelling scholarship for painters, value £450; that is to say, £150 a year, tenable for three years, the competitions, of course, to occur every third year. The first of these handsome awards, which compare more than favourably with the three travelling studentships of £200 each, given every other year by our Royal Academy for historical painting, sculpture, and architecture, Mr. Longstaff, who had made amazingly swift progress, was fortunate enough to secure with his "Breaking the News," a composition of considerable force and pathos, dealing with a characteristic incident of Colonial mining life. Immediately after obtaining this success he left for Paris, and became the pupil of M. Fernand Cormon.

One of the conditions imposed by the Melbourne School of Art on those who take its big prize is that they shall paint and send home to the Melbourne National Gallery two copies of great masters, and during their third year an original canvas. By this means Melbourne is securing for herself a splendid gallery of reproductions of the great masterpieces of the world, and establishing an interesting record of the development of her own art. It is doubtful, however, if she will again secure the services of a copyist of Mr. Longstaff's attainment. With him it seems a special gift. In copying he utterly loses his own identity, and reproduces the master with a fidelity, even as a brushwork, which makes his work look rather like that of a pupil of the painter's own day, working under his direction, than a copyist of our own country. Mr. Longstaff's thank-offering consists of a copy of "The Entombment," by Titian, in the Louvre, a copy



ABBEY ALTSON.

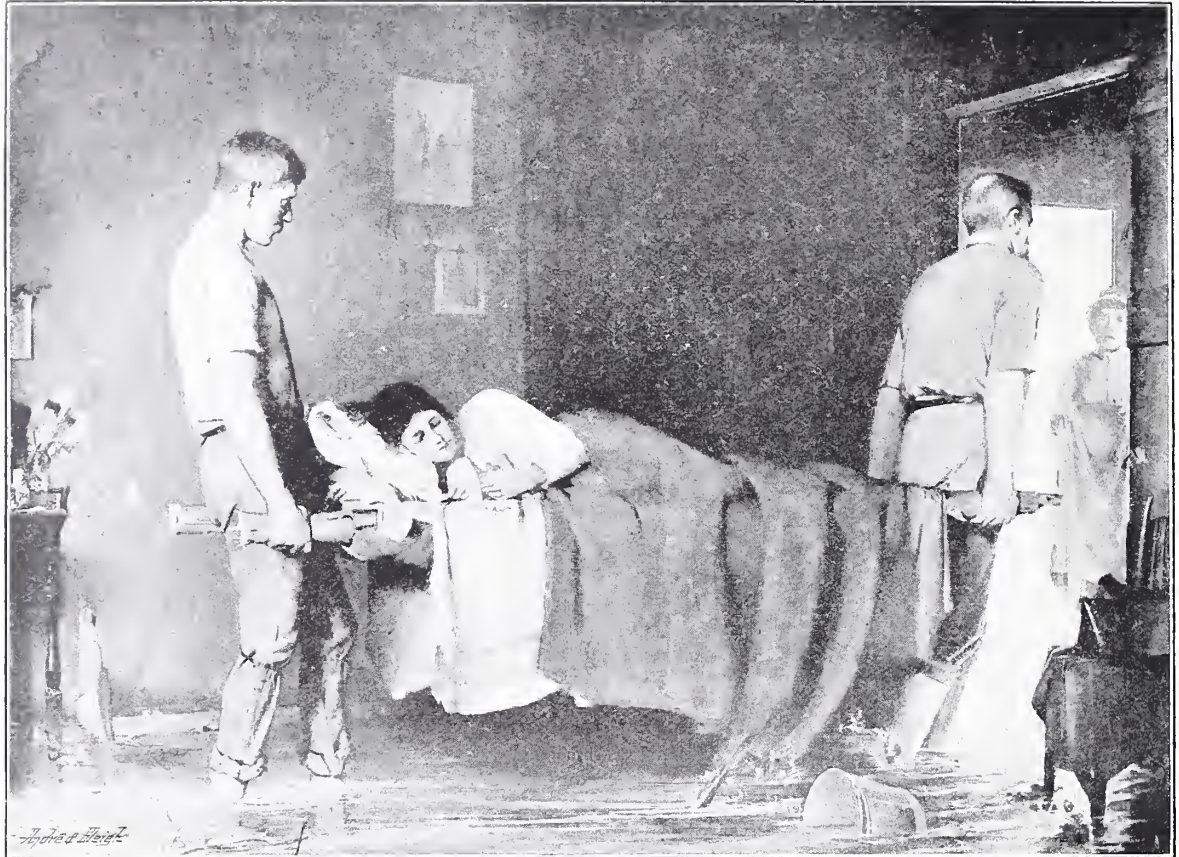
(From a Pencil Drawing by Arthur Buckland.)

of the "Æsop," by Velasquez, in the Prado—the sojourn in Madrid, it goes unsaid, doing great things in the development of his art—and the original picture "Syrens," shown at the Salon in 1893, and last year in the Royal Academy. The colour is throughout greyish green, deepening to a forbidding black, with the flesh notes in relief. It lacks something in concentration, but bears a promise of great things. In 1891 Mr. Longstaff earned an honourable mention at the Salon with his "Mother and Child." His technique satisfies the connoisseur, while the accuracy of his delineation and the freshness of his style appeal to the more popular tastes of his sitters. We reproduce his portrait of "Mrs. Phil May," in which the harmonies of bluish green and greenish blue draperies give distinction to the fair hair and face.

Mr. Abbey Altson is only twenty-six, and was born, I believe, in Middlesbro'-on-Tees, Yorkshire, but was taken out to Australia when only thirteen. Melbourne, in her generosity, admits all who have

studied at her schools to the privileges of her competitions, and in 1891, the second time of its awarding, the great prize fell to Mr. Altson, with a picture called "The Flood," which we are fortunate in reproducing, as it is probably the only example of the work to be seen in Europe of these schools, at that time under the direction of Mr. Folinsby, an artist who

nude—not only actually painted in the open air, but as forming an integral part of a decorative landscape scheme. Mr. Altson was at considerable pains to obtain his studies for this work, it being by no means so easy as it used to be in France to obtain permission from proprietors of land to paint the nude in the open. Mr. Altson succeeded



THE FLOOD.

(From the Painting by Abbey Altson.)

studied in Munich, and has since died. Treatment, sentiment, and subject will be found somewhat akin to those of our Newlyn school, though the resemblance must necessarily be fortuitous. The picture had an immediate success, which the vigour and balance of its composition, and the direct and dramatic fashion in which it tells its simple story, obviously justified: and no time was lost in finding a purchaser at £100, a helpful addition to the £450 of the studentship for so young a man. Paris was Mr. Altson's next step, where he worked in Julian's studio, received tuition from MM. Courtois, Blanc, Dagnan-Bouveret, and others, and in 1892 sent a semi-nude figure called "Echo" to the Salon, which was admirably hung. The next year he followed this up with a daring picture which he called "The Golden Age," and which was seen last spring in our own Academy. It deals with the

by stealth, and took his models to the Island of Noirmontier, off the south-west coast of France, his painting ground being a spot of remote and rarely-visited land in the neighbourhood. Under these uneasy and anxious conditions he obtained some very beautiful studies of flesh, golden in the full light, with tender roses and purples in the half-lights. His work is in many ways that of a young man; but it won the esteem of Paris, and was awarded an honourable mention. Its distinctive merit is its decorative unity. The figures and landscape form inseparable parts of a whole painted under similar conditions, and inspired by the same sentiment. In these respects it forms a notable contrast to certain British works, in which a figure painted in the studio with a top-light was subsequently set in an incongruous background of open landscape.



(Drawn by A. Girardon.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

AUGUST.

### National Gallery Notes.

A CONSIDERABLE number of additions have recently been made to the gallery, the dispersal of the Lync Stephens, Cliefden, and Price collections having afforded an opportunity for securing good examples of the various schools. From the first-named comes "A Landscape, with Hunting Party," No. 1,447 (Room XI.), and a "Portrait of Cardinal Richelieu," by PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAGNE, No. 1,449 (East Vestibule), this picture being presented by Charles Butler, Esq. From the second a fine painting of an "Interior of a Church, Holland," by BERKE HEYDE, No. 1,451 (Room XI.); "A Gondola," by GUARDI, No. 1,454 (Room XIII.); a "Landscape with a Gentleman holding a Horse," by GEORGE STUBBS, R.A., No. 1,452 (Room XIX.); and an interesting picture, "Covent Garden Market with St. Paul's Church," by B. NEBOT, No. 1,453 (Room XVII.). A good MÜLLER, "Carnarvon Castle," purchased from the Price collection for 2,300 guineas, and a magnificent COTMAN purchased by Sir William Agnew at the same sale, has been ceded to the Nation. A painting of the "Holy Family," by DEL PIOMBO (No. 1,450), which has been on loan from Lord Northbrook, has been purchased by the Trustees. The Dutch section has been added to with "Fishing in the River," by SOLOMON VAN RUYSDAEL, No. 1,439 (Room X.); "Ships in a Gale," by BAKHUIZEN, No. 1,442 (Room X.); "Interior of a Church," by H. STEENWICK, No. 1,443 (Room XI.); "Peasants Warming Themselves," by GERARD VAN HOULHORST, No. 1,434 (Room XI.). Another example by BELLINI is hung in Room VII., "St. Dominic," No. 1,440. Mr. Edwin Edwards has presented "A Pasturage in France," by FRANÇOIS BONVIN, No. 1,448 (Room XX.), and Sir J. C. Robinson has given "Christ driving out the Traders from the Temple," by DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI (Il Greco), No. 1,457 (Room XV.). Room No. VII. is being re-hung, the large picture by PERUGINO, "The Virgin and St. Joseph" (No. 1,441), lent from South Kensington, occupying the end wall. "The Vision of St.

Eustace," by VITTORE PISANO, No. 1,436 (Room VII.), is a purchase, and "The Virgin and Child with Angels," school of Gentile da Fabriano, is the gift of J. P. Heseltine, Esq. The following six fine paintings have been lent by Mr. George Salting, and are hung on a screen under the dome: "Virgin and Child," attributed to DIERCK BOUTS; "Portrait of a Young Man," by CHRISTOPH AMBERGER; "Portrait of a Young Man," by PETRUS CHRISTI; "Portrait of a Man," by BARTHOLOMÆUS BRUYN; "Virgin and Child with Donor" (Cologne school); and a "Portrait of a Youth" (Venetian school). Two other recent acquisitions are reproduced on pp. 396 and 400.

It is a little hard on the New English Art Exhibitions. Club that it should be called upon to pay the penalty of its own success. And yet this is unquestionably the case. It has educated a broader public than its own particular *clientèle*, and its members now find admittance possible in exhibitions which in earlier days were hermetically sealed to them. Moreover, those greater artists who exhibited chiefly *pour encourager les autres* no longer seem to think their patronage necessary. The most important things to-day are from the brush of Mr. P. WILSON STEER; indeed this is always so. He has chosen to send two versions of a young girl of about thirteen at her toilet before a swing-mirror. This is a little student-like, but the delicacy with which the slight and immature limbs and contours are handled, and the knowledge displayed in the drawing and the painting of the white draperies, make it more than pardonable. Mr. Steer also sends a dashing and virile portrait of Mr. D. C. Thomson, the rapid characterisation of the hands being remarkably clever. Mr. ROBERT ANNING BELL has achieved a great success with his exercise *à la* Degas. For eccentricity, and in some sense violation of good taste, we must turn to Mr. WILL ROTHENSTEIN; and for novelty to Mr. ROGER FRY, whose effective head and shoulders of a fair woman with a wealth of straw-coloured hair is of interest. Of the works of Messrs. MOFFAT

LINDNER, BRABAZON, HENRY, J. E. CHRISTIE, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, PEGRAM, TONKS, CADBY, and TOMSON, we should speak with praise did space permit.

The art of ancient Egypt is never likely to be better illustrated in a single exhibition than it is at present at a show at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, whose committee, aided by such specialists as Professor Gaston Maspero and Mr. Flinders Petrie, have organised such a gathering as the Egyptologist must always remember with interest. Not only private collectors, but important public institutions—the Royal Museum of Berlin, for instance—have lent to the Burlington Club what are practically priceless treasures, representing to perfection the smaller and more exquisite of the industrial arts as the Egyptians practised them. The representation of the periods which many account to be the most interesting and important of Egyptian art—the Fourth, Fifth, and Twelfth Dynasties—is at all events more adequate than that at the British Museum itself has as yet had any opportunity of being. The Museum at Cairo and that of the Louvre may, no doubt, do somewhat better than the English club of connoisseurs; but it is

something to be second only to these institutions. Were the subject of more direct appeal to a large artistic public, we should treat it at greater length. Here, for the time at least, it must suffice to say that the whole assemblage of precious little objects, figures in faience, ornaments in gold and cloisonné, statuettes and other carvings in ivory and wood, has been brought together with diligence and with rare knowledge. Apart from the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned much credit is due, we believe—in the matter of this exhibition—to Mr. Henry Wallis, who adds to his gifts as an artist the qualifications of an expert in Egyptian affairs.

Mr. GARDEN G. SMITH follows the irresistible course of nature, and, being a Scottish artist of the younger school, visits the Spain of John Phillip and Raeburn. His water-colours, shown at St. George's Gallery, were the harvest of a recent visit to the Pyrenean villages, a series of sketches of evanescent beauty, discriminating in selection, deft in execution, amazing in brilliancy of colour, and very decorative.

At Messrs. Graves' Galleries the exhibition was *in memoriam* of a clever painter, the late Mr. CHARLES JONES, R.S.A. Unlike those of many of our more distinguished cattle-painters, his animals were as English as the scenes in which he set them.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have been pursuing their usual

practice, and resetting their collection of Old English Masters, such as STANNARD, BEECHY, OPIE, HOPNER, and VINCENT, and have been offering in their Bond Street Gallery an opportunity to eyes jaded with the glare of the modern shows the restful spectacle of work to the beauties of which have been added tone.

The collection of works of art at the Goupil Galleries justifies its title "A Connoisseur's Treasure." It was eclecticism incarnate, Japanese bronzes, early Burne-Joneses, selected Tanagra terra-cottas, Persian brass, and small Holbeins and a Whistler.

Perhaps the Ridley Art Club needs to be explained. It is an art school established to the memory of the late Mr. Matthew White Ridley, an excellent art-master. The students have recently appealed to the public by occupying the Nineteenth Century Gallery, showing work, in some instances, of promise, whilst the presence in the catalogue of the names of Mr. HAITÉ, Mr. CLAUDE HAYES, and other recognised men, gave interest to the walls, and will prove of influential sympathy.

It is a pleasant practice amongst the dealers to collect for exhibition all the available pictures of some artist, the

latest of whose works they are engraving. Thus at the Sacred Art Gallery we find brought together Miss HENRIETTA RAE'S "Eurydice," "La Cigale," and "Doubts," and other pictures to support her last year's great effort, "Psyche at the Court of Venus," which, losing its somewhat too sugary colour, will look its best in monochrome.

At the French Gallery all interest centres in one of the most exquisite TURNERS ever painted, "St. Mark's, Venice, on a Festa Night," a poem in blue and white painted in oils, but producing the effect of water-colour—an impression in the truest and noblest sense of the word. Several important works by W. B. THOLEN, a Dutch painter of only thirty-three years of age, and of great promise, introduce a new master to the London public. A beautiful study in red, "A Rhodian Maiden," by Mme. HENRIETTE BROWNE, and a delicious arrangement of white and purple poppies by A. CESBRON, called "Fleurs de Sommeil," stand out in a collection of unusual excellence.

Mr. WILLIAM HACKSTOUN, whose water-colour drawings have appeared in the Dutch Gallery, seems to be one of those rare personages who delay their appeal to the general public until they have reached the maturity and full practice of their art. He has long been known to friends and patrons in Perth, the city of his residence, and



THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

(By Barnaba da Modena. Recently acquired for the National Gallery.)

enjoys the warm commendation of Mr. RUSKIN; but his name is quite new to London. Nearly all his drawings deal with Perth and its neighbourhood. Most of them give us trees placed on either side in the foreground, *à la* Wilson, with the river and bridge in the middle distance.



CELADON GROUND VASE.

(Recently in the Cliefden Collection. By Permission of A. Wertheimer, Esq.)

One feels the conventional arrangement, and notes the placid old-world technique. At the same time one grows conscious of a restful, almost melancholy charm, and a certain elegant sedateness.

Our views have been expressed already. The Society of Lady Artists is at the best a superfluity. Its fortieth exhibition in the Dudley Gallery was not devoid of merit, Miss ETHEL WRIGHT, Miss YOUNGMAN, R.L., Miss KATE MACAULAY, R.W.S., Lady GRANBY, and Mrs. SWYNNERTON showing excellent work. But they permit the display of their drawings and paintings as patrons, and by condescension. To the ladies whose names we have mentioned all the general galleries are freely open.

Following the example of other black-and-white humourists, Mr. RAVEN HILL is holding an exhibition of his works at the Carlton Gallery. Mr. Raven Hill stands in the front rank of humorous artists practising with the pen. He is a master of line, and his characters are executed with a freedom that is altogether charming; they are withal full of life and movement, and, while recalling the creations of Charles Keene, are yet stamped with an individuality that is unmistakably original. Five paintings shown in the same room prove him to be a colourist of no mean ability.

Mr. GILBERT L. MARKS has been exhibiting his work in *repoussé* silver at 80, Aldersgate Street; and from the two pieces which we reproduce on pp. 398 and 399, the

character of his work will be seen. While the forms necessarily follow accepted lines, the schemes of decoration are purely his own; and all being skilfully executed, give results that are exceedingly pleasing. Mr. Marks comes of an artistic stock—he is a nephew of Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., and of Frederick Walker, A.R.A.—and his work shows the possession of high artistic instincts combined with great skill of execution. All the pieces were entirely hand-wrought, and the artist gave full scope to the opportunities afforded him in this interesting work.

Messrs. Waring and Sons, Limited, in their exhibition of antique *objets d'art*, are showing many things not usually looked for in the ordinary collections of this character. The specimens include work of all kinds, and is especially strong in wood-carving, there being some remarkably fine examples of French, Gothic, and Renaissance work. The tapestries and needlework are interesting, the Spanish altar frontal reproduced on p. 399 being especially noteworthy. It dates from the early seventeenth century, and was obtained from a church near Madrid. It is of excellent workmanship, the design and colouring being of very fine quality.

Some new designs for wall-papers and friezes by Messrs. WALTER CRANE, LEWIS DAY, HEYWOOD SUMNER, S. MAWSON, and STEPHEN WEBB are being shown by Messrs. Jeffrey and Co. at their manufactory. We published last month two friezes by the latter, which are produced in



CELADON GROUND VASE.

(Recently in the Cliefden Collection. By Permission of A. Wertheimer, Esq.)

copper and stamped paper. They present a very fine appearance in the former medium, forming panels decorative in effect.

The eleventh annual exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association was held at the Albert Hall in June,

the work of the numerous classes then shown being of unusual interest. Much of it, of course, bore the stamp of the "class" upon it, the repetition of design being in many cases inexpressibly monotonous. Nevertheless, there were instances of striking originality both in design and execution that gave great promise on behalf of some of the pupils. We would especially commend the embossed leather-work that came from Leighton Buzzard; the designs by Miss BASSETT, the teacher of the class, were

mission from an admirer, was made in the manner of which Cruikshank was a master—his only mastery over colour, by the way—namely, in pencil with light washes of delicious tints. Though not a serious water-colourist at all, he coquetted with washes as charmingly, perhaps, as any draughtsman of his time. This series, undertaken by Cruikshank expressly to show that he *was* a water-colourist, has been reproduced in facsimile to the number of twenty-six, and has been issued as illustrations by

Messrs. Chapman and Hall to a superb edition of Charles Dickens's romance, together with the single drawing embodying thirteen of them, marvellously touched in, as a frontispiece. The drawings have necessarily been deprived of some of the sharpness of the etchings themselves; but their gain by colour, by the softer touch of the artist's magic pencil, is enormous. They are, in fact, much nearer the French *aquarelle* than the English water-colour, and their charm has been entirely retained by the successful "novel process" which has been employed. This process is apparently collotype (with a grain like aquatint), which heretofore has usually been associated with the idea of an extra-smooth cross between photograph and photogravure. Within the last two or three years, however, enormous improvement has been effected in the process, and results have been achieved far beyond what was ever anticipated. It is sufficient to examine this colour work to recognise the triumph of the present method, which almost rivals the French process of printing in photogravure inked *à la poupee* and retouched by hand. The volume is therefore not only a noble one in itself, but with the additional interest of association and technique. It may be added that Cruikshank included the drawing which Dickens cancelled, and which was accordingly suppressed in the original edition:



REPOUSSÉ SILVER SALVER.

(Designed and Executed by Gilbert L. Marks.)

very good, while the work itself—executed for the greater part by cripples—deserved the highest praise, that by MARIAN KING calling for special notice. The floral designs were delicately tinted, and lent an additional interest to the work, giving it an appearance of finish that is usually lacking in this work when left in the natural state of the leather. From Keswick came an elaborate silver salver in *repoussé* that was far above the average work of this kind exhibited.

**Reviews.** GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S illustrations to "*Oliver Twist*" have always been quoted among the happiest efforts of his middle period, in spite of their constant lapses into caricature. They comprise "The dreadful Jew, That Cruikshank drew," Bill Sikes and his dog, and the Merry Old Gentleman, and these sufficiently account for the esteem in which they have been held ever since their publication. That esteem brought Cruikshank in later years the request, once or twice repeated, to reproduce his illustrations in pencil. It is certain that, apart from the original sketches, and their repetitions on tracing-paper (made with a view to transferring them to copper before etching the plate), at least one or two sets exist; and one of them, if we remember aright, has gone to America. Another, a com-

"Rose Maylie and Oliver," a very commonplace parlour-scene, being replaced after the issue of a few copies by the church scene, "Tablet to Agnes." Both are given in this volume, and judgment may be pronounced on Dickens's taste by each owner of the book—which, by the way, has on its cover the wood-block designed by "the Immortal George," in which twelve variants of the regular plates and other scenes are reproduced. Every Dickens and Cruikshank collector is bound to possess this volume.

There is a widespread delusion among amateurs that any art or craft may be learnt from a handbook, and publishers appear to think that anyone who knows his trade is competent to write a book about it. Better by far, of course, even a blundering exposition by a man who knows, than the fluent writing of a man who knows only how to write. We want no graces of style in a technical work; but we do want as much of literary skill as will enable the writer to describe a simple process in words which make us see the operation in our mind's eye. In "*The Decoration of Metals—Chasing, Repoussé, and Saw-piercing*," by JOHN HARRISON (Chapman and Hall), the author, though evidently a practical workman and willing enough to tell us all he knows, scarcely does this. He could probably expound much better

with the "punch" than with the pen. In fact, the only way to teach a trade is with the tools belonging to it; the only place to learn it the workshop; all that books can teach is the theory of the subject. As to the illustrations they are very unequal. The best are from *repoussé* work by VECHTE and MOREL LADEUIL, but the cheap process by which they are produced does scant justice to those master-silversmiths.



REPOUSSÉ SILVER CUP.

(Designed and Executed by Gilbert L. Marks.)

Mr. BARING-GOULD has discovered a new winter resort for invalids, and in his two volumes, *'The Deserts of Southern France'* (Methuen and Co.), he tells the physical and political story of a portion of France which until recently has been practically unknown to travellers, though it has been known to the artist as a sketching-ground. The illustrations, especially those in the first volume, are very effective, particularly when they deal with the caves and underground rivers which abound in the country. If the different places referred to by the author are half as interesting as he makes out, there should set in a tide of visitors to the south centre of France, not of the invalid class particularly, but of strong people who love exploring expeditions, and can make them.

Mr. A. HORSLEY HINTON, in *'A Handbook of Illustration'* (Dawbarn and Ward), looks at his subject more as a photographer than an artist, and discourses on the methods of making blocks from the various kinds of drawings, but he has very little to say on what constitutes the best drawing for the purpose of reproduction. Even on this line he is belated in respect to facts. It is quite possible that some of the very indifferent half-tone blocks illustrating the book were made by the use of such screens as he describes on page 32, but no half-tone block maker who cared for his reputation would use screens of such description. On the whole, however, the information in the book as to photographic matters is fairly reliable. The same cannot be said of his artistic views or knowledge.

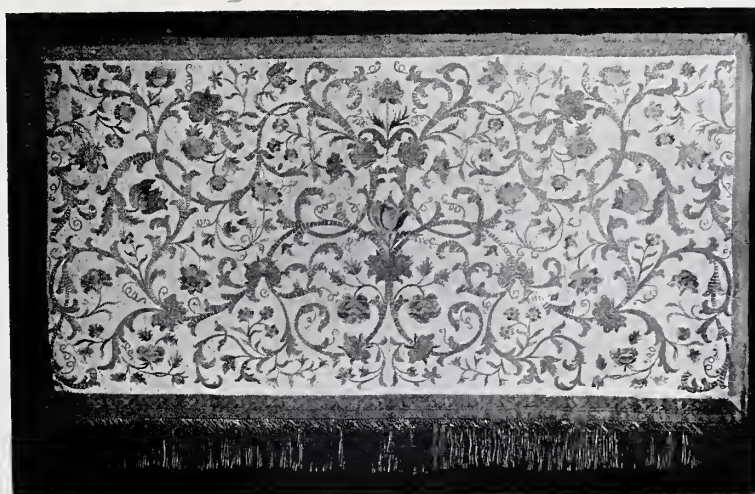
Mr. LEWIS DAY, in continuation of his series of text books on *'Ornamental Design,'* has just issued one on that most important subject, *'The Application of Ornament'* (Batsford). One sentence from the preface gives the scope

of this little book:—"These few chapters go to demonstrate how essential to Ornament is its strict subordination to practical conditions; how, in all times and in all crafts, workmen have cheerfully accepted them; and how the very form of historic detail handed down to us grew out of obedience to them." The book is full of admirable illustrations and is well printed.

In the very pretty *'Book of Fairy Tales'* (Methuen and Co.), re-told by S. BARING-GOULD, we have to thank the editor for the simple and well-chosen language in which he has catered for children—though we wonder how so practised a writer could print "But although written by Perrault, he did not invent the stories." The features of the volume are the typography of the book—a handsome black type, the demand for which has doubtless been created by Mr. William Morris—and the drawings by Mr. A. J. GASKIN. These, which can claim the merit of simple grace and good design, are well in the spirit of folk-tale-telling; but whether children will be more pleased with severe art than with pictures less decorative in their aim is a question which experience will answer.

The little volume entitled *'A Book of Words,'* by A. A. S. (Mr. A. A. SYKES—Constable), contains a number of humorous verses reprinted from *Punch* (felicitously termed "Charivarieties"), as well as "Cantabsurdities," and so forth: for the most part very clever and original. They are accompanied by sketches by the author, which show grace and humour, but which are robbed of their full effect by the obvious "drawing for process," as the method was practised years ago through the medium of transfer-paper.

The new edition of *'The Student's English Dictionary'* (Blackie and Son), which Dr. CHARLES ANNANDALE has practically made into a new book, is the best of its price and scope we know of. Artistic terminology and illustration (the book containing a profusion of woodcuts, entirely adequate, and many even excellently executed) are treated perhaps more fully than might have been expected in this volume of nine hundred pages; and the supplemental lists of various kinds add immensely to its usefulness.



SPANISH ALTAR FRONTAL.

(Exhibited by Waring Brothers, Limited.)

There is only wanting one that we would like to see in the next edition—an appendix of contrasted spellings: an expansion, in fact, of the admirable list issued to "Readers" by Mr. Hart, of the Oxford University Press.

A small but very valuable book to painter-artists has been published by Percy Young, 137, Gower Street. It is a translation from the French of "*A Compendium of Painting*," by JACQUES BLOCKX, FILS. The author is a



THE LATE J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

colour and varnish maker, but it must not be supposed that the compendium is a puff of his own wares. Jacques Blockx is a chemist of great experience, who has devoted himself to the study of the things which go to make a perfectly painted picture from a technical point of view. Why should a twenty-year-old picture painted in the present generation fade and crack and become worthless, when a picture

painted four centuries ago is in a better condition than at the time it was painted? This is a question that concerns every painter, and it is answered by M. Blockx in a manner which must interest them all. But the book is also for the owner of pictures and the directors of public galleries, who will find in it much that will be of service to them in the preservation of works of art. It is a book that every painter and picture-owner should possess and carefully study, and it might well form a text-book in our art schools if ever those institutions should attempt to teach students the technical side of their art.

**New Engraving.** "*A Song of Autumn*" is the title given by Mr. FULLWOOD, R.B.A., to a large original etching which he has recently completed and published in the very limited edition of forty impressions on Japanese paper. The subject is somewhat classical in treatment, and is imbued with fine poetical feeling of a sad kind.

**Miscellanea.** THE HON. PHILIP STANHOPE, M.P., has been appointed a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.

The late Sir GEORGE SCHARF, K.C.B., has bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery his Order of the Bath, his sketch-books, and note-books and annotated catalogues.

We reproduce on p. 397 two of a set of three celadon ground vases, for which there was a keen competition at the Cliefden sale. They are magnificent specimens of ceramic art, standing 13½ inches high. Starting at 100 guineas, the price was run up to 1,700 guineas, for which sum the vases were acquired by Mr. Wertheimer, of Bond Street.

An attempt is being made to acquire, for the Guildhall Art Gallery, the celebrated painting by HOLBEIN, belonging to the Company of Barber Surgeons, representing Edward III. granting the Charter to members of the Guild. The picture is 6 feet high and 10 feet 3 inches wide, and contains eighteen life-sized

figures, being the largest painting executed by Holbein. The price asked is £15,000.

**Obituary.** THE Royal Academy has lost two of its members by death. A notice of Mr. HENRY MOORE, R.A., will be found on p. 378; the other member is Mr. JOHN EVAN HODGSON, R.A., who was also Librarian to the Academy. Born in London in 1831, he was taken at an early age to Russia, where he stayed till he was old enough to be sent to Rugby for his education. He afterwards went back to Russia and entered his father's counting-house. His art instincts, however, were too strong, and after reading Ruskin's "*Modern Painters*" he determined to abandon commercial life for that of an artist. In 1882 he entered as a student at the Royal Academy Schools, and his first exhibited works were "*Margaret Pope in Holbein's Studio*" and "*The First Sight of the Armada*." He continued painting historical subjects until 1869, when he went to Africa and chose to base his reputation upon pictures of Tunisian and Moorish life. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1873 and a full member in 1879. Mr. Hodgson had great literary knowledge and capabilities—many of his efforts in this direction having appeared in the pages of THE MAGAZINE OF ART—and in this respect was admirably suited for the post of librarian to which he was appointed some years ago.

We have to record the death of Mr. JAMES WEBB, the landscape-painter, an artist of exceptional talent; of Mr. JOHN HAYTER—a brother of Sir George Hayter, the Court painter; and of Mr. JOHN ABSOLON, R.I., at the age of eighty.



HEAD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Milanese School. Recently acquired for the National Gallery.)

In Mr. Telbin's article in the July Part of this Magazine the surname of THOMAS and WILLIAM GRIEVE, on page 340, was by a typographical error rendered GREENE.



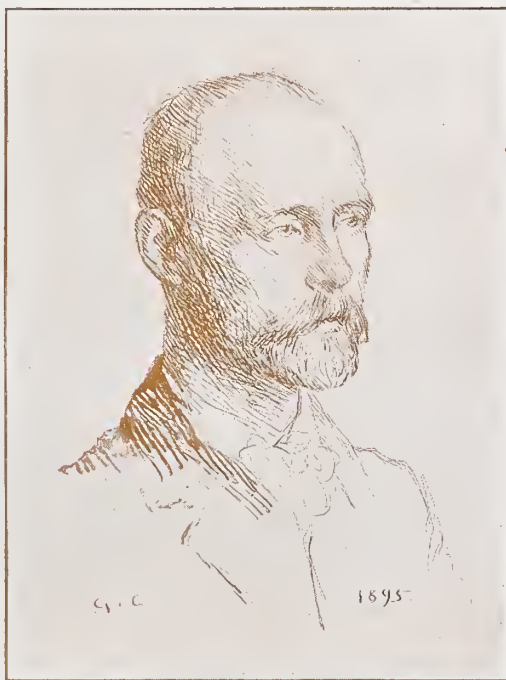
## GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.

By WALTER ARMSTRONG.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, whose election to the Royal Academy excited so much interest in the spring of 1895, was born in London in 1852. On leaving school in 1867 he entered an office as a draughtsman, but utilised his evenings by working in the schools at South Kensington. In 1868 he won a gold medal for design in the National Competition, and repeated his success in 1870. A year later he carried off a silver medal, which was followed by a national scholarship. This last success encouraged him to give up his draughtsman's post and to launch himself as a painter. On the expiration of his scholarship he worked for a time in the studio of the late Edwin Long, R.A., by whose advice he travelled and studied in the Low Countries. To the old Dudley Gallery he afterwards sent various drawings of Dutch subjects. His first picture at the Royal Academy was the "High Mass at a Fishing Village on the Zuyder Zee," here reproduced. It was exhibited in 1876, in which year he was elected a member of the Institute. In the same year he established himself in a London studio, and commenced the usual course of exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the Dudley, the Grosvenor, the Institute, &c. In 1881 he married, and went to live in the country. Since then he has taken most of his subjects from English rural life. In 1886 he took the step which was afterwards to give a peculiar piquaney to his selection for honour by the Royal Academy. In conjunction with Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Walter Crane he signed a proposal for the radical reform of the Academy; of which nothing need now be said, except that it was a blow in the air. In 1883 he spent a few months, drawing, in Paris. In 1889, having left the Institute some three years before, he was elected an Associate of the "Old Society." For some years he was also a member of the New English Art Club, and then, in 1893, he won the right to put A.R.A. after his

patronymic. Such is a bare outline of Mr. George Clausen's career, so far as it has gone.

As an artist, Mr. Clausen is of the stock of Millet and Bastien-Lepage. He himself would probably refer his style, both of work and conception, more or less exclusively to the example of Bastien, although, to the looker-on, the area of sympathy between himself and Millet is large and important. Not very long ago Mr. Clausen published an estimate of the work of Bastien-Lepage, in which he showed himself to be quite alive to the curious impersonality, the apparently relentless self-suppression, which distinguish it so sharply from that of any other man of similar importance. Here is the passage in which he contrasts Bastien with Millet:—"With Millet the subject and type were everything; the individual, nothing. He was passionately moved by his subject, and once its action and sentiment were expressed, everything was subordinated



GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.  
(Drawn by Himself.)

to them. He cared nothing for the smaller truths of detail, provided the general impression were true to his mental image, and his aim was avowedly to impose his mental impression on the spectator. Lepage, on the contrary, appears to avoid communicating his mental impression. He will give you the visual impression, as truly as he possibly can; you may find—as he has found—pathos and poetry in it: as before the same scene in nature, if you have sympathy; but for his part, he will not help you with any comment of his own. And whereas with Millet the interest always centres in the subject, in Lepage it centres in the individual. His pictures become portraits. He chooses a good type, and sets himself to paint him amid his natural surroundings; and, somehow or other, the subject, as motive and reason for the picture, takes a subordinate place. And yet this is not because anything belonging to the subject is slurred, but because the attention is taken beyond the subject to the actors in it.

For his figures not only live; they convince us of their identity as individuals, and gradually we get so interested in them that we begin to forget what they are doing, and almost to wonder why they are there. We are, in fact, brought so close to them that we cannot get away from the sense of their presence. It is no small tribute to Lepage's skill

the older man, was, of course, affected by the romantic ideas of his time; but no one can look at his face, to say nothing of his pictures, without seeing that the troubles and passions of humanity must always have appealed to him with a force which no mere outward visibilities could rival. If "La Terre" had been written in his day, and he



HIGH MASS AT A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

(From the Painting by George Clausen.)

that his people do so interest us; but is not this interest a conflicting element in the picture? Is it to the advantage of the picture that the interest should be so equally divided? I cannot tell; when before a picture of Lepage's, I accept everything; on thinking it over, I begin to doubt. There is no room for doubt about Millet; no mistake about what he meant. With him the attention is always concentrated on the business in hand; and without desiring to qualify the great respect and admiration which I have for Lepage's work, it seems to me that the point of view of Millet included more essential truths," &c.

This passage throws a strong light on Mr. Clausen's own career. Discriminating as it is, it allows us to perceive a tendency to halt between two opinions, which, harmless and even sometimes desirable in a critic, is dangerous to a creative artist. It may help to account for what, in my opinion, is Mr. Clausen's most serious defect as a painter.

Millet and Bastien-Lepage were two single-minded artists. Each had a goal before him, towards which he pressed with all his strength. Millet,

had waded through its brutalities to its peroration, Zola's astonishing picture of man's solidarity with the earth out of which he wins his daily food might well have struck a more sonorously responsive chord in the mind which conceived "The Sower," "The Gleaners," and "The Angelus," than in any of its actual readers. Millet devoted himself heart and soul to the portrayal of man as an animal chained to the stake of hard material conditions, but circled about with the halo of a free imagination. What he adds to visible, superficial nature is the sense of infinity in the beings which people it. As his peasants delve the ground, or intermit their labour to mutter an *Ave Maria*, or drag a fattened hog into the slaughter-house, their imaginations are not dormant; their passions are at work, sluggishly perhaps, but still actively clothing the nature about them in a garment sympathetic to themselves. This garment Millet makes visible on his canvas. The envelope of the "Angelus" is an emanation, as it were, from the minds of the man and woman who have come nearly to the end of a long day of toil. Even in Millet's earlier pictures—those productions of which, it is said, he was a

little ashamed in his later years—you find the same anthropomorphic dealings with external nature. He never for a moment endeavours to be more objective than he need be. Even in some of his most elaborate modellings of the nude he never goes a step beyond what is required to suggest the movement he has in view.

In all this I am, I confess, but repeating with rather more insistence what Mr. Clausen says himself in the passage already quoted. It is otherwise with Bastien-Lepage. So far as he is concerned, Mr. Clausen's remarks seem to me vitiated by a

his short career, showed him to be governed by an intense interest in appearances as they struck his eye. There is a great deal, a very great deal, in Bastien which reminds one of Holbein. Allow for a different age, different conditions, and different modes of life, and you will find few essential distinctions between the "Portrait de Mon Grand-père," "Père Jacques," or "Albert Wolff" on the one hand, and "Thomas Morritt" or "The Ambassadors" on the other. Holbein's conscious activity had vastly more science in it than art; it was by the unconsious workings of his predilections that



SHEPHERD: EARLY MORNING.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing in the Possession of Sharpley Bambridge, Esq., J.P.)

suspicion that Bastien was consciously and deliberately objective—the obnoxious word must be used!—for an ulterior purpose of his own. Why should one imagine anything of the sort? Everything he did, from the beginning to the end of

he became an artist; and so it was with Bastien. His most imaginative creation, the "Jeanne d'Arc," confirms what I say. Its poetry depends on the judgment and keenness of observation which enabled the painter to select, pose, and "expressionise" his



LA PENSÉE.

(From the Painting by George Clausen.)

model, and fit her with a background. In execution the picture is as passionless and objective as a Van Eyck. Personally I do not believe that Bastien-Lepage would ever have grown into a great expressive artist. The Rembrandts and Turners may begin by observing a minute fidelity to nature, but through it all we see plenty of those signs of an insistent selecting personality which were absent from Bastien's work to the end. If he had confined himself to portraiture, he would probably have developed into a modern Holbein, just as Holbein, had he been born under the second French Republic, might very likely have become a Bastien-Lepage.

I daresay Mr. Clausen may be annoyed with me for saying so, but I think it would have been better for his art if either Millet or Bastien-Lepage had died in infancy. In too much of the work he has done up till now he seems to vacillate between his two leaders. At one moment the poetry of Millet is in the ascendant, at another the clear, nervous prose of Bastien: and neither helps the other. The combination is responsible, for a certain want of forcefulness, of capacity to impose themselves, which marks a few even of Mr. Clausen's best works. They lack some of the unity given by an undivided aim, some of the compelling virtue which so often clings to narrowness. At present the pendulum has swung to the side of Millet. Millet had a rarer personality than Bastien-Lepage, but perhaps the latter was the safer pilot. Mr. Clausen's imagination is not of the profound, sympathetic kind required to follow safely in the track of the Barbizon painter. The emotion in which he now and then clothes his scenes from peasant life is to me not wholly convincing. The aesthetic equivalent for the sympathy which draws earth and agriculturist together escapes his grasp. In his hands the significant *enveloppe* of Millet is apt to become little more than an experimental effect, modifying the external appearance of his work, but leaving us in doubt as to the emotions he means it to convey.

It is, to my mind, in pictures conceived and carried out on lines more similar to those of Bastien-Lepage that Mr. Clausen's most unequivocal successes have been won. He must not quarrel with me for affiliating them thus directly on Bastien, for one of the merits of that young master, as a master, lies in this: that he cannot be imitated, but can only be followed. This is one advantage of objective over subjective art. The painter who sets himself to realise, not his own dream, but the *scenario*, as it were, in which his dream is embodied, so that the spectator will have to pick it out in the same way as he has done himself, shows how to do things, but compels his followers first to bring their own technical accomplishment up to the requisite level, and afterwards to decide for themselves what they shall do. I may illustrate what I mean

from the picture which was called the "Girl at the Gate" when it appeared at the Grosvenor Gallery some five or six years ago. This picture, by the way, was bought for the Chantrey Collection, but, so far as I know, has never been exhibited in London since its purchase.

I have already alluded to the "Jeanne d'Are" of Bastien-Lepage. Those who saw that work in the Salon of 1880 will recognise at once its strong

evidently is the one inspired by the other. And yet it would be stupid as well as unjust to accuse Mr. Clausen of plagiarism. His picture depends for its perfection, not on the features it has borrowed from Bastien, but on those with which it has been endowed by its own author. In both pictures we see a peasant girl, under the stress of some haunting thought, set among surroundings coloured by a subtle harmony with her mood. And yet it is not



GIRL AT THE GATE.

(In the Chantrey Collection, South Kensington.)

affinity with Mr. Clausen's picture. It is, I think, hardly too much to say that if the "Jeanne d'Are" had never been painted, the "Girl at the Gate" would never have occurred to Mr. Clausen, so

in the conception as here sketched that the merit of either picture is to be found, but in the force with which these similar but different motives are made to tell at once through and in spite of

an extraordinary completeness of objective illusion. From a merely decorative standpoint Mr. Clausen's "Girl at the Gate" is a masterpiece. Nothing else he has done, so far as I know his work, has quite so much balance, rhythm, and quietude of design. Neither has he elsewhere excelled the

studies of old agricultural females, or boys and girls of the fields, which Mr. Clausen used to give us a year or two ago. I remember one called "Flora," and another of an old lady leaning on a rake, which were unsurpassable in their own way.

From all this it will be seen where—in my



BROWN EYES.

(From the Painting in the Possession of C. N. Luxmoor, Esq.)

perfect subordination, the happy variation of accent, the exact sufficiency to be found in every detail of the execution. An earlier picture, the "Labourers after Dinner," reproduced on page 417, has a touch of artifice about it, especially in the woman's head and the hands of the boy. Nothing of the sort is to be discovered in the later work. To find anything that can rival the "Girl at the Gate," we must turn to some of those less ambitious

opinion, at least—Mr. Clausen's strength lies. It lies, not in the clothing of English rural life in a poetic envelope, but in its portrayal. If, like Bastien-Lepage, he would devote his powers to the simple painting of his selected types, and restrict his editing, if I may use the word, to such control and organisation as we see in the Chantrey picture, he would occupy a great pinnacle of his own in English art.



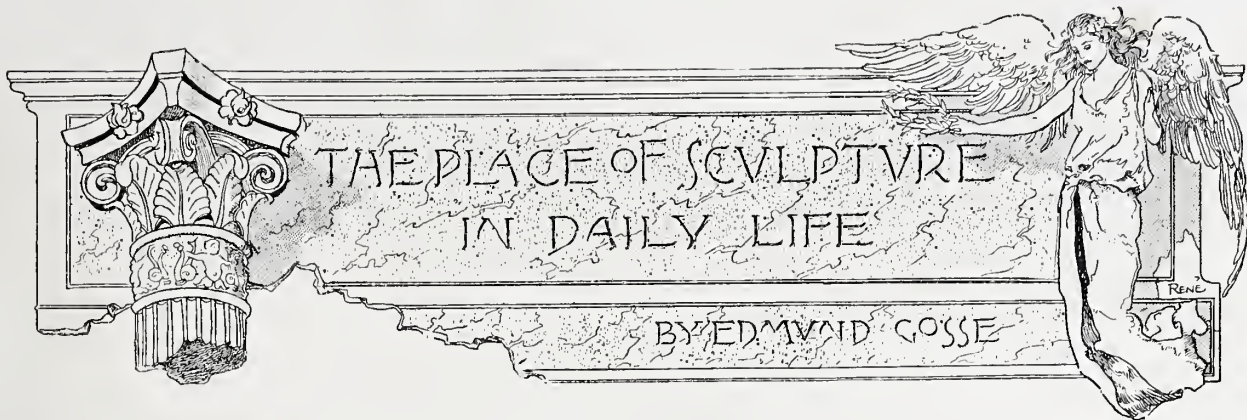


Jules Girardet pinxt

*An Old Buck.*







### III MONUMENTS



CURIOUS instance of the familiarity of sculpture to the untrained eye in France occurred to me once, as I was travelling through a very remote district of the Franche-Comté. My companion was a young landscape-painter, and we happened to take the diligence in some little town, and to find a hearty countrywoman our only fellow-passenger. My friend had tilted his picture up against the side of the coach in such a manner that the good wife could see only the back of the canvas. I observed that she was devoured with curiosity, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, she said to my friend, "What kind of a *statue* have you got there, sir?" It struck one as very funny that she should call a picture painted on canvas a statue, but as we rattled along, and in every hamlet saw a carven figure of the Virgin by the wayside, it occurred to us that sculpture, in a rude form, was the only sort of art with which she was acquainted. That question could not have been asked in England. On the contrary, we should much rather expect a countrywoman of our own to call a statuette a picture.

We may conjecture that this familiarity with sculpture as an everyday art explains in some measure the greater freedom with which it is accepted by the populations of the Latin kingdoms. It is not necessary in France, it is not necessary, even in poor countries like Italy and Spain, to insist on the propriety and decorum of erecting public monuments to great men deceased. It is taken as a matter of course, and the money is scraped together somehow. In England, where money is understood to be so abundant, a hundred excuses are raised, a hundred subterfuges suggested, directly that there

is question of raising a statue to a man of genius. We prefer, in this country, to roll the log of any living person, to start any utilitarian scheme, rather than to celebrate in the only simple and straightforward way the memory of the dead. Goethe says that a portrait of a man is his best and most appropriate monument. Something that will remind us, and inform those who never saw him, of the personal identity and peculiarity of a remarkable individual, that is what is pre-eminently desired in a memorial. Nowadays, under the mask of an interest in the deceased, people who have an axe to grind come and grind it within the shadow of his name. They want to add books to a library, or a wing to an institution; they want money for some languishing scheme of philanthropy, or for the advancement of some social fad, and they propose to collect it under cover of raising a memorial to some great dead man. There is a good deal of specious humbug in all this, and if people are sincerely anxious to honour a person of high distinction, they will first of all show their devotion by the tribute of as excellent a similitude of him as they can obtain.

But, even when our curious dislike to the true monument is overcome, we are seldom very intelligent in our choice of a treatment for it. The persons to whom statues are erected in England belong to a very limited class. They were mainly in their lifetime politicians or philanthropists, usually elderly men of influence and wealth, who used their wealth and influence for the benefit of the community. It happens that philanthropists and politicians in advanced life are not always persons of picturesque appearance. Our odd limitation in the matter of monuments forces this impression upon us, since it is the rarest thing in England for us to raise statues to poets or artists, or even to soldiers and sailors, most of whom lend themselves directly to picturesque treatment. A politician is not of public interest until he is mature;

a soldier cannot be conceived of save as perennially young. The sailor is accepted by the popular imagination at the gallant moment of his first victorious exuberance, and if he survives to his ninetieth year, he is always that dashing youth to his countrywomen. But a reputable member of Parliament has none of these advantages. He is not, strictly speaking, picturesque when he is facing his electors on the hustings, and yet that is precisely the moment which is chosen for sending him down to posterity in marble. No other style or costume is permitted: the orator must be figged out in his Sunday best—that is to say, in the precise costume in which he is least fitted for artistic presentment. This very man might be sculpturesque when he is riding after the hounds, with his top-boots and his cutaway coat; or when he is marching after the pheasants in velveteen and leather leggings, or with his pilot-coat and his sou'-wester on board his yacht, but not, most emphatically not, with a respectable high stock round his neck, an irreproachable frock-coat buttoned down to his knees, shapeless trousers on his legs, and elastic-sided boots on his feet. When he appears before his constituents in that respectable costume there is not a being in the wide world less fitted for the art of sculpture than he.

We may be our own judges of this. How often do we look up at the statues of politicians and philosophers that adorn our streets? Can we truly say that we ever notice them at all, except to feel how stiff, blank, and ridiculous they look? I believe this curious tradition of the form a statue should take is at the bottom of the lack of interest taken in sculpture in England. If we could once get over this notion of the absolute necessity of reproducing cloth coats and trousers, I believe we might start from a totally new basis. In the first place, then, I am of opinion that a statue, at full length, of a man of light and leading, should never be made, unless some modification in his costume can be adopted. I do not know what monumental purpose would not be fulfilled by a bust of a public man. A man of intellect works with his head; his arms and trunk, and certainly his legs, have no meaning or importance to the public. No sculptor can make the portrait of the body of a gentleman of fifty-five years, inclined to obesity, and clothed in successive layers of flannel and merino and linen and broad-cloth, an interesting object. It is only in early youth that the frame-work of the body retains its interest; this is especially the case in men whose work is intellectual and sedentary; the body alters in shape and size, we cease to regard it, while the character of the head, the spiritual beauty of the features, increases and becomes more emphatic as

years proceed. That is the true work for the sculptor, to immortalise, in colossal form if he pleases, those sublime heads upon which old age merely sheds a fresh glory, and from which intelligence, and benevolence, and greatness of soul shine forth like a light. We want busts of our great statesmen, and public benefactors, and master-thinkers, not unwieldy representations of their frock-coats and their boots.

It has sometimes struck me that we are too anxious to raise a monument *of* a man; should it not rather sometimes be a monument *to* a man? The memory of features soon passes away, but the memory of action is immortal. When a man has done some great public work, surely it would be an appropriate and enduring tribute to his memory to include with a presentment of his features some concrete representation of his work. For instance, it seems to me that a full-length statue of the late Czar Alexander might very soon become unintelligible. Who is this old German, with an imperial crown on his head, and his ermine robes hitched up on either side? we can imagine people asking. And in fifty years there might be no popular answer forthcoming. But let the sculptor represent a serf, with rapture on his face, kneeling to thank God for release from his bondage, and let it be stated on the pedestal, in great gold letters, that this is a monument raised to the honour of that Autoerat of the Russians who, in 1861, liberated his people from their ancient chains, and this would be a statue which would never lose its interest. No doubt, in our complex domestic life, it would be difficult to do this in every case, but I think we might sometimes make an effort in this direction.

Any enlargement of our narrow range of admitted monuments would be welcome. The world is full of beautiful forms, and every moment, in a thousand places, human figures are falling into plastic and noble attitudes. Meanwhile, to this one art of portrait sculpture, we deny all but the most unlovely convention. Well-to-do people, in their best clothes, are all cut out to one pattern, and that the most shapeless and uninteresting that the ingenuity of tailors has devised. We may test the principle in any country village. A young man or a young woman, of healthy constitution and right proportions, busy on a working-day in working-clothes, is a graceful and pleasing object. Sculpture does not disdain to perpetuate the mower in a hayfield or the milkmaid beside her cow. They are artistic figures, because easy, natural, and appropriate. But we see them on Sunday hampered by the stiffness of their best clothes, and all the charm is gone.

Nor do I perceive why we should confine our public monuments in sculpture to distinct reminis-

cences of the persons or even the names of particular men. My own belief is that public sculpture has been hitherto far too tightly bound up into two conventional classes, one the portrait statue which we have been discussing, and the other that which stays within the limits of classic tradition. The sculptor has made portraits for a livelihood, and in his leisure moments he has modelled a Venus or a Hercules to amuse himself. It is terrible to read the biographical notices of the minor English sculptors in Redgrave's Dictionary. They all run something like this:—"He early showed striking talent, and received a commission to carve in marble a statue of the Earl of Dash. He exhibited a Venus in the Royal Academy, and soon after this he disappeared. He is supposed to have succumbed to professional disappointment." That is the tale of many a life that seemed to begin in promise, and the tradition of it is not lost. But why should we narrow the field of our sculptors in this way? Surely our message to all the fine arts should be: Come to us untrammelled, in all your forms, give us the best you have to give, be broad, versatile, modern.

There is no question that classical figures have a great charm for a sculptor; especially the re-illustration of themes from Greek history and romance fascinates him by bringing him into fellowship with those great masters of sculpture, whose work will always be unsurpassable. Yet I cannot but hold that to artists of our northern climate and of our nineteenth-century manners, an attempt to forget history, and to model as if we were dwellers in Attica two thousand years ago, must always be a little affected and unnatural. When the Greek sculptor modelled his nude figures, he was but noting down what he saw before him every day of his life, the brilliant athletes, flower of the Athenian aristocracy, who exercised their supple

frames all day long in the palestra. Nor would I for a moment deny to the modern artist the pleasure of reproducing in bronze and marble that immortal beauty which recurs in the healthy youth of every age, and is English as much as Greek. Only I do not think he must complain if he finds buyers for these statues among private connoisseurs alone. But I cannot see why he should

not exercise his fancy, and model from fine living figures, and yet produce statuary which appeals to a public taste. There is in Paris one statue which carries out this idea of mine, and which I often go to visit out of mere affection for it, as the germ of what I hope may be a fertile plant. It stands in marble in a little square, the Place Sainte-Clotilde, on the left bank of the Seine, somewhat out of the way of the rush of traffic. It is by the sculptor Delaplanche, and it is called "Maternal Education." It represents a peasant woman, in the simple country dress they wear in France, life-size, in marble. She is seated, with a large book open before her, and she is teaching a little child,



MATERNAL EDUCATION.

(From the Group by Delaplanche, Place Sainte-Clotilde, Paris.)

who stands by her side, to read. We do not understand the better part of the French nation, when we speak contemptuously of their humanity. What could be more intelligent, more touching, more worthy of a great people, than to erect this pathetic and earnest group in the middle of Paris to remind the working man who goes by, the milliner, and the milkmaid, and the servant girl, of that good mother, down somewhere in the country, whose tender discipline was the first lesson that they learned in life? I think those beautiful figures give me quite as much pleasure, and are quite as worthy of note to anyone desirous of understanding the great French nation, as any statue would be of a senator of France in gala dress, with his robes hitched up on either side.

The Greeks filled their streets and public places with statuary that reminded them of the duties,

pleasures, and triumphs of their daily lives. In the early days of archaeology, it used to be supposed that all the beautiful fragments we find under the warm soil of Attica were idols of their gods and goddesses. The antiquaries are now telling us that this was a great mistake, and that the majority of these statues were memorials of personal feats of arms or victory in the games. Why should not we sometimes, when we wish to beautify our towns, set up the figures of our daily life? In the centre of England we find rich and generous cities where the manufacture of hardware is the main source of wealth. We do not know how long this will be the case; those trades may leave us, and others come in their place, but while they have been there, at all events, they have formed the secret and centre of wealth. It seems to me that it would be a very interesting and graceful thing for this generation that has lived on the hardware manufacture, to put up some memorial of that fact for future generations. I should like to see, in the centre of Birmingham, for instance—where there are so many bad statues which mean so little to the eye—a bronze statue by one of our best sculptors, of, let us say, a welder with the tubes of a gun-barrel in his hand, or a caster in the brass foundry, ready to pour the metal into a mould, or a screw-turner at his work in front of his machine. I would have it truly realistic, a well-made young Warwickshire man in his shirt-sleeves, in an apron, if he wears one at his work, in his habitual dress, whatever it is—the clothes that practice has shown are the best for service. That would be a statue which everybody would look at and understand and appreciate. It would be peculiar to the town and a part of it, and if ever there came a time when no more screws were turned in Birmingham, when gun-work was welded elsewhere, it would stand, a little landmark in the history of the locality, to show what was once the staple of that great town.

A liberal freedom in style and subject, and faith in the artist, these are the qualities we lack in England when the question of monumental sculpture is brought forward. We want to make it impossible for a little city like Winchester to cover itself with shame by rejecting and scorning a noble work because the treatment is large and unfamiliar. That tragedy of Mr. Gilbert's "Queen," like the tragedy a generation earlier, of Alfred Stevens's "Wellington" in St. Paul's—these are

the incidents that make us despair. When genius and occasion meet, when once in thirty years there is a definite chance of our exhibiting ourselves for all time with a master production, and when, at such a juncture, the platitudes of Bumbledom push in and frustrate all that has been planned, then, indeed, one is almost inclined to give up the struggle. But the only thing to be done is to persevere, to encourage and support the good sculptors to the utmost, never to allow the old conventional platitudes to be repeated without instantly contradicting them. It will be long, perhaps, before we see in England anything like the magnificent political sculpture with which Dalou has enriched modern France, the superb bas-reliefs and statues which he has dedicated to the glory of the Republic. We are far from being able, at this stage of our aesthetic development, to appreciate this grand democratic enthusiasm. The mighty visions which Rodin has dreamed in bronze would appear sheer midsummer madness to a London House of Commons. We do not possess the sculptor's eye in England, and we lack the humility that would learn to see. The future for public sculpture in this country looks dark at present, in spite of the talent of our young sculptors. They must live, like the bear's cubs, on their own paws. But it is difficult to believe that this darkness of prejudice and ignorance will endure for ever. Surely, some day a generation will be born that will insist on filling our streets with monuments of dignity and beauty.

The object of these pages has been to indicate some obvious and yet unused forms which the public and private patronage of sculpture might take amongst us in England. And once more it must be reiterated, with all possible emphasis, that the lack of initiative rests with the public and not with the sculptors. The latter are numerous enough; they are a body of men remarkable for careful training and accomplishment, many of them no less remarkable for invention and imagination. But in the midst of our luxurious life their art starves for want of intelligence among amateurs, and because Smith, having no eyes of his own, is afraid to do anything for his house which Jones and Robinson have not done before him. We want some rich man of taste to set the fashion of domestic sculpture amongst us, and to prevent the more delicate, refined, and homely parts of a noble art from expiring of inanition.





SONG

*DRY* those fair, those crystal eyes,  
Which like growing fountains rise  
To drown their banks: grief's sullen  
brooks

Would better flow in furrowed looks.  
Thy lovely face was never meant  
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,  
Which else portend a lasting rain,  
Lest the clouds which settle there  
Prolong my winter all the year,  
And thy example others make  
In love with sorrow, for thy sake.



## WILLIAM HOGARTH.—PART TWO.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

THE familiar suites of "The Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Parts of the Natural Day," "The Marriage à la Mode" (now in the National Gallery), "Industry and Idleness," the incomparable four pictures "The Humours of an Election," the last paintings by Hogarth's hand (now in Sir John Soane's museum), the "One Act Dramas," "A Midnight Modern Conversation," the famous "March of the Guards to Finchley" (now in the Foundling Hospital), "The Company of Strolling Players Dressing Themselves in a Barn for the Play," "Southwark Fair," and numerous well-known examples, attest Hogarth's inimitable capabilities as a painter of dramatic pictures, executed in accordance with the lines laid down by himself, as stated in the first article (p. 377). The engravings executed either by him, or by engravers under his direction, brought the artist fame, and happily assured him a modest but fairly comfortable return.

As regards the paintings themselves, alas for the state of patronage and taste in the artist's day, when, excepting portraiture, there was absolutely no encouragement for native art, and imported foreign works were alone marketable! The prices Hogarth with difficulty obtained for his masterpieces were such as to break the sturdy painter's heart. His inventive faculties suggested schemes in the forms of both lotteries and auctions on a plan of his own, which ended equally disastrously; yet Hogarth's ideas were the reverse of extravagant, as is evidenced by his proposals for disposing by auction of the masterly series of paintings for which no purchasers were forthcoming. The suites of the "Harlot's Progress," six pictures (all framed, as Hogarth dolefully set forth, in "Carlo Maratt" frames, which cost £5 or £6 each), are put down at 14 guineas apiece; "The Rake's Progress," eight pictures, at 22 guineas apiece; "The Four Parts of the Natural Day" at £30 10s. apiece; "The Com-

pany of Strolling Players" at 26 guineas; "Dance" at 60 guineas: the portrait of "Sarah Malcolm" at 5 guineas; the famous series of the "Marriage à la Mode" may be considered to have been given away at about double the price of the carved "Carlo Maratt" frames; for the four paintings of "The Humours of an Election," the pride of Soane's museum, David Garrick paid his friend the painter 50 guineas apiece. Sir John Soane secured them at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects for £1,732 10s. the four, a small percentage of their present value.

It is in his relationship as one of the earliest native exponents of the caricature branch that we have to consider Hogarth in the present notice. That he did not lack the quality of daring is evinced by his personal attacks upon formidable adversaries. The vindictive Pope, whose envenomed retaliations his contemporaries dreaded, was assailed on two or three occasions, for instance, in the satirical skit known as "Taste," where the deformed poet is shown whitewashing the gate of Burlington House, and bespattering its noble owner. Of the same order are the designs "Masquerades and Operas, Burlington Gate," "The Emblematical Print of the South Sea Scheme," "The Lottery," "The Principal Inhabitants of the Moon," "A Just View of the English Stage," "A Masquerade Ticket," "Rich's Triumphal Entry," "The Satire on the Beggar's Opera," "The Sleeping Congregation," "Consultation of Physicians," "The Lecture," "The Mystery of Masonry brought to light by Gormagon," "The Battle of the Pictures," the frontispiece to Kirby's "Treatise on Perspective," "The Bench," "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and, among others, the "Tailpiece to the Society of Artists' Catalogue, 1761," showing the bitterness of professional resentment provoked by the dilettante taste which persistently ignored merit at home and fostered "exotic" art.

In the "One Act Dramas" from Hogarth's

hand, the spirit of burlesque is conspicuously manifest. Thus the combination of noisy incidents accumulated to drive to the verge of frenzy "The Enraged Musician" may border on the extreme; the sordid miseries which environ "The Distressed Poet" pertain to this order, and similar criticism has been applied to the episodes making up the humours of "The March of the Guards towards

male fashions were imported from Paris, wears a quilted coat, the ample skirts distended with buckram, monstrous cuffs and ruffles, bears a huge muff, then a masculine mode, and his head is decked with a preposterous queue. This anomalous creature is lost in admiration of a tiny saucer, an acquisition from a recent sale. His companion, a buxom lady, no less preposterously attired, with a prodigious



TASTE IN HIGH LIFE.

(From an Engraving after the Painting by Hogarth.)

Scotland in the Year 1745," more familiar to fame as "The March to Finchley." Perhaps the most comic incident connected with this painting was the artist's mistaken desire to obtain for his subject the favour of royal patronage.

In the category of eccentric humour must be placed Hogarth's painting "Taste in High Life," a reproduction from the engraving of which is given in this notice. This burlesque of the extravagance of fashion is said to have been painted on a commission from a wealthy and eccentric lady, Miss Edwards, of Kensington, whose personal oddities had been satirised in society, and who, as a characteristic reprisal, determined to employ the painter to ridicule the follies of her modish contemporaries. Hogarth, accordingly, pilloried in "Taste in High Life" the absurdities prevailing in 1742. The dandified beau, dressed in foreign guise, when even

hoop and brocaded *sacque* of abounding extent, is in ecstasies over a porcelain cup, for the "china" craze was raging furiously in Hogarth's days. The fantastically clad negro page was at that date an indispensable appendage of a lady of quality; while monkeys and "china monsters" were in popular vogue.

It has been said that Hogarth, in his spirited fashion, did not hesitate to point his satires at those who, by their influence or their pens, were well able to attack him in return. It was reserved for his latter days to experience in his person, by way of reprisal, the fierce and unkindly stings engendered in party warfare. The pleasantry concerning the irregularities of King George's Guards and defenders had been forgiven; even that arch-stroke of dedicating "The March to Finchley," already sufficiently obnoxious in the

royal eyes, to the "Protestant hero," Frederick the Great, had been overlooked; and, by a turn in the wheel of fortune, the post of "Sergeant-painter" to the King, the navy, &c., had, after the retirement of the artist's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, been conferred upon Hogarth by

"Times" his quondam friends, Wilkes, the editor of the *North Briton*, Churchill, and Beardmore of the *Monitor*. Plate I. was given to the public much against the advice of Hogarth's friends. (See p. 376.) In this somewhat bewildering satirical allegory, the "Laird o' Boot" is glorified as a Scotch gardener,

who, with the new hose and fire engines, is subjugating a general conflagration. Temple is assailed, and the Duke of Newcastle, travestied as a "frenzied man," is trying to upset the zealous Scot by driving against his shins a wheelbarrow filled with *Monitors* and *North Britons*. Bute, unmoved, continues his exertions to arrest the threatened ruin of affairs. On this provocation, Wilkes, Churchill, and other scribes, commenced to attack the painter, and by their unjust and cruel personalities, invading the sanctity of his private life, destroyed his repose. Ireland relates how Hogarth's judicious adviser, Justice Welch, knowing the artist's acute susceptibility and his regard for his reputation with the public, vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from attacking these unscrupulously vindictive antagonists by representing to his friend the Sergeant-painter "that the mind that had been accustomed for a length of years to receive only merited and uniform applause would be ill-calculated to bear a reverse from the bitter sarcasms of adversaries whose wit and genius would enable them to retort with severity to such an attack." Well, indeed, had it been for the painter if he had taken this advice. The hornets' nest raised about his ears stung Hogarth to a rejoinder, and he prepared the second plate of "The Times," conveying a further pictorial castigation



JOHN WILKES.

(From the Etched Portrait by Hogarth.)

George II. Hogarth's forte was not political caricature, and the little attempts he was induced to make in that direction had best been left alone as concerned his own peace of mind. Either as a sturdy "Church and State" man, or regarding his own appointment as Sergeant-painter, as a "Government retainer," in the early days of George III.'s reign, we find him rashly entering the lists in support of the unpopular Lord Bute, his patron, and attacking in his plates of "The

Times" of his now declared adversaries, but in this instance the better counsels of his friends induced him to postpone the publication of the plate, which, indeed, was withheld until thirty years later, when the quarrel was a thing of the dim past, and the two chief opponents had long been at rest. The plate held in suspense first saw the light under the auspices of Messrs. Boydell. In this version (see p. 377) the figures are introduced of George III., Bute, Temple, Lord Mansfield,



and others; but the portion aimed at Wilkes, the "heaven-born" spurious patriot—in continuation of "this rough bout of clever men clumsily throwing dirt at each other," as it has been described—is the pillory wherein the person of the notorious Miss Fanny, of the "Cock Lane Ghost" deception, is held up to infamy in company with the "virtuous" Wilkes, whose offence is indicated as "defamation." Attached to the demagogue's breast is the copy of No. 17 of the *North Briton*, specially devoted to the basest calumnies against Hogarth, his alleged infirmities of brain and hand, his age, his art, and his domestic relations. This incendiary sheet is being fired by the penitential candle placed in the hand of his shrouded female companion in disgrace. Indignities far below his deserts (since Hogarth had the decency to refrain from exposing personal vices which would have drawn on the popular idol the execrations of the mob) are showered upon Wilkes. A woman is trundling a dirty mop over his head, and his empty pockets are turned inside out, in allusion to his involved circumstances.

As we have shown, this attack was deferred; but stung to the quick by the scurrilities hurled from the *North Briton*, the painter revenged himself with his own weapons. The most memorable of his palpable hits was the portrait of John Wilkes, the sinister and insincere "Apostle of Liberty." Wilkes was brought up on a warrant to Westminster to be tried for the obnoxious "*North Briton*, No. 45," before Chief Justice Pratt in the Common Pleas; while Pratt (better known as Lord Camden) was enforcing the great principles of the Constitution, the artist took his scathing sketch of the demagogue:

"Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,  
So placed all things to see, himself unseen,  
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,  
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand."

Thus wrote "the Bruiser" Churchill, stung by the success of the portrait. Four thousand of the prints were worked off in a few weeks, and, we are told, "so rapid was the sale that the printer was obliged to keep the press going night and day to supply the eager demands of the public." Attitude and features are alike expressive, and though, as Mr. Stephens has written, "Wilkes leers and squints as if in mockery of his own pretences to patriotism," in after-life the cynic was accustomed

to admit, "Faith, I grow more like my portrait every day."

The original drawing was secured by S. Ireland from Hogarth's widow. The fact of its preservation is thus recorded: "It was drawn in blacklead, and



JOHN WILKES.

(From Hogarth's Original Sketch for the Etching.)

marked in afterwards, at his own house, with pen and ink. When he had made an engraving from the drawing, Hogarth threw his sketch into the fire, and it would have been instantly destroyed had not Mrs. Lewis, who resided in the house, eagerly rescued it from the flames, though, before she could accomplish this, the corners were burnt." It will be noted in the reproduction that in the etching the artist intensified the malignant expression of his subject.

The scurrilous "Epistle to Hogarth" envenomed the artist's wrath, and out came his retort: "'The Bruiser,' C. Churchill (once the Reverend!), in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having kill'd the monster Caricatura that so sorely gall'd his virtuous friend—the Heaven-born Wilkes.

But he had a club this dragon to drub,  
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye."

Not to lose time, the artist made use of a plate already engraved with his own portrait and that of his dog Trump (after the picture in the National Gallery), blocking out his own effigy, and substituting a slavering, growling bear, with torn clerical garb, a pot of porter by his side, and a ragged staff in his paw, each knot of the club inscribed "lie." On the palette whereon—in the original state—appeared the symbolical "line of beauty," Hogarth introduced a group further applying to the castigation of his calumniators. Hogarth is armed with a triple whip, with which he is lustily chastising a big dancing bear, Churchill, held bound and muzzled, as not only the artist, but the Ministry, would have rejoiced to have secured him. To the clerical bands and ruffles the "Bruiser" has incongruously added the laced hat of a rakish man about town. The other end of the rope, with which the bear-leader is exercising his uncouth captive, is fastened round Wilkes, travestied as an ape, modishly clad in the "Gallic taste," and straddling, after the fashion of a hobby-horse, across a pole, topped by the cap of Liberty. In the mischievous animal's paw is the *North Briton*. A pretty quarrel as it stood, and one wherein the combatants, all unconsciously, were literally continuing their warfare to the "very verge of the grave." Hogarth's career, with breaking health and a physical decay he shortly recognised as fatal, was harassed and galled by the repeated shafts of the enemies he had injudiciously made. The "Bruiser," borrowing a conceit from Swift's attack upon Partridge, "the almanack-maker,"

professed to regard the painter as slain by the envenomed attacks of the "Liberty Wilkites." Less than a month before the artist's death appeared Churchill's verses treating his antagonist as already moribund:—

"Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)  
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now."

Curiously enough, five weeks after these lines were printed the poet was likewise gathered to those shades to which he had maliciously consigned his antagonist in a sportive prophecy, possibly without anticipating its literal fulfilment. In his admirable series of essays upon William Hogarth, Mr. G. A. Sala has summed up the endings of the two men and their fitting epitaphs: "Hogarth was to die in peace and honour, in the arms of the woman who loved him, and to leave a grand and unsullied name, which remote posterity will not let die; Churchill was to end bankrupt, drunken, alone, forlorn, in a mean town on the seashore, not to be remembered in this age, save with a qualified admiration in which curiosity that is almost pruriency has the better part. Churchill's 'Epistle' is, undoubtedly, as clever as it is wicked, but has it aught but a galvanised existence now? And is not every touch of William Hogarth living, vigorous, vascular, to this day?"

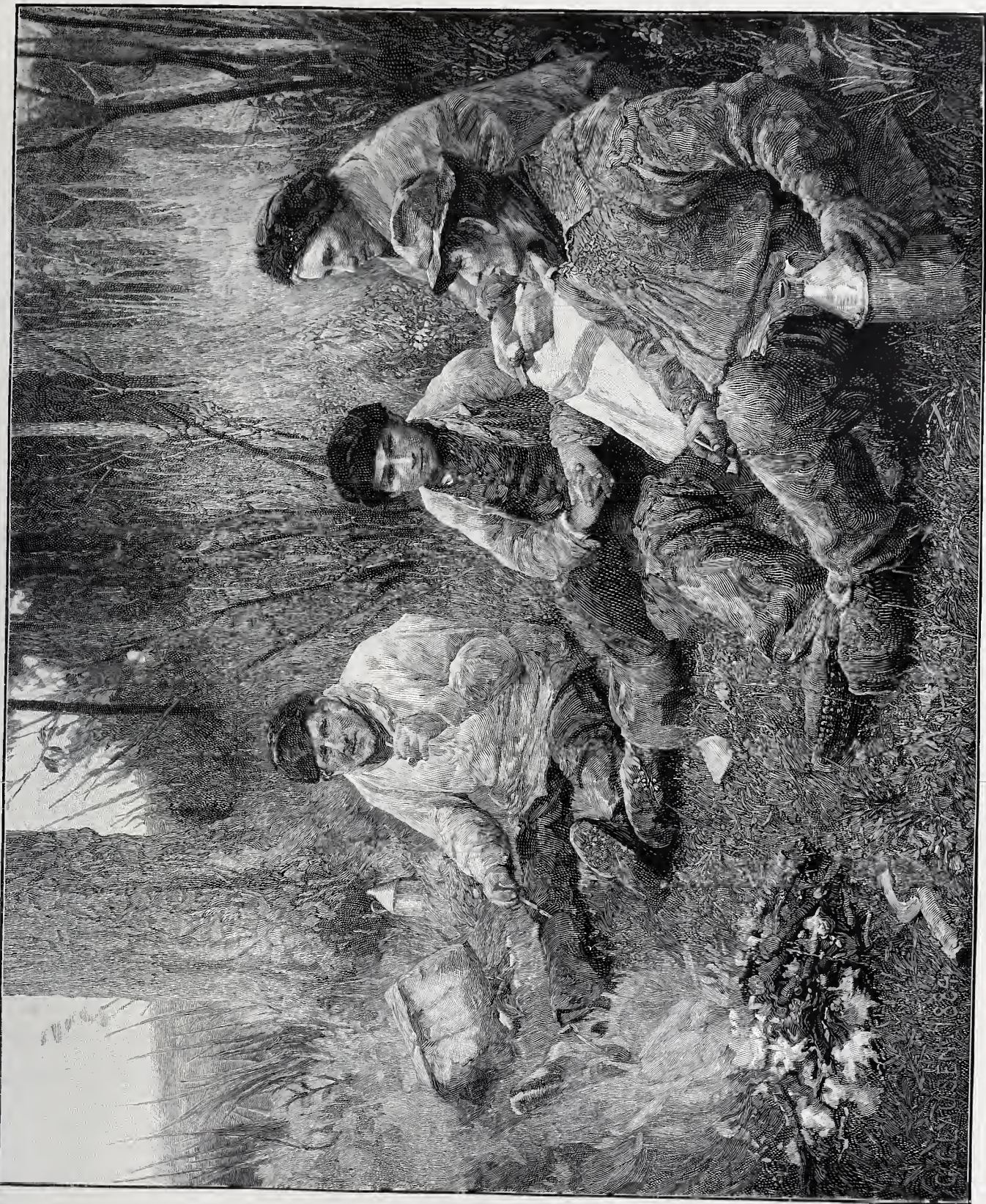
Well might two men of genius compete for the distinction of supplying Hogarth's eulogium. Dr. Johnson wrote:—

"The hand of him here torpid lies  
That drew th' essential form of grace;  
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes  
That saw the manners in the face."

The lines composed by his friend Garrick, as inscribed on the great painter of mankind's tomb at Chiswick, thus conclude:—

"If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;  
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."





LABOURERS AFTER DINNER.

(From the *Painting* by George Clausen, A.R.A. In the Possession of Sharpley Bainbridge, Esq., J.P. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)



## LACE AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BY ALAN COLE.

DURING the last few years many interesting and valuable specimens of lace have been added to the collection at the South Kensington

tween and about them. The lace-maker with her threads follows and reproduces the lines and shapes of patterns drawn on paper or pricked into parchment or card, and so produces her lace. The embroiderer on net, the cut-linen and drawn-thread worker, on the other hand, starts with a piece of net or of linen, and ornaments or enriches it with needlework, producing something which possesses a

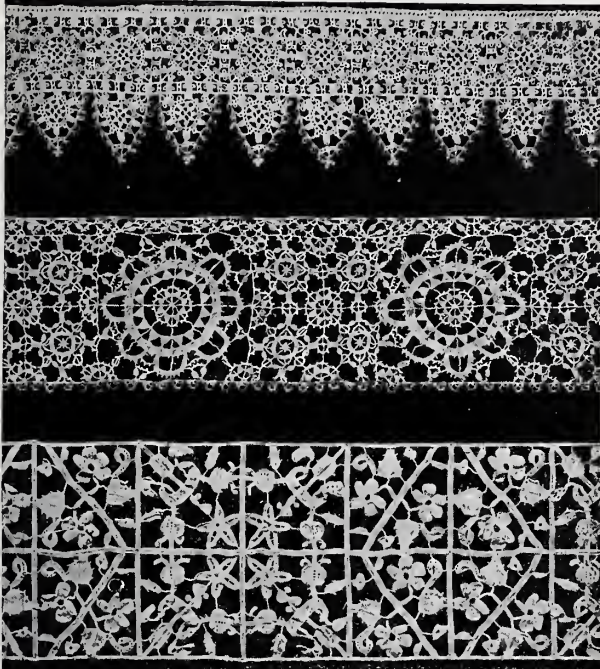


FIG. 1.—VANDYKE BORDER AND TWO BANDS FOR INSERTION LACE.

(*The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.*)

Museum, as fine a public collection of laces as is to be seen anywhere. Good typical pieces of all the various hand-made ornamental laces—needlepoint and pillow—are included in it; besides specimens of lace-like fabrics, such as embroideries on net, cut-linen, and drawn-thread works. The greater number of them have been purchased, but very many have been given or bequeathed to the Museum. And of these latter, by far the more important are those which were bequeathed in 1891 by the late Mrs. Bolekow.

Whilst needlepoint and pillow laces date from the sixteenth century only, cut-linen and drawn-thread works have an earlier origin. Hand-made needlepoint and pillow laces are formed of threads twisted, plaited, intercrossed, and looped together into ornamental textures, the characteristic feature of which is ornaments of close thread work contrasted with open spaces be-

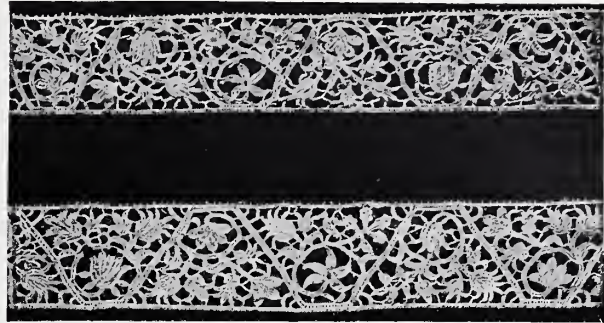


FIG. 2.—BANDS FOR INSERTION OF NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(*Early Seventeenth Century. Italian.*)

lace-like effect. Technically, however, such work is not real lace according to the definition of it given above. This difference is important in the classification and description of lace and lace-like embroideries. Obvious as it is, it is too often overlooked.

Lace-like embroideries are usually found on comparatively large cloths, hangings, &c.; accessories to costume, like collars, cuffs, trimmings, flounces, &c., are generally made entirely of lace, that is, of course, when lace effects are wanted in



FIG. 3.—COLLAR OF NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(*Early Seventeenth Century.*)

them. Still, large pieces solely of lace have been produced from time to time for altar frontals, curtains, and bed-coverings. The size of them, the amount of workmanship in them, and the intricacy of their ornament, always excite astonishment and sometimes legitimate admiration: but I think that the more graceful and subtle qualities of laces are better displayed in smaller specimens designed for personal adornment.

Ornament in laces and lace-like fabrics is composed of an endless variety of forms brought

description of geometric lace was used on the great ruffs of the late sixteenth century. The narrower of the trimmings shown in Fig. 1 was used for the edges of linen turn-back cuffs, as well as sometimes to encircle the velvet caps worn in James I.'s time by judges and ministers. Succeeding these are laces

of small floral devices, comparatively simple in shape, but fuller in substance than the wiry geometric laces as in Fig. 2. Suggestions of human and animal forms are often intermixed with the floral devices in these more substantial laces. (See Fig. 3.)



FIG. 4.—PILLOW-MADE LACE.  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century.)

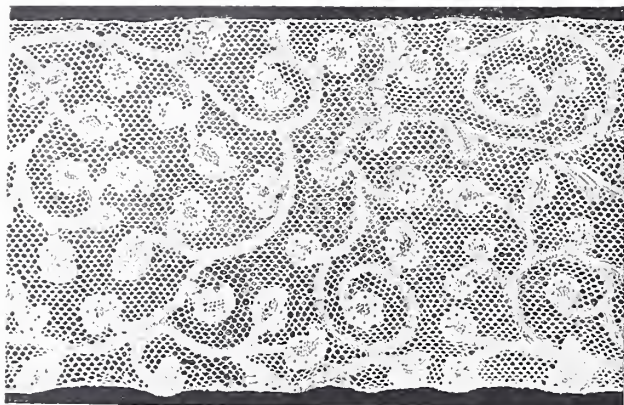


FIG. 5.—PILLOW-MADE LACE WITH SIMPLE SCROLL PATTERN.  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century.)

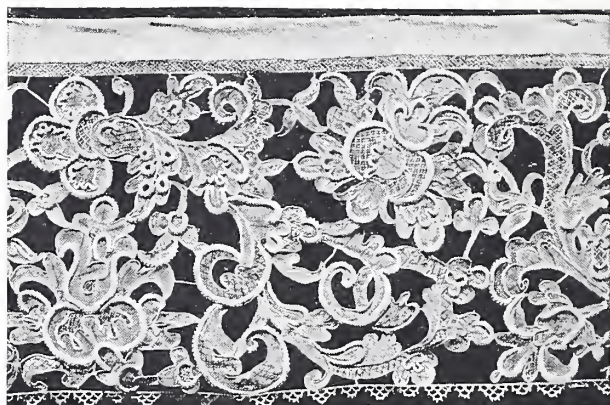


FIG. 7.—RAISED NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century.)

into contrast with one another, according to plans or schemes of arrangement, which are numerous and diverse. A few broadly-marked classifications of these ornamental arrangements are of assistance in determining periods and styles of lace-making. For instance, geometrical rosettes and star shapes set within squares, stiff and wiry in texture, predominate in the laces of the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. As a rule, they are made up in lengths and used as straight-edge borders, though more frequently series of tooth-shapes or vandykes are added to the lower edge of them. Fig. 1 presents a few types of such early laces, which were made in both the needlepoint and pillow methods. This

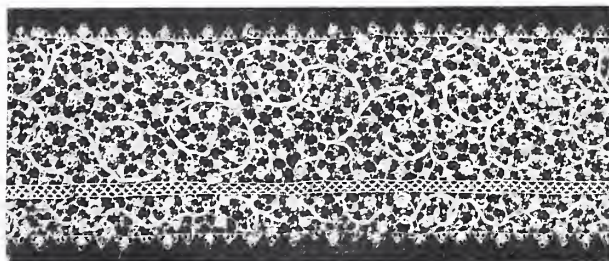


FIG. 6.—DELICATE ROSEPOINT LACE.  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century.)

The different ornaments in these laces are linked together by small ties or bars, and are slightly diversified by the insertion of open-stitch work to vary their textures. These are typical of laces made

between 1610 and 1650. In paintings by Franz Hals and Rembrandt, lace collars similar to Fig. 3 are often seen. There is much ingenuity in the arrangement of the ornamental devices in this collar. Rather more ambitious is the designing of the human figures and other objects

in the border given in Fig. 4. Ornament of this type has been frequently adopted for beaten iron-work, and the counterpart of Fig. 4, but on a much larger scale, may be noticed in an iron balustrade, of the seventeenth century, Italian in workmanship, to

be seen in the Ironwork Collection at the South Kensington Museum. Designs in which continuous scrolls play a leading part mark the next series of

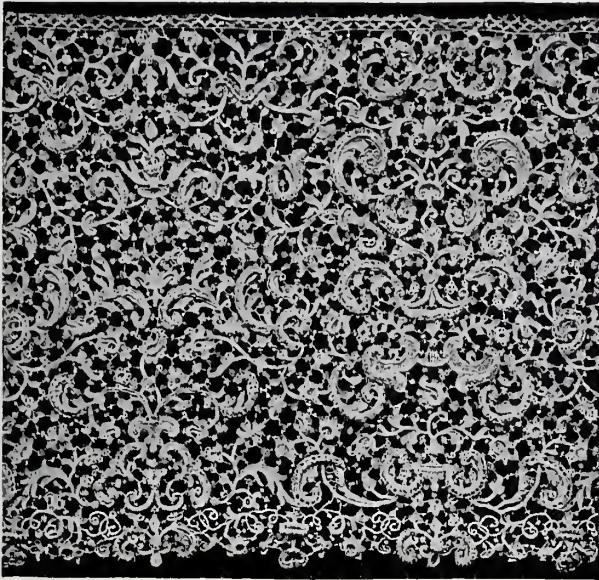


FIG. 8.—RAISED NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(Latter Portion of Seventeenth Century.)

laces, which may be classified together. Some of the scrolls are elaborated with suggestions of leaf-like appendages and fanciful non-botanical blossoms; whilst many of them are of a chaste simplicity. (See Fig. 5.) But elaborated or simple, and whether worked out in pillow or needle-made lace, these scrolls are designed to hold themselves together by touching one another, or they are connected and more openly displayed by the insertion between them of ties or bars or of net grounds having round meshes. These scroll laces belong to the commencement

of the Louis Quatorze period. It is at this time that the famous raised Venetian points—the rose points—were so profusely made. Some of them are notable for solidity of effect and massive ornamentation, as in Fig. 7, whilst others are of an extraordinary delicacy, as in Fig. 6. A little later, and different in elements of ornamental composition, are laces of which a fine specimen is given in Fig. 8. In this lace the ornament, distinctly differing from the continuous scrolls previously noted, is made up of a series of vertically-arranged and repeated groups of curling and curved devices. Many

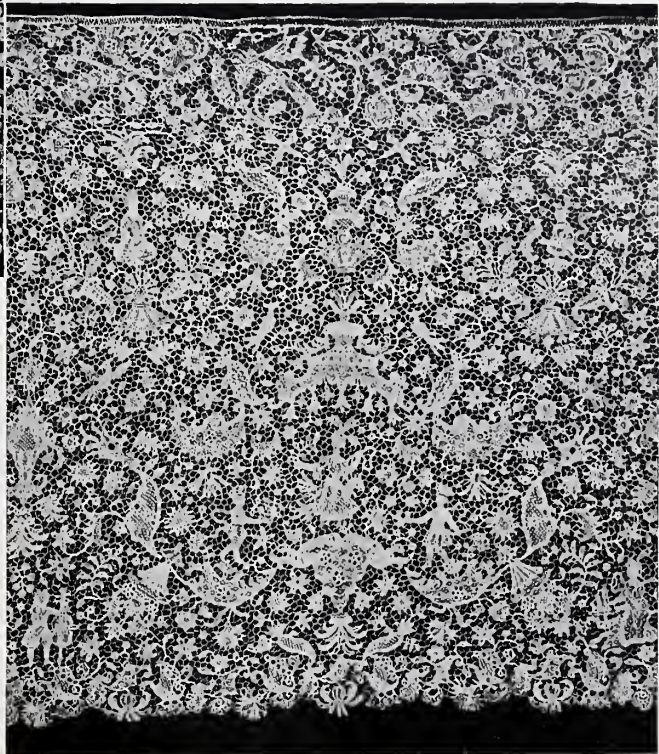


FIG. 10.—NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(Early Eighteenth Century.)

of them are enriched with dainty needlework in relief. The fanciful name of snow point, *point de neige*, has been given to this lace. It was much in vogue at the Court of Louis XIV., and in England during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. All these laces (Figs. 6, 7, and 8) come into the class of Venetian Rosepoint.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, designs for lace are composed of forms lacking the strict ornamental restraint of earlier lace. A marked tendency towards closer imitation of natural objects and the employment of architectural ornament and fantastic shapes, some of a pseudo-Chinese character, is displayed. The texture of these

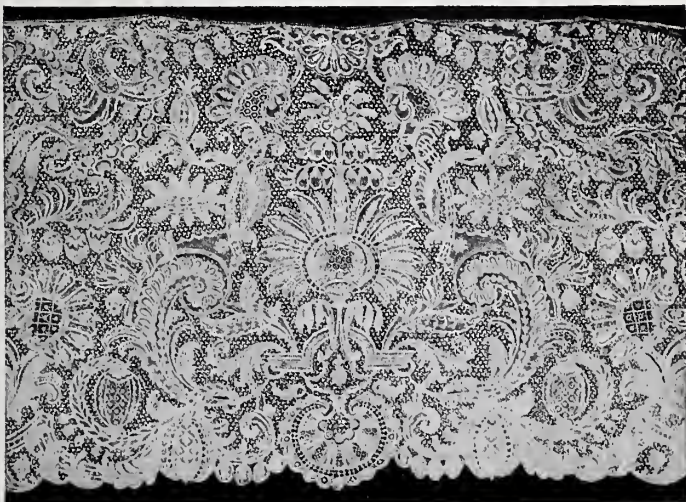


FIG. 9.—FINE NEEDLEPOINT LACE.  
(End of Seventeenth Century.)

later laces becomes more filmy in texture, and this filminess is elaborated in effect through a plentiful employment of varieties of dainty grounds

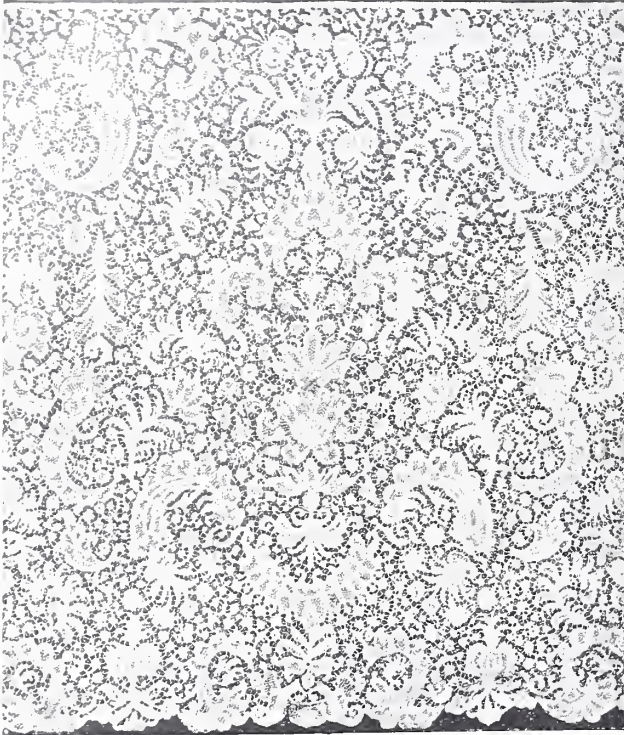


FIG. 11.—PILLOW-MADE LACE.  
(End of Seventeenth Century.)

and nets of round and hexagonal meshes. Figs. 9 and 10 are from laces of pseudo-Chinese and rococo styles of design; and Fig. 11 is from a filmy lace in which the representations of the floral forms, &c., are closer imitations of forms in natural plants than are to be met with in earlier lace patterns.

Notwithstanding the successive types of design and texture which arose in the development of the art of lace-making, there came a period, and, indeed, it is an existing period, when, instead of new departures in design, copies of old designs or adaptations from them were produced. And amongst many of the more finely-finished laces of modern make, there are some which are such close counterfeits of their prototypes that it is difficult to detect them from the originals. This is often the case with many of the modern Brussels, Alençon, and Burano laces.

In so brief a review as the present, one cannot attempt to enlarge upon the different incidents and circumstances which have affected the production of laces. The main purport of this article is merely to direct attention to a very few of the comparatively recent additions to the lace collection at South Kensington. It would add to their interest and

educational value, were it feasible to intermingle with them good-sized photographs of portraits, in which laces are conspicuous, by painters of the sixteenth to eighteenth century. But it is evident that more ample exhibiting is desirable for the laces—especially the larger pieces—to be more characteristically displayed than at present. The greater number of the pieces are placed flatly under glass, and the design of their patterns and their textures can be thoroughly studied. A good deal of the beauty of the effect of laces, however, depends upon the folds taken when draped, as well as upon their appearance when disposed for actual use. The exhibition of certain collars, fichus, flounces, and lappets arranged as parts of complete costumes or of coverlets, cloths, hangings, and such-like, in suitable positions for household purposes, would give a new and interesting tone to the collections. The richly-trimmed priest's robe (Fig. 12) is suitably displayed. The flounce, too, which belonged to Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, would probably be better understood were



FIG. 12.—PRIEST'S ROBE TRIMMED WITH NEEDLEPOINT LACE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

it similarly exhibited as forming part of a vestment instead of being mounted on a board. (See Fig. 11.)





A CHARGE OF RUSSIAN DRAGOONS.  
 (From the Painting by T. P. Pravishnikoff.)

## THE SALON OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



THE exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of the present year suffered considerably from the absence of some of its most popular contributors; among these being M. Carolus-Duran, Mr. J. S. Sargent, and that incisive satirist in paint M. Jean Béraud. Besides a display of advanced French art of quite average interest, it included, however, one or two exceptional elements of interest. Among these were a separate exhibition of sculpture and decorative stoneware by the much lamented Jean Carriès—which will be noticed in a subsequent article—and a large selection of water-colours and studies in oils by Mr. John La Farge, an American artist of great versatility, whose reputation stands higher on his own than on this side of the Atlantic. These last illustrate chiefly scenery and manners in the fair islands of the Pacific. They were passed over with but scant notice by the French critics, now a little alarmed, perhaps, at the proportions assumed by foreign invasion, but possess, nevertheless, a very definite charm of their own. Sufficiently modern in technique, yet not aggressively so, these drawings give a happier idea of the earthly paradise

depicted by Pierre Loti and by our own Robert Louis Stevenson than anything else of the same kind that I remember to have seen. There is no attempt to idealise or to add mere conventional beauty to what has already in itself an element of ideality, but the luxuriance and delicate bloom of lands in which, as here depicted, the lotus-eater might dream away his life in languid delight, are given with as much charm as is the physical beauty of its inhabitants. To dwell, in a not too analytical mood, on this pleasant series is to be removed for the time from this huge, grinding, shattering universe of ours, or at least to hide oneself for one fleeting moment in one of its fairest and least sullied spots.

It is the fashion among those who uphold the noble talent of M. Puvis de Chavannes to assert that it still shows no diminution as years go on; but this can hardly be seriously maintained by those who mentally set side by side his great series of works at Amiens, his "St. Geneviève" series at the Panthéon, or his "Bois Saeré aux Arts et aux Muses," with the productions of this year and last. This vast decoration, destined for the Library of Boston, U.S.—adorned also, or to be adorned, with the important decorations by Mr. J. S. Sargent and Mr. Abbey respectively, of which portions have been seen in London—the veteran artist calls a little pompously "Les Muses inspiratrices acclamant le Génie, messenger de lumière."

Its colour shows, indeed, the rare decorative force, combined with the subtlest refinement, which M. Puvis may be said to have introduced into modern art, but really the naïveté of the composition, with its Muses floating towards the figure of Genius, placed on high as the key-stone of the composition, is too studied to be convincing. It is naïveté of a kind of which the prototypes of the great French artist—men like Giotto, Orcagna, and the Lorenzetti—would certainly not have approved; and in support of this assertion I need only recall the magnificently composed "Death of St. Francis" by Giotto at Santa Croce. They made all possible use of the artistic means painfully conquered by them step by step, while *he*, sacrificing to an ideal—a noble one, I own—a great portion of his technical mastery, slips and falters where he might, if he would, speak clear and tread secure.

Although the scheme of colour in the vast *plein air* decoration, "Les Joies de la Vie," executed by M. Roll for the Hôtel de Ville, is not very dissimilar from that in the work of M. Puvis, the point of view is in absolute contrast. This somewhat boisterously modern artist shows great skill in rendering, in tempered sunlight and luminous shadow, his pasty nudities and semi-nudities, but his conception of the joys of life is a singularly coarse and Zolaesque one. The decorations of the Hôtel de Ville when completed will, at any rate, afford a very comprehensive view of the various, the absolutely conflicting, styles and ideals of French art during the last quarter of this century.

Yet another great decoration, destined also for the Palace of the Municipality, is M. Lhermitte's "Les Halles," showing the central market-place of Paris at the moment of its fullest morning animation. It is a wonder of industry, a marvellously careful study of types and facts, yet it lacks that

inner coherence which comes from the power to grasp a scene as a dramatic whole, and it is, moreover, not precisely decorative in its dull, earthy colour scheme, seeing that it is M. Lhermitte's.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret is certainly not to be counted among those French artists who have nothing to say, and say it excellently well; both his chief works are charged with a genuine intensity of significance—in the one the aim being mainly pictorial, in the other mainly literary. The "Eros" shows the Love-god standing triumphant on the terrestrial globe, bow and arrow in hand, with a mien full at once of allurements and of relentless cruelty. This last attribute is further emphasised by the symbol of the arrow drawing blood from the earth, into which it has deeply penetrated. It is not the beautiful Eros of the finer Greek art, or the playful Eros of the Hellenistic period, or the fat, joyous Cupid of the last three centuries of our time, or, again, the languid, desponding god of the pre-Raphaelite school, that M. Dagnan-Bouveret has here sought to depict. He intends, evidently, to embody the love of the modern poets, that "*mal, le plus cruel de tous,*" of which de Musset and his successors have so eloquently discoursed. In thus forcibly underlining



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.  
(From the Painting by A. de la Gandara.)

this conception of Love as the Demon rejoicing in human suffering, he has given to his Cupid, with a body of youthful beauty, the head of a middle-aged Parisian coquette; and yet the evident earnestness of the painter carries the day, and makes him impressive all the same. The "Lavoir" is a little jewel of thoroughly modern yet restrained and finely balanced art. It is merely a study of old Breton peasant women, in spotless white coifs, washing linen at a pool under a wooden shed, the whole atmosphere of which is permeated with a curious greenish light reflected from some high, grass-grown bank outside. This bold and successful treatment



AT THE BOOKSTALLS.

(From the Painting by Jean Sala. Exhibited in the Champ de Mars Salon. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Dazin.)



of light does not, however, monopolise our attention, or prevent the restrained pathos, the simple dignity of the motive from dominantly asserting itself as it should.

Is it the public or himself that M. Eugène Carrière distrusts, that he goes on repeating *ad nauseam* the success attained with the admirable "La Maternité" now at the Luxembourg? He is one of the best equipped of modern French artists, and yet he is afraid to trust himself away from this mauve, all-blurring mist which he wraps round his compositions, destroying their contours and allowing only the most salient passages of his design to emerge. His "Théâtre populaire" is identical in tonality and style of execution with the "Maternité." The interior of a theatre of the *bancue* is shown, or rather is allowed to be divined through M. Carrière's semi-transparent curtain-fog. The picture is, we must allow, consummately well laid out, and the expression of the eager spectators where they emerge is realised with a rare pathos, and even with a marked dignity of style.

That clever, and even brilliant, colourist, M. Picard, has apparently vowed never to reproduce on his canvases any but that one peculiar type of feminine loveliness of which so many examples appeared a year or two ago at the Grafton Gallery. The wave of English pre-Raphaelitism has passed over him, as over so many of the younger Frenchmen of to-day, and the result is "La Belle au Bois dormant"—a piece of colour both rich and subtle, yet, as a work aiming at the imaginative treatment of a poetic theme, a failure. The pinions of the modern Frenchman—unless, indeed, he be a Gustave Moreau or a Puvis de Chavannes—will not lift him far above his mother earth, though, tired of realism worked to death, he is now so eager to leave it for a more crystalline and rarified atmosphere. A certain measure of this quality of imaginativeness, so rare at any time in French art, is to be found in the portrait-studies of M. Aman-Jean—another French artist in whom the elegiac mood of the pre-Raphaelites has excited something like a kindred feeling. He deliberately mutes and veils the brilliancy of his colours, combining them, however, with a very delicate skill. A languid, graceful rhythm of line, a soothing harmony in a minor key distinguishes "La Jeune Fille au paon" and the "Portrait de Mlle. M. J. L."

The audacities of M. Besnard have grown

with his recent sojourn in Algiers, but so also has, if I mistake not, his power to express his meaning, and to half convince the beholder against his will. I shall not attempt to justify in all cases the naked unashamed blaze of his exasperated colour, in such a work as the "Marché aux chevaux," in which are depicted horses in all the semi-transparency, in all the magnificence of topaz, of chrysoprase, of amethyst. Yet even here the flash and sparkle of light, the shifting movement, the brilliancy of the scene are elements of beauty which it is difficult to resist. The splendours of southern sunset skies have perhaps been better rendered than in "Port d'Alger," but we succumb altogether to the "Espagnole" and "Ghizane," in which the flame of colour so well suggests the flame of amorous passion.

There is nothing particularly new to note in the style of M. Jacques Blanche, who, notwithstanding his modern tendencies in technique, remains more than ever under the influence of Gainsborough, of Lawrence, of Hoppner, showing



LE FAUX MODÈLE.

"Après avoir dit non, voici qu'elle est venue."—(Poem by Georges Clere.)  
(From the Painting by G. Linden.)

some of their naïveté and grace, but alas! little of their charm of colour. M. Antonio de la



EROS.

(From the Painting by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret.  
Photographed by Braun and Co.)

Gandara has never succeeded so completely as on the present occasion, with a large full-length "Mme. Sarah Bernhardt." The peculiarity of the soft, warm, almost colourless harmony, the studied elegance of the attitude, with its play of sinuous curves, admirably serve to express the personality of the gifted actress, now so entirely an exotic and an artificial thing. Well worthy of study are the same artist's colour-variations on the theme of a statue of Diana in the Tuileries Gardens.

This is the first opportunity afforded to those unacquainted with the German picture galleries of making acquaintance at first hand with the paintings of Herr Max Klinger, one of the strongest and most subversive influences of the modern Teutonic art. As a draughtsman and etcher he is already known to those who care to know by his "Brahms Fantasien" and by many a fantastic design of the same order. It is impossible to make up one's mind so abruptly and on such short notice as to

the precise degree of merit of this aggressive young Teuton, about whose sincerity and belief in himself there can, however, be no doubt. The effort to express the romantic and the symbolical by means of a curiously insistent realism of execution recalls a little the great Germans of the early sixteenth century—Dürer, Bugmair, Altdorfer, Matthias Grünewald. The "Calvaire" is marked by a kind of defiant force, but might by the unkind be described as a *plein air* without air. The "Jugement de Paris" is a strange, interesting work, in which the classic and romantic modes are seen still battling for supremacy, both being still coloured, as it were, against the artist's will, with much that is least admirable and most noisily self-assertive in the German art of today. Some portions of what cannot be described as a coherent whole are of great beauty, and among them the noble, far-stretching landscape, which forms so fair a background to the scene, and the nude figure of Hermes, who turns away cold and indifferent from the beauties presented unveiled to the dazzled eyes of the mortal Paris.

The Finnish painter, Albert Edelfelt, has, among many other things, a charming "Madone," the pale golden radiance emanating from which contrasts



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MACLEHOSE.

(From the Painting by James Guthrie.)

happily with the deep-blue twilight distance in which the figures of the sacred group are framed. Aggressively, rampantly Parisian is—or rather tries to be—the Swedish painter, M. Zorn, in the vulgar, yet astonishingly brilliant and clever, “Effet de nuit,” the said night-effect showing a Paphian of the lower order, as she advances boldly towards the spectator in the most garish attire, under a flood of

but the picture is, for all its extreme simplicity, something very like a masterpiece.

M. Pranshnikoff, a Russian follower of Meissonier, with a national colour and a military ardour which more than suffice to mark his work with a very distinctive personal quality of its own, shines especially in “Une Charge—Dragons Russes” and “Retraite après l’Attaque.” The lovers of breadth



SUNRISE ON THE NORTH SEA.

(From the Painting by A. Stengelin.)

yellow artificial light. Full of movement and light, irresistibly suggesting the perpetual shifting of a scene peopled by many personages, is the same painter's “Dentellières” (Lace-makers). Once more the Danish master, Peter-Severin Kroyer, not only with a consummate skill, but with an infinite tenderness, depicts the warm, tempered light of the evening sun in a northern latitude, as it illuminates with a veiled, mysterious half-light long curves of sandy shore meeting calm, friendly waters. Two young women in light summer garments slowly walk along the border line where land and sea join, engaged in dreamy converse, and that is all;

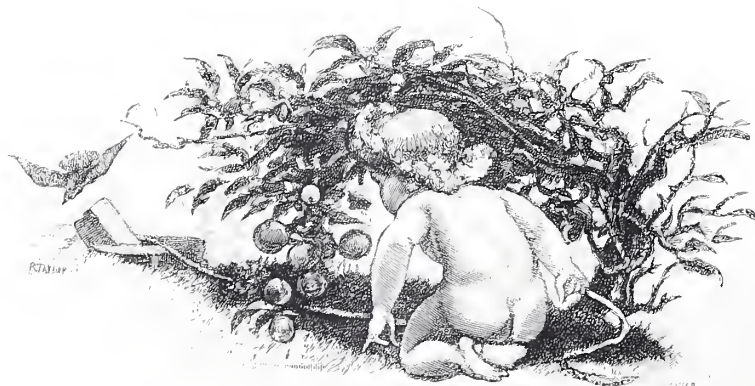
may cry out at his extreme minuteness and a certain hardness of touch, but it is a hardness which by no means excludes atmospheric effect, or the vibration of clear, pure light in wide blue heavens. The Berlinese painter, Max Liebermann—an uncompromising modernist, belonging to the Dutch rather than to the French school—has a life-size figure, “Vieux Pêcheur,” of great vitality and power.

I do not remember to have seen on any previous occasion Mr. James Guthrie's admirable portrait, “Mrs. MacLehose,” which, as a tender and reverent interpretation of old age, in which the quality of consummate and well-restrained skill, though pre-

sent, is not the first thing to strike the beholder, is not unworthy to be placed beside Mr. Whistler's now famous "Portrait de ma Mère." The Scotch artist has done nothing so fine or so reticent in its charm as this. His brother-impressionist, Mr. John Lavery, may be studied in five portraits, among which are several of great distinction. One of them is the portrait-group of two young ladies in an interior, which appeared at the Royal Academy some three or four years ago, but has since, it would seem, been very greatly improved. The American artist, Mr. Alexander Harrison, is indefatigable in his effort to fix on the canvas the rainbow-hues of sea and sky in all the progressive phases of sunset and twilight, and to reproduce the rare, ivory-like pallor of the naked human form seen under an evening light filtering through the thick veil of intervening trees. His "La Solitude," "Lever de Lune," "Baigneurs," and "La Floride" are amplified re-statements of former effects, but they are not less, but more, interesting on that account.

It might not unfairly be advanced, by those who do not give themselves unreservedly to M. Cazin, that he has said his say by this time; that his soft, rather woolly touch, his contemplative mood and cloudy, delicate harmonies in the minor keys, are by this time over-familiar even to his admirers. Yet this is not the case; since his emotion in depicting these calm, homely scenes of northern France, and vivifying them with his poet-painter's temperament, is not less than heretofore. His "Route nationale," with its studied elimination of all that does not express the very essence of the subject, with the pathetic simplicity, the thoroughly human charm of its conception, is one of the finest things in the exhibition. M. Montenard is M. Montenard still—a not less skilful exponent than heretofore of Provençal scenery, with its glare of the unveiled sun on white, hot sands, with its olive trees, with its cloudless blue skies. He treats his subjects with the same frankness of contrast, the

same expansive energy, as on former occasions, but more than ever shows the narrow limits of his real talent. M. René Billotte evidently deems—and not without reason—that his mission as a landscapist is to prove that even the neglected, despised *banlieue* has its peculiar beauties. He floods with a pale silvery light, he sympathetically and a little over-delicately works out in all its salient points, such scenes as "Lever de lune aux carrières de Nanterre" and "Crépuscule à la pointe de l'Île de la Jatte." M. Muenier's "Nuit provençale (panneau décoratif)" is an imposing and refined decoration, which will not, however, bear rigorous dissection. M. Damoye's "Marsilly—Sologne" is a superb page full of breezy freshness, and with a genuine vibration in the sunlit air. The Belgian artist, M. Frans Courtens, is again powerful and expressive, but heavy and over-lavish in his use of impasto, as in the handling of his material generally. Herr Fritz Thaulow dwells with delight on winter landscapes, on the swirling and eddying of rapid waters, on night-scenes in Normandy and Norway, and gives all these with a northern zest and a consummate skill in which at the Champ de Mars he has few if any superiors. The landscapes of M. Le Camus, of M. V. J. B. Binet, M. Jean Cabrit, M. Eugène Dauphin, of Prince Eugène of Norway and Sweden, M. Girardot, M. Baertsoen, and some few others, are deserving of more detailed notice than I am able in the present notice to accord to them. One of the most amusing attempts at the Champ de Mars to make modern portraiture openly and avowedly decorative, without sacrificing its main object or its adherence to particularised fact, is "Les Miens (panneau décoratif)" by the Swedish artist, Herr Carl Sarsson. Not overmuch violence is done to the subject, or to the congruous style of treatment, in this quite fairly successful attempt to bring into a well-balanced group, with lines of a satisfying, musical harmony, a series of vivacious portraits, depicting, as the title makes clear, the artist's own family.





THE MEDALLION PORTRAITS ON THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE hour approaches when the National Portrait Gallery, which is being erected by the splendid munificence of a private citizen, will be declared open to the public; and the treasures which have been thrust away in the remote East-end will be housed with a dignity becoming their importance, and a long-standing reproach to the British nation, as an art-respecting people, rolled away.

On the south and west sides the new building backs the National Gallery, with which, though slightly more solid in style, it is necessarily designed to be in architectural harmony; but its north and east sides look towards Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane respectively, and suggest themselves for a scheme of simple decoration, of which eighteen portrait medallions form the most important feature.

Over the portico under the pediment are placed

the portrait busts of Carlyle, the fifth Lord Stanhope, and Lord Macaulay: whilst those of Granger, the biographer of the seventeenth century; Faithorne,

a portrait-painter and engraver of the same period; and Edmund Lodge, the historian of the peerage, decorate the otherwise blank north side of this portion of the building. In the tympana of the twelve round-arched windows in the upper storey of the east and north sides of the main building are other medallions representing Fuller, chronicler of the worthies of England; Lord Clarendon, who wrote the "History of the Rebellion and the Civil Wars;" Horace Walpole, recorder of historic

gossip and art patron; and Hans Holbein, Sir Anthony Vandyck, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Court limners to the Tudors, Stuarts, and earlier Guelphs; Roubiliac, artist from Lyons,



HOLBEIN.



FAITHORNE.



SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK.

compared to whom, in the words of one of his patrons, the sculptors of his day were but mortuary stone-cutters, and who, it be may noted in passing, was himself buried in this same parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1762: Hogarth, father

The selection of men thus honoured was made by the late Sir George Scharf, whose judgment, scholarship, and, above all, unwearied zeal, did so much for the collection entrusted to his keeping. At the first glance it seems a somewhat discon-



SIR PETER LELY.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

of the British School of Painting; Sir Joshua Reynolds, first President of the Royal Academy;

needed list of names. But a little reflection shows these men to have all been, in stone, pigment, or



HORACE WALPOLE.



SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, third President; and Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor to whose splendid legacy the nation owes it that it is able to build up a gallery of its contemporary art.

ink, historical biographers of great Englishmen. Carlyle and Lord Macaulay are chosen because of their services to our history, not our literature.

The medallions, of which ten are here reproduced

from the original casts, are executed in Portland stone, and are all the work of Mr. Frederick Thomas, one of the most promising of the group of younger men who lead the conspicuous sculptural

reconcile the exacting demands of the Director of the Gallery for historic accuracy with the requirements of the architect; and at the same time satisfy his own tastes in the direction of effective



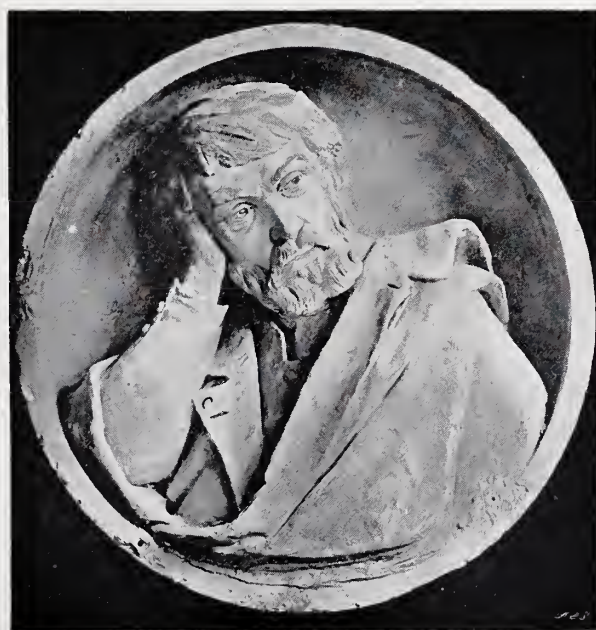
EDMUND LODGE.



EARL STANHOPE.

revival of the hour. His task was by no means an easy one. The illustrative material upon which to base his work he had in most cases to discover for

decoration and characteristic portraiture. Sometimes the subject lent itself ill to its needs; but the vigorous picturesqueness of his style has gene-



THOMAS CARLYLE.

himself in the National Portrait Gallery at Bethnal Green itself, or failing that, the Print Room of the British Museum; and it sometimes formed a very conjectural authority indeed. Moreover, he had to

rally triumphed—especially in such cases as the dashing head of Vandyck and the sterling portraits of Holbein and Carlyle—and as a whole his work is highly successful.

R. J.-S.



PYRCROFT HOUSE ("ROSE MAYLIE'S" HOME).

(Re-drawn by W. C. Keene, from Sketches by Mrs. de Cosson.)

## PYRCROFT HOUSE, OF "OLIVER TWIST."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

ONE of the fancies of the day is the tracing out the scenes described in Dickens' stories, and the undertaking what are called travels "in Dickens-land." In this there is a certain attraction, and the pursuit is not without topographical interest, as the localities are rapidly passing away. The author, too, seems to have sought inspiration for the treatment of his incidents and characters by studying some building or district, and so completely has he permeated himself with its spirit or "note," that we can, as it were, work backwards from the story and evolve the very quintessence of the scene from his description. Mere description of the most minute kind, or the "minuteness of ocular admeasurement," as Elia has it, even the photograph is insufficient; there is the tone and flavour which only an artist, such as Dickens was, can seize. This "flavour" is supplied perfectly in the Pickwickian scenes—notably in the pictures of Rochester, Ipswich, Bury, and other places—through which old-fashioned places it is impossible now to walk without feeling the associations of fifty years ago revived in the most vivid way. It is not fanciful to say that every town which seems to most scarcely dis-

tinguishable has a character of its own, which, however, requires a special faculty and ability to search out.

In most of Dickens' early novels we find this topographical power exhibited in a high degree, and his great art is shown in blending these local sketches with the dramatic interest of his story, to which he makes them contribute. This vivid impulse has had the result of making the places thus described regular "show places." Many books have been written on the subject, and it must be said they are entertaining enough. It is pleasant to discover for oneself, as I did lately, one of these localities—such as "The Boot"—described as situated in the fields behind the Foundling Hospital. In Cromer Street, which leads out of Gray's Inn Road, we find it, rebuilt, indeed, and garnished with a gilt boot.

Dickens excels when he undertakes some dramatic progress from place to place, describing as he goes, and as his heroes travel we seem to be following them step by step. Everyone has read the truly picturesque account in "Oliver Twist" of Sikes' burglarious adventure at Chertsey—the long night travel and the day's march, when the time



A STUDY.

(By Frank Dicksee, R.A.)



seems to drag on wearily. It was certainly a tremendous walk. They started at daylight—Sikes and Oliver—from near Bethnal Green, making their way to Hyde Park Corner, where they got a lift to Isleworth; then walked to Hampton, where they got another lift through Sudbury on to Shepperton, and thence to Chertsey. After waiting till midnight at one of their "lays," the trio—for they had been joined by Toby Crackit—set off for Chertsey, through the main street of which they hurried, and "cleared the town as the church bells struck two." "Quickening their pace, they turned up a road on the left hand. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall." It will be seen how minute "Boz" is in his description, by which nearly sixty years later we are enabled to identify it.

The burglars got over the wall and advanced towards the house. "It was a little lattice window, about five feet and a half above the ground at the back of the house, which belonged to a seullery or brewing place, at the end of the passage." Toby Crackit plied his crowbar vigorously, and soon wrenched the shutter open. The fastenings of the lattice window were presently overcome. "I am going to put you through," said Sikes to the boy. "Go up softly the steps straight afore you and along the little hall to the street door; unfasten it, and let us in." The unhappy Oliver was put through the window, Toby making a sort of step of his back. "You see the stairs before you," said Sikes, menacing him with his pistol, and showing him that he was "within shot" all the way to the street door.

This is a characteristic specimen of "Boz's" minuteness of description, his object being, no doubt, to furnish *vraisemblance* to the situation. It is almost certain that he had studied the ground in person—had probably been attracted by the loneliness of the house in the course of his walks. He may have said to himself "How exactly suited for a house-breaking scene!"

On one beautiful summer's Sunday I paid a visit to Chertsey, in search of this old mansion. I passed the charming old river-side town of Laleham, an unspoiled bit of rurality, with its embowered church, which almost seemed to have been the model for that in the "Old Curiosity Shop," with

its two short aisles—seemingly hunchbacked—and venerable tower. Crossing the river by the ferry, and being "poled" across, a short walk of three-quarters of a mile brought me to Chertsey, a quaint antique place enough. "Boz" describes the little market-place, with its "white bank and red brewery



OLIVER TWIST'S WINDOW—INTERIOR, FROM THE STREET DOOR.

(Re-drawn by W. C. Keene, from a Sketch by Mrs. de Cosson.)

and a yellow Town Hall, and in one corner a large house, with all the wood about it painted green, before which was the sign of 'The George.' These marks and tokens do not fit with the market-place, where now is "The Crown" Inn, and near it the new Town Hall, and no signs of white bank or red brewery. But going down Guildford Street I find a quaint picturesque old inn, with two gables and plenty of wood, and the sign well forward into the road. The sign of "The George" has lately become "The George III.," and is a garishly-painted portrait. Behind are the coach-house, stabling, &c., and beside it the old Chertsey brewery, "very red," which dates from 1703. There is a bank close by. This then was the scene. Chertsey is full of ancient and most picturesque inns—notably the old "Bell," at the end of the street.

It was difficult to find Pyrcroft House—a friendly cabdriver could give no information—and many

roads led out of and into Chertsey. It was clearly, however, *beyond* Chertsey—that is, not on the London side. Going on rather blindly towards the country in the direction of St. Anne's, where Fox lived, an inviting, well-wooded district, I came to a small village, facing which was a fine old ruined garden wall. This, being out of perpendicular and threatening to fall, had been vigorously buttressed up. Within, and touching the road with its flank, was the house, a beautiful Georgian specimen, of ripe plum-coloured bricks and sound design; indeed, it suggested Gad's Hill in pattern. A country wench, who was at one of the doors, being asked the name could only murmur, "I dunnoo;" but an intelligent, wizened old lady looking over her gate said, "Whoy, that be Pyreroff."

Thus had I stumbled on the very place. Fair as it was in front, with its fine enclosed garden at the back, there were all the little encrusted outhouses and buildings which were so likely to attract Mr.

Sikes. It was certainly the house; and what supplied conviction was the rich bit of meadow-land which came up close behind. The two men, it will be recollected, who watched Oliver as he sat in the window, are described as hurrying across this meadow. The place is now in the possession of Mr. Snell.

While surveying this interesting scene, a garden-gate opposite opening, a genial, friendly gentleman came out. It was like a scene in *Pickwick*. He looked at me, and I at him; I felt like Mr. Weller at Ipswich when he was looking for Miss Allen and the surly groom came out. We soon got into talk, and my friend told me many curious things. The legend was cherished in the place, and there were many additional speculations about. Many years ago there used to be shown an old hovel

close by the bridge, where Barney and Toby Crackit received Sikes, but it has been pulled down. Everyone was proud of this lattice window at Pyreroff through which Oliver was "put."



OLIVER TWIST'S WINDOW—EXTERIOR.

(Re-drawn by W. C. Keene, from a Sketch by Mrs. de Cosson.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

SEPTEMBER.

**The Academy Election.** THE result of the elections which took place at Burlington House on the 26th July will be generally approved. It was confidently expected that Mr. Onslow Ford would be promoted, but considerable doubt existed as to which painter of the three or four "in the running" would be chosen. In the first election Mr. Ford received nineteen "scratches," Mr. W. B. Richmond seven, Mr. Leader six, Mr. Bodley (architect) five, Mr. Boughton and Mr. Crofts three, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Macbeth two each, and two or three other candidates one each. At the second "scratching," Mr. Ford received twenty-one, Mr. Richmond thirteen, Mr. Boughton (although he did not rightly come upon the blackboard at all) nine, and Mr. Bodley six. In the final ballot between the two highest scorers, Mr. Ford was elected by thirty-five votes to Mr. Richmond's fifteen. The second election was then proceeded with, and from the beginning Mr. Richmond was first favourite. He received thirteen "scratches," Mr. Leader eleven, Mr. Boughton nine, and Mr. Bodley eight. In the second round, Mr. Boughton came first with sixteen, Mr. Richmond fifteen, Mr. Leader eleven, and Mr. Bodley eight. In the final ballot Mr. Richmond triumphed with

twenty-seven over Mr. Boughton's twenty-three. It is notable that in this Assembly of fifty members, many of the older men came up to vote—including Mr. Sidney Cooper, Mr. Watts, and Sir John Millais, and it was by their help, we are assured, that Mr. Richmond's victory was secured.

**Art in the Ballet.** FOLLOWING closely on Mr. Daly's fantastic presentation of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* comes the ballet *Titania* at the Alhambra, avowedly based on the same theme; but it must be confessed that in the essential features of coherence, dignity, and grace, neither version comes within measurable distance of those in the Palace and grounds at Sydenham, directed by Mr. Oscar Barrett some few years since. Granted the suitability of the Elf element to the purpose, the Alhambra performance proves Shakespeare's fairy comedy a hard nut for the *maître de ballet* to crack, though we recognise gratefully the concession to advancing taste in attiring the "Hermia" of the *première danseuse* so as to suggest the character, and not the conventional practising-skirts. The scenery by Mr. RYAN is less striking than usual, but an undeniably pretty effect in the Fairy Bower is gained by the fitful glowworm sparkle of small electric lamps sown



broadcast over the scene. There seems little warrant, however, in this tableau, for the masses of tropic orchids that orientalise the picture, and in the final tableau of the "Palace of Theseus" palm trees are oddly interspersed with the caryatids (clumsily depicted, by the way) of the Erechtheum at Athens. A curious Oxford and Cambridge



W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

boat-race colouring pervades the costumes of the opening scene, and when we come to the Court of Oberon and Titania, we are introduced to the conspicuous novelty of a "Puck" in long red gloves! and are surprised to find the daintiness of the fairy revellers sadly imperilled, as to the majority, by robes of ruddy amethyst, and indigo shading into vivid emerald green. In the marriage festival of the last scene, bright rose-pink, sky-blue, and canary yellow struggle for supremacy amidst assertive pea-greens and inharmonious purples. It is an orgie (we had almost said a nightmare) of crude colour. The troupe of flying dancers is still well to the fore, and perhaps the loudest applause of the production was reserved for their aerial group with gay garlands of roses and tinsel. Before quitting the subject of the Alhambra entertainment, we must give a word of sincere praise to the very meritorious "cloth" of a Moorish Interior, used as a background for sundry variety turns. At the Empire Theatre the ballet of *Faust* (under the artistic supervision of Mr. WILHELM) has achieved so signal a success that we hope shortly to devote a little space to a specially illustrated review of its many attractive features.

ON page 437 are reproduced the two panel paintings which have been placed in position in the Royal Exchange. Of the first, "Ancient Britons bartering with Phœnicians,"

by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., we have already published the original study (see MAGAZINE OF ART, 1894, p. 140); the other is by Mr. R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., and represents the opening of the Royal Exchange by the Queen. The decorative borders and panels in both pictures were designed by Sir F. Leighton. The Gresham Committee are to be congratulated on the excellent be-

ginning of their scheme of decoration, and on the possession of two of the finest wall-paintings in England. It is interesting to record the method of painting and fixing adopted for these panels, as in the latter operation, at all events, it has never before been attempted in England for such large works. Sir Frederic painted his work on strong flax canvas, prepared with a medium similar to that originally invented by Mr. T. Gambier Parry, known as "Spirit Fresco" medium, and intended for use in connection with pictures painted direct on a specially prepared plaster wall. It is prepared from Sierra Leone copal, wax, and oil of spike. It is now used for the first time on canvas, although a slight modification has been made in the mixture in view of this fact. Mr. Macbeth used a somewhat similar

vehicle, known as Parris' medium, which contains a rather larger percentage of wax, working on a canvas prepared with a specially absorbent oil ground. Both pictures have been attached to the wall by the process frequently used in France, termed "*mirouillage*." The operation was successfully performed by Messrs. Charles Roberson and Co., the well-known artists' colourmen, by whom also the whole of the materials used were prepared.

St. George's Hall, AN effort is being made to complete the design of the late Mr. Elwes for the

Liverpool.

St. George's Hall, Liverpool. For this purpose there still remains the sculptural decoration included by the architect in his original designs. In 1882 part of the work—a series of panels, depicting "The Growth of Justice"—was placed in the hands of Mr. T. STIRLING LEE, and when finished by him last year gave rise to considerable discussion, from which the Arts Committee,

with Mr. P. H. RATHBONE (the donor) as chairman, emerged triumphant. The work still left to be done is another series of six panels, "National Prosperity"; nine panels for the Music Room; and several panels and groups for the exterior of the building. The report of the Financial Sub-committee, which has recently been issued, contains an eloquent appeal for the means to accomplish this, for the purpose, in the first



E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



AN ARCHITECTURAL SUBJECT WITH FIGURES.

(By Domenico Beccafumi. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

place, of completing a building which "would then be a monument perfectly unique in its successful adaptation of classic architecture to modern uses"; and, secondly, for the encouragement of the young school of sculpture in England, "which promises to be the finest England has ever seen, and one of the finest in the world." It is to be hoped that the appeal will be successful, and that at no distant date.

MR. JOHN VARLEY has been exhibiting at the Exhibitions. Japanese Gallery a large collection of water-colours, under the title of "Italian Lakes, French Rivers and Cathedrals." The drawings are executed in his well-known finished style, but the appearance of nearly one

"An Australian Grass Fire," a large picture by Mr. STANLEY BERKELEY, has been on view at Mr. Mendoza's gallery. It is full of life and action, and a characteristic example of the style which this artist has made his own.

An interesting exhibition of wood-carving was recently held at the Carpenters' Hall, the exhibits largely consisting of work done by students of technical classes, and all in competition for prizes offered by the Worshipful Company of Carpenters. The work was of very high character, as the two examples we reproduce on pp. 438 and 439 will serve to show.

The International Art Exhibition in Venice must be accounted a great success. Held in the permanent building in the rear of the public gardens, it consisted of five hundred works of painting and sculpture by leading artists of each European nationality. England was well represented: Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., contributing his "Perseus and Andromeda;" Sir J. E. MULLAIS, Bart., R.A., "The Sick Ornithologist," and "The Last Rose of Summer;" Mr. WATTS, R.A., "Psyche and Endymion;" and Messrs. HERKOMER, R.A., W. W. OULESS, R.A., ALFRED EAST, HOLMAN HUNT, and ALFRED PARSONS sending typical examples of their work. From France there were the "Mandoline Player," by M. CAROLUS-DURAN; M. DAGNAN-BOUVERET'S "Madonna;" M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES' "Pieta;" and a portrait by M. BONNAT; M. LENBACH sent four portraits to the German section; M. MESDAG, two of his views at Schvenningen to the Dutch; and MM. SKREDSVIG and ZORN were well represented in the Scandinavian section.



BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS.

(Statue by Rodin, recently unveiled at Calais. See "The Magazine of Art," 1888, p. 138.)

hundred and forty works of this kind is strikingly monotonous. The French views were decidedly the most interesting, among the best being that of "Rouen Cathedral from the River: Evening," and a "Distant View of Caen."

Miss R. HILL-BURTON'S interesting and clever drawings of out-of-the-way corners of Japan have been succeeded at the Clifford Galleries by another series illustrative of the same country, from the brush of Mr. ALEC RANDALL WEST. The title of the collection, "Japan under Arms," is misleading, for while not a single soldier is included in any one drawing, several views of Jerusalem and the Nile are added to make the incongruity more marked. Mr. West's drawings suffer by the contrast with Miss Burton's; but, indeed, apart from this they are not of very great merit, and his violent colourings strike a note that is almost garish.

At the Hanover Gallery there has been on view a series of black-and-white drawings executed by Madame LOUISE ABBEMA to illustrate a volume *de luxe*, "La Mer." The drawings are so slight as to scarcely merit a special exhibition.

PICTURES for the nursery walls have found hitherto few worthy attempts to enliven their tedious commonplaces.

The Fitzroy Pictures.

True that many chromolithographs issued with Christmas numbers have been handed over to the children's rooms; but of these, and of the pictures prepared specially for schools and nurseries, scarce one in a hundred has the slightest artistic interest. To put before children such excellent reproductions as those issued by the Arundel Society would be like giving them a Palestrina mass, or a black-letter copy of the Faërie Queen. Nor are the dull respectabilities of German colour-prints quite worthy of the purpose. Hence it is a good and wholesome intention that has prompted the Fitzroy Society to provide pictures at once artistic and interesting. Viollet-le-Duc, and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., have at different times spoken most strongly of the need for improvement in pictures intended for elementary schools. The latter, writing to the Fitzroy Society, says: "The functions of art in education have been most unfortunately overlooked and disregarded; sensibility to beauty is a natural possession, nearly extinguished in modern times; your plan would go far to re-animate it." It must not be supposed that these colour-prints are too directly educational; they preserve a happy medium between the extremes of instruction and

amusement. The sacred subjects, by Messrs. Selwyn Image, C. W. Whall, and Heywood Sumner, are dignified in idea and yet distinctly human. The secular subjects include a very admirable set of "The Seasons," by Heywood Sumner and others—"Work," "Play," "Cricket," "A Merry-go-round," "A Railway Station," by the same artist. A charming little allegory, "Love rules his kingdom without a sword," by NORRIS DAVIS, shows how easy it is to make a picture simple and yet entirely complete. "St. George and the Dragon," by Heywood Sumner, is a delightful panel,

his "*William Blake: His Character, Life, and Genius*" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). He has produced that which is really an excellent and sympathetic, if rather dull and wordy, digest of all that is known about the poet in painting; but we think he overrates exceedingly not only the intelligibility, but the value of nine-tenths of Blake's verse, if anything so arbitrarily "inversed" can deserve that name. Our author, with few limitations, actually ventures to call by the name of poetry all the disjointed rhapsodies of Blake, which sometimes rise



PHŒNICIANS BARTERING WITH ANCIENT BRITONS.

(From the Wall-Painting by Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., at the Royal Exchange.)



THE QUEEN OPENING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

(From the Wall-Painting by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., at the Royal Exchange.)

as gay as a modern poster, yet neither gaudy nor unduly archaic. Each picture in the series is treated in broad black outline, coloured with bright pigments in flat tints. The earlier numbers were lithographed entirely; in later examples the colour has been added by hand, which admits the employment of the graduated wash as we meet with it in Japanese colour-prints. So far the sanity of the enterprise is conspicuous; its subjects are admirably chosen, and the execution is equal to the intention. As a factor in forming the taste of children, it would not be easy to over-estimate their value; for they serve to set up a high standard of comparison before the eyes of little ones, who are more ready to take a hint than their elders imagine.

**Reviews.** "BLAKEITES," not less than those who occupy the seats of the scornful with regard to the so-called mystical artist and poet, and those more impartial who, greatly because of Dante G. Rossetti's outspoken enthusiasm, have given attention to the abnormal designs and still more inchoate writings of the subject of this book, will be thankful to Mr. A. T. STORY for his pains in preparing

to the sublime and beautiful, but often sink to incoherency of rant, and generally have for their staple that which is simply rhodomontade. On the other hand, Mr. Story's good taste has gathered from that stupendous wilderness of words some exquisite gems of pathos, fancy, and delightful simplicity, all of which were well known before. His *apologia* for most of Blake's shortcomings, being to the effect that the bard was totally uneducated, is just so far as it goes, but does not include certain outbursts of a perverse mood and temper, which, in an ordinary man, would deserve to be spoken of as "mere cussedness." It is true that glad ingenuousness and soaring joyfulness, as of a bird of Heaven, often inspired this extraordinary man, who held on his way through a long life as if the gates of Paradise were always within sight. Mr. Story is too intelligent and moderate a critic to accept as gospel even half the complicated and untenable guesswork of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, who in their recently published "Life of Blake" held a brief not only to make intelligible all that mankind refuses to understand, but to affirm the coherency

and value of what we have described as Blake's disjointed rhapsodies in verse. It must not be denied that Blake, although his schooling was scanty, cannot fairly be called an uneducated man: the experience of life, contact with others, and the discipline of his profession as an artist, were ample education for nine men out of ten, and would, had self-control been at hand in his favour, have given Blake almost all that the best of universities could bestow. Artists

is rightly set forth—with whom Blake came into contact, from Moser, Flaxman, Stothard (in whose behalf we protest), Cromek, John Thomas Smith, Crabb Robinson, to Frederick Tatham, the architect. While all these worthies are depreciated in the text before us, the names of even Samuel Palmer and George Richmond are conspicuously absent from it.

We have rarely read a more agreeable autobiography of the lighter sort than Mr. RUDOLF LEHMANN'S "Artist's Reminiscences" (Smith, Elder and Co.). The artist is an easy, even a graceful, writer, and an admirable story-teller, and as he has passed through a long life that was not without adventure during stirring times in the history of France and Rome, and as he has known many men and women of note, both in rank and distinction, and watched them with all the natural keenness of his observation, he has produced a volume distinctly above the average of such productions. The artistic side of the book gives a glimpse of Parisian artist-life during the 'Forties, and a very faithful reflection of the time when Rome was still the Mecca of art students, and the Caffè Greco the very heart where its art-life pulsed. Pope, kings, ministers, artists,

actors, and poets, men of blood and brains, Mr. Lehmann has mixed with them all, and kept open his eyes and ears, and his memory fresh. He has many stories, hardly any of which have been heard before, of an interesting crowd, among them of Ingres, Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, and Landseer. Though it attempts to sound no depths as an artist's record of a life, and to enunciate no artistic or philosophic "views," it not only constitutes a book of pleasant reading, but it possesses a distinct value of its own.

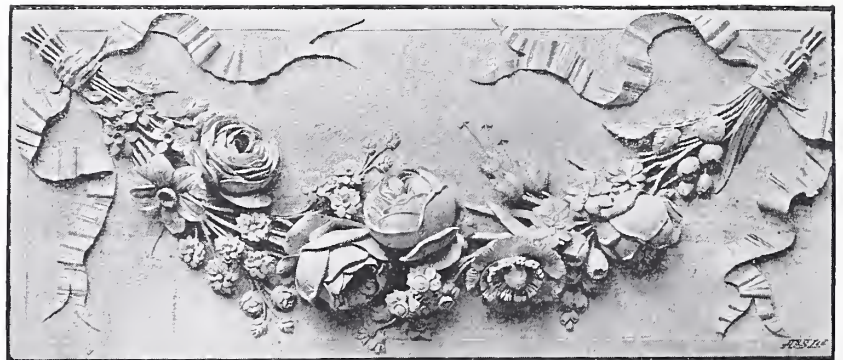
"Here lies a drunken dog," was Morland's epitaph on himself, and in his "George Morland: Painter" (London: Elliot Stock) Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON'S hardly judicial summary of the facts that are known about the artist will



A FITZROY PICTURE: "WINTER."

(Drawn by Heywood Sumner.)

do not go to universities which could teach them nothing, and yet who not of the pedagogic profession will venture to call them an uneducated class? In the preface to his book the compiler gives fresh news of some ancestors of Blake, but he omits details of an ignominious sort which Messrs. Ellis and Yeats have set forth, concerning the painter-poet's Irish connections, of which Gilchrist and Rossetti were alike ignorant. From this point we have a well-arranged and clear record of the known details, with nothing that we have noticed which is at once new and valuable, until we come to the end of the book. At this place, however, we are disappointed by finding no index, not even a chronology of Blake's career and works. The interval of the text is occupied with notices and criticisms, none of which is profound, while several are sincere, and all are sympathetic. Many of the sections are, nevertheless, dull, not to say tedious. It may be that lack of the technical and exact knowledge of an art-critic proper detracts from the value of some of Mr. Story's opinions, and misleads his judgment. Thus, while recalling the anecdote of Moser, the Keeper of the Royal Academy, advising Blake not to study "old, hard, and unfinished" engravings after Raphael and M. Angelo (advice which seems to have brought from Blake a reply savouring of gross impertinence), it is clear to us that the Academician, knowing Blake to be an engraver, simply meant to warn him of the miserable insufficiency of the old prints after those greatest of masters. If Mr. Story had known who Moser was he would have read this anecdote with caution. In conclusion, let us say that Mr. Story is, with doubtless the best intentions, rather hard upon nearly everybody—except John Linnell, whose generosity



FESTOON OF FLOWERS.

(Carved by T. J. Perrin. Recently exhibited at the Carpenters' Hall.)

not go far towards its falsification. Mr. Richardson's book is a disappointing one. It reads more like a shorthand-writer's transcript of evidence than a mature judgment delivered from the bench. Take, for example, the question of the artist's descent. Chapter II. begins, "George

Morland was heir to a baronetcy, which he never claimed." Then comes an account of a certain Sir Samuel Morland, created baronet in 1660, which closes with these words: "In 1716 the baronetcy became extinct." No attempt is made to connect George's family with that distinguished man, and on the very next page the whole thing



PANEL.

(Carved by T. Colley. Recently exhibited at Carpenters' Hall.)

is stultified by the following hypothesis:—"If Sir Samuel Morland was the ancestor of George Morland, there was certainly an analogy between them in this, that they both had famous careers, did much good work, and had most unhappy ends. George Morland did not, however, come upon the scenes till forty-seven years after the Morland baronetcy had expired." After this we are not surprised to find the author quoting George Dawe's ridiculous statement that Morland "never drew upon the spot" with approval, and then giving specific instances of his drawing from nature upon pp. 17, 32, 49, 50, 52 and 78. We forgive Mr. Richardson his loose style and slipshod English for the sake of the appendices of "Paintings by George Morland" and "Engravings after George Morland," which constitute the valuable portion of the book, as well as the colotype reproduction of Morland's portrait, from the water-colour sketch by his friend Thomas Rowlandson. But a final life and appreciation of the artist has yet to be written.

Professor GEDDES is to be congratulated upon a charming idea, prettily carried out. True, "*The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal*" (1895, published in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and colleagues, and in London by T. Fisher Unwin), is a trifle affected, and the writers and artists are all a shade too clever, but the ensemble is delightful. The type is fine, the ink of the blackest, and the printing what we look for from Messrs.

Constable. Mr. JOHN DUNCAN'S decoration is of a high, if Beardsleyan, order throughout. Mr. ROBERT BURNS is successful in "*Natura Natrans*," though the same cannot be said for "*The Casket*." Mr. C. H. MACKIE'S design for the cover of embossed old calf is quaint and curious, though hardly beautiful. The keynote of the whole volume is a sturdy one of Hope and Renaissance. In a word, "*Patrick Geddes and Colleagues*" seem to see, against the background of decadence, the vaguely growing lines of a picture of New Birth. Let us hope that this is no illusion. We look forward with interest to the further "seasonals" of "*Autumn*," "*Summer*," and "*Winter*," which are to appear at intervals of six months.

Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS, of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, is the apostle of the cheap catalogue. His latest feat is the production of a bound volume, well printed on good paper, devoted to the decorative and industrial sections of the museum, copiously illustrated, at the cost of one shilling. It is one of the very best popular catalogues we have seen.

In the "*Index to the Periodicals of 1894*" Miss HETHERINGTON has adopted the typographical improvements which we suggested when reviewing last year's issue. We have now nothing but praise for this admirable and indispensable publication. To the section of "Art" no fewer than five columns are devoted in the index to the current literature of the year upon the subject.

A story for children, called "*Hercules and the Marionettes*," by Mr. R. MURRAY GILCHRIST (Bliss, Sands and Foster)—



MONUMENT TO LORD STRATHNAIRN AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.)

a simple story of kindness among travelling showmen—has had the advantage of illustration by Mr. C. P. SAINTON.

The portrait of the late F. H. Henshall, in our last Number (p. 373), is by Mr. W. J. WAINWRIGHT.

**Miscellaneous.** SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A., and MR. WALTER CRANE have been awarded second-class medals at the Munich International Exhibition.

The painting of "The Trial of Queen Caroline," by

three hundred guineas; and "Mrs. Seymour Damer," two thousand two hundred guineas.

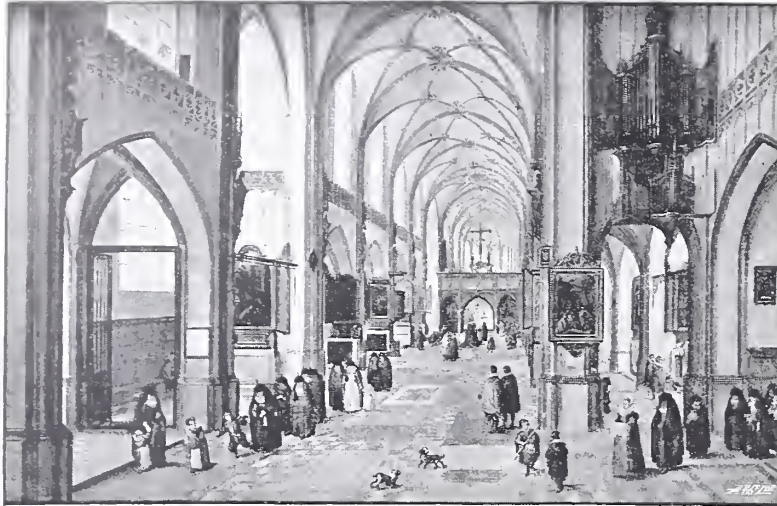
The prizes gained by the successful students of the National Art Training Schools in the national and local competitions in 1894, were this year distributed by Mr.

ALMA TADEMA, R.A. The holders of the travelling scholarships of fifty pounds each were Miss LILIAN SIMPSON with the gold medal; Mr. GEORGE SCOTT with the silver medal; and Mr. W. B. DALTON with the bronze medal. The fourth gold medal awarded was won by Miss FLORENCE STEELE. The schools have been reorganised, and three members of the staff have retired on pensions on the abolition of their offices.

WE reproduce on p. 436 the powerful monument recently unveiled at Calais, the work of M. RODIN. It has occupied the artist for many years, and will probably rank as his *chef d'œuvre*. It represents the unfortunate citizens of Calais who had to appear before the English King Edward III. with ropes round their necks, under the terms of capitulation which he imposed.

A reproduction is given on page 439 of the latest acquisition to London street sculpture, the monument of Lord

Strathmairn, by Mr. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., erected at Knightsbridge. It is avowedly modelled after the celebrated Colonna statue at Venice, and forms one of the best equestrian figures in the Metropolis. The statue is cast in gun-metal presented by the Indian Government, and it stands on a pedestal of Portland stone, on which are eight panels bearing a record of Lord Strathmairn's engagements. Mr. Ford has taken a bold step by gilding certain portions



INTERIOR OF A CHURCH.

(From the Painting by Hendrick Steenweyk. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

SIR GEORGE HAYTER, which being an heirloom could not be included in the Cliefden sale, has been handed over to the National Portrait Gallery. The picture measures 13ft. 9in. by 8ft.

COLONEL J. WINGFIELD MALCOLM, the owner of the renowned collection of drawings and engravings by old masters which was formed and loaned by the late Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch to the British Museum, has done a patriotic action by disposing of the collection to the nation, for the sum of £25,000. The full value of the drawings has been estimated at £40,000, so that Colonel Malcolm's sacrifice is by no means a small one.

The interesting collection of French wood- and iron-work formed by M. PAYRE, of Paris, has been acquired by the Science and Art Department for the sum of £12,000. The pieces, which are to be distributed between South Kensington, Edinburgh, and Dublin, are mainly of the Renaissance period, and are magnificent specimens of design and craftsmanship. The collection will be fully dealt with and illustrated in an early number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

The sale of the Price collection produced some high prices for English pictures; the total sum realised being £87,144. GAINSBOROUGH'S "Lady Musgrave," sold fifteen years ago for one thousand guineas, on this occasion fetched ten thousand guineas. A portrait group of Reynolds, Bacon, and Chambers, by J. F. RIGAUD, R.A., was bought for the National Portrait Gallery for six hundred guineas. Six Turners realised twenty-one thousand six hundred and fifty guineas; REYNOLDS' "Lady Melbourne," two thousand



THE HUNTING PARTY.

(By Adam Meulen. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

of the uniform and accoutrements. The plinth is 12ft. high, and from the top of the pedestal to the plumes on the helmet the measurement is 22ft. The architectural character of the base is especially happy.

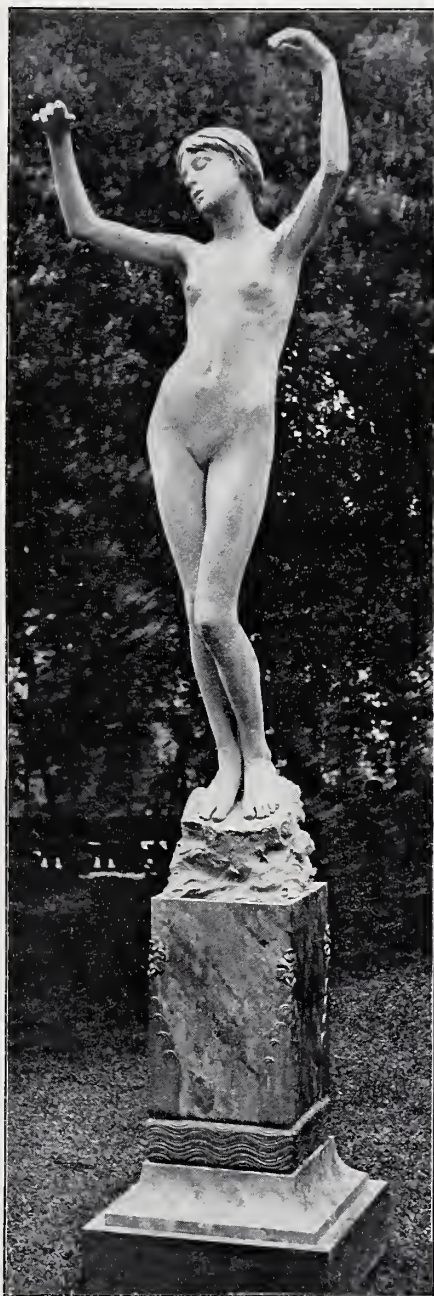
## SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

BOTH at home and abroad the sculpture of this year—as illustrated for England by the Royal Academy, for France by the Salons of the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars—has been of a merit higher than the average. Indeed, in France, those who follow closely the art of the day, and constantly, as it were, feel its pulse, have found their chief consolation in the splendid fruit borne by French sculpture, both in its more and less advanced manifestations, at a time when French painting in its unusual thinness and emptiness, underlying technical facility, gave to those anxious to maintain one of the chief national glories the gravest cause for uneasiness.

At the Royal Academy the display was of reduced proportions, hardly filling even the modest space usually reserved for it; and, moreover, it was the poorer because Mr. Alfred Gilbert contributed nothing at all, and Mr. Harry Bates was only represented by a bust. Still the collection was anything but a commonplace one, and it left an impression upon the mind that the English sculptors of to-day are, with some few exceptions, occupied with the endeavour to give plastic shape to distinctive motives—real subjects—instead of casting about them, as very often their more accomplished *confrères* on the other side do, for subjects which may serve as a pretext for the display of their virtuosity.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has laboured most strenuously, and done his very utmost, in his two chief contributions, and if in the one he has succeeded while in the other he has failed, the failure is evidently the outcome of an effort so sincere



ECHO.

(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A. Royal Academy.)

as to entitle the artist to almost as much respect as the success. In the recumbent statue, "The late Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle," fashioned in bronze, and destined for Durham Cathedral, we have one of the simplest and noblest funerary monuments to be found in modern English art. On the one hand, we think of the Franco-Flemish and Burgundian tombs of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries; on the other, of the noble achievements of the Florentine *Quattrocento*. And yet the monument is altogether of its own time, and is not disfigured by any of those archaistic mannerisms which in such a connection become peculiarly distasteful. Mr. Thornycroft's life-size figure of a danseuse called "The Joy of Life" shows him grappling in grim earnest with a subject which *prima facie* might have been deemed to be altogether outside the circle of his sympathies. The dancer, wearing modern or semi-modern dress, is presented in the very act of executing a *pas*, her skirts all a-whirl, and the muscles of her limbs all tense with action. To say that the work is Mr. Thornycroft's is to say that it shows many fine, well-studied passages of execution—among these being the limbs of the lady, and her small classic head, which we might admire more did it belong to some impersonal goddess or nymph, instead of to a living, breathing mortal of to-day.

The lines of the figure, with its curiously elaborated under-skirt and draperies, are not agreeable, even from the front view, with which the sculptor has evidently been chiefly preoccupied; but if the statue be examined in any other aspect,

they become involved and confused. The head, as I have already indicated, is treated in a fashion unsuitable to the main motive; it not



ORPHEUS.

(J. M. Swan, A.R.A. Royal Academy)

a little resembles that of the Venus Genetrix of Alkamenes in the version at the Louvre. Such a subject should either be treated entirely from the modern point of view, with the lightness and *désinvolture* of a Saint-Marcieux, or it should be frankly classical. Let the Maenad appear untrammelled by the pretence of modern garments and transform into harmonious rhythm the excess of her Dionysiac frenzy: or, in the Hellenistic and Pompeian fashion, let the professional dancer reveal her soft, voluptuous contours through the transparent silken gauzes of the *Cou vestis*, concealing in her dance the difficulties of her art, and simulating in her sinuous grace the ease of nature.

More and more do sculptors in general, and English sculptors in particular, rebel against the crudities of the untinted white marble, especially in iconic works. Mr. George Frampton in his bronze group, "Mother and Child," brings forward an interesting, if not a completely satisfactory, experiment in polychromatic sculpture. A young mother and her baby are modelled, with boldness and dash rather than with academic thoroughness, in silvered bronze, and relieved against a curious upright plaque of bright copper, with an enamelled white disc in

its centre, making a kind of halo to the mother's head. Here is an instance where the *parti pris* of a certain scheme of decoration must have preceded the conception of the work itself, which is but little enhanced by the unconventional fashion in which it is wrought out. One of Mr. Frampton's pseudo-mystic figures, such as, for instance, the so-called "Mysteriarch," would perhaps have lent itself much better to such curious decorative treatment as this group receives.

There is but one fault to find with Mr. Onslow Ford's exquisitely poised and balanced bronze statue, "Echo," and that is that while his ethereal and genuinely poetic conception lifts us above mere earthly things, the meagre and too much individualised forms of his nymph—no true immortal, but a suffering being like ourselves—somewhat rudely bring us back again to reality. What may be called the religion of the individual model is here carried too far. And why does Mr. Ford overlay this beautiful figure and the two capital busts presently to be mentioned with that too fashionable patina of an unbroken green tone, which imparts an uncomfortable air of imitativeness to the



MOTHER AND CHILD.

(By George Frampton, A.R.A. Royal Academy.)

whole? It can never truly simulate the genuine patina given gradually by time: and, moreover, it would seem to interfere in some indefinable way with the all-important play of light on the surfaces.



The sculptor affords us, with the admirable bust, "M. Ridley Corbet, Esq.," opportunity for comparisons unfavourable in this particular to himself;

as well as a faithful reproduction of nature. Among other works well worthy of notice at the Royal Academy were Mr. Bertram Mackennal's elaborate and carefully thought out "For She Sitteth . . . on a Seat in the High Places of the City;" Mr. Henry C. Fehr's imposing monumental decoration, "Hypnos bestowing Sleep upon the Earth," in which the God of Sleep recalls Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Icarus" and its prototype, M. Mercié's "David;" Mr. A. C. Lucchesi's delicately-modelled, if not very expressive or significant, figure "Destiny;" Mr. Paul R. Montford's group, "Mother and Child," recalling a little the style of M. Dalou; and Countess Feodora Gleichen's very refined and elegant bust, "H.R.H. the Princess of Wales."



THE LATE RIGHT REV. HARVEY GOODWIN, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.  
(By W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Royal Academy.)

since in this last the bronze surface, with its broken tones, is much more artistically treated. Both this bust and those of the artist's brother Academicians, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., are fine examples of a noble, passionate interpretation of nature which the school to which Mr. Ford belongs has taken mediately or immediately from Florentine art. This same art of the *Quattrocento* is to a certain extent answerable for Mr. J. M. Swan's fascinating silver statuette, "Orpheus." Let us, in order to appreciate its merits, dismiss the title "Orpheus" from our minds; for this lithe, muscular boy with his angular movements is some adventurous beast-tamer charming the splendid, treacherous animals at his feet with the notes of his lyre, but not the bard, half-divine in his Apollo-like, androgynous beauty, who exercised a spiritual sway over man, beast, and demon alike. The carefully-modelled and thoroughly living little figure has in its accentuated but not mean realism some of the stimulating charm which we find in the works of a Donatello and a Verrocchio.

There are ease, breadth, and vigour, if not very incisive character, in Mr. Harry Bates's bust, "General Lord Roberts, V.C.," which, carried out though it is in imperishable metal, savours more of the clay than of the bronze. Mr. W. Goscombe John shows a great capacity for taking pains, and a delight in overcoming difficulties, in a nude statue, "A Boy at Play," which is an exercise in sculpture rather than a statue embodying a definite and permanent motive

The unusual excellence and the unusual significance of the French sculpture exhibited during the present year have been universally acknowledged. It is not that there were wanting—especially at the Champs Elysées, where the vast area of the winter garden must be covered *quand même*—rows of correctly-modelled nudities, no more interesting or characteristic than clever academic drawings from the nude figure are apt to be in these days; but that above the level of these last towered some few productions of genuine excellence, of true and enduring



GORILLA.

(By E. Frémiet. Salon of the Champs Elysées. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

power to move, in which the conceiving brain, as well as the deftly-fashioning hand, was seen at work.

Foremost among the works that conferred honour upon the Salon of the Champs Elysées was

the bronze equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, by M. Paul Dubois, which he has for some years past been patiently elaborating from the original model exhibited some few years since. Joan appears here in fresh, unsullied youth, a virgin-warrior, armed from head to heel, yet all woman still: she firmly

*Medaille d'Honneur*. It is just the well-balanced, ornate, superficially impressive, and intrinsically insignificant performance that might have been looked for from its capable author, and there is no doubt that when erected at Bâle—as it will be in due course, or may already have been—it will be



DESIGNS FOR MEDALS.

(By Jules Chaplain. Salon of the Champs Elysées.)

sits her spirited charger, and urges it into the battle. The patient yet thoroughly living modelling of the horse, the exquisite, but not too obtrusive, working-out, piece by piece, of the armour, are beyond praise. It is only in the upturned face of the heroic maiden that there is matter for criticism. In its inspired look there is something too self-conscious, too *roulé*, to be altogether impressive; and in this respect M. Dubois's splendid performance is behind that of M. Frémiet—the well-known equestrian statue of Joan in the Place des Pyramides, the unduly modest proportions of which have alone prevented it from acquiring the celebrity which it deserves.

The great group, "La Suisse secourant les douleurs de Strasbourg pendant le siège de 1870," by M. Bartholdi, must be mentioned, if only because it carried off that much-coveted distinction, the

in its way impressive. M. Mercié, while remaining in technical accomplishment a master, has step by step fallen below his original high level, and now, in his two most recent productions, "Guillaume Tell" and "Jeanne d'Arc," he does not show himself very different in standpoint from M. Bartholdi. The former work is a capable, thoroughly uninspired production—just a little vulgar.

Giving up, for the time being, his Parisian Dianas and nymphs, M. Falguière appears this year as the imaginative portraitist of the young Vendean hero, Henri de la Rochejaquelein, realising the popular conception of the brilliant guerilla leader rather than the portrait of the man himself, and thus perhaps, under the circumstances, attaining the higher truth. The statue is charming in its distinction, its nervous energy, its juvenile charm, and quite free from the merely pompous, mock-heroic element.

M. Théophile Barrau's polychromatic marble figure "Susanne" is a surprising piece of modelling, a consummate piece of work altogether, and yet in some ways a detestable statue. The modelling of the somewhat over-ripe forms is astonishingly finished and living, the tinting is applied with perfect discretion, but the result is certainly not to convey the idea of the "chaste Susanna." Polychromy is a necessity in archaic sculpture, and it may have been highly effective in emphasising the impersonal, the spiritual conceptions of the great middle epoch in classic Greek art. On the other hand, it brings plastic works based on the voluptuous Hellenistic manner, or the purely modern standpoint, insufferably near to nature. The greatest of living medallists, M. Chaplain—the only successor in these days of Pisanello, and, as some enthusiasts would have it, his equal—contributed a case of incomparable portraits, including, however, many already well known, but this time produced in silver or silvered bronze. He possesses that rarest of secrets, the art of presenting the human personality in perfect outward and inward truth, and yet in a moment of

casting. This was, as a rule, the only point in which his follower and rival, M. Roty, went beyond him, and it may be that M. Chaplain wished to prove his equality in this minor matter also. Another follower, M. Frédéric Vernon, displayed a finish of technique, a mastery, a concision hardly inferior to those of M. Chaplain and M. Roty; but the significance of his medallion portraits appeared infinitely less.

The display of sculpture at the rival exhibition of the Champ de Mars was in extent not a third of that which occupied the whole ground-floor of the Palais de l'Industrie. It was, however, as has already been noted, increased by a supplementary exhibition—that of the works in sculpture, and what might be styled sculptural ceramics, left behind by the much-lamented Jean Carriès. Some of his compatriots have sought to vindicate for the young sculptor, mowed down by Death in the very moment of his newly achieved success, a great position in art, and have perhaps too readily acquiesced in the idea that he possessed a genial if a perverted fantasy, a genuine inventiveness corroded by some-



DESIGN FOR A TOMB.

(By Albert Bartholomé. Champ de Mars Salon.)

intellectual exaltation which gives nobility and a kind of heroic breadth to simple, unexaggerated portraiture. The only criticism to which M. Chaplain's masterly performances are this year open is that they appear to have been—an unusual fault with him—too highly chased on the top of the

thing excessive and *maladif* in the mode of conception. To us he appears rather as the brilliantly clever *praticien* suddenly hitting upon something stimulating to the appetites, somewhat jaded in art, of the Parisians—imagining a combination of the Western mediæval grotesque on the one hand

with the Japanese grotesque on the other. These terrible masks, these hideous dwarfs, these amorphous, nondescript creatures which go to make up the sculptural decoration of his great pseudo-Gothic



DUTY.

(By René de Saint-Marceaux. *Champ de Mars Salon*.)

arch or door, are—or seem to us—not so much the outcome of a fancy genuinely working from within, as of an eclectic temperament prompt to unite into a whole of seeming unity elements derived from elsewhere. Great skill is shown in the treatment of the modelled stoneware, in the ever-varying textures and gradations of its enamelled surfaces; and bronze, too, is treated with a richness and variety recalling the supreme skill in such matters of the Japanese craftsmen. Perhaps the most original thing in this special exhibition was the gruesome “Martyre de Saint-Fidèle,” a group worked out with a broad and powerful realism in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century.

M. Rodin's contributions were a bust-portrait half-hewn from the marble, of the slashing journalist, M. Octave Mirbeau, and a bronze “Bourgeois de Calais,” detached from his great group now at last completed and set up. Even apart from the ensemble of which it forms part, this figure is marked by the rugged passion, by the intense expressiveness, in which M. Rodin stands alone among modern French sculptors. One of the most accomplished sculptors of the day is certainly M. de Saint-Marceaux;

he passes with perfect ease from the sprightliest, the most uncompromising modernity to a style emulating the thirteenth-century Gothic, as in his “Jeanne d'Arc” for Rheims Cathedral, shown in this same place last year. His funerary statue, “Le Devoir,” destined for the tomb of the late M. Tirard at Père-la-Chaise, is rigid with a dignified and almost Roman severity. Like most of M. de Saint-Marceaux's productions, it is technically above reproach, yet somehow it fails to carry entire conviction. Is the fault with the artist himself or with ourselves? Is it, perhaps, his versatility which stands in the way, inspiring us with doubts whether in so many different styles, assumed one after the other or concurrently, he can be absolutely sincere?

M. Baffier, a follower of M. Rodin who has carried his rugged, passionate art beyond his master in one particular—giving it a balance and rhythm which the latter deliberately renounces—sends another important fragment of that curious “Cheminée pour une salle à manger,” of which the general design was unfolded in the sketch or *maquette* of last year. The



SWITZERLAND COMFORTING STRASBURG.

(By F. A. Bartholdi. *Salon of the Champs Elysées*. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

guarded figures of a male and female peasant which do duty as Caryatides or Atlantes are noble pieces of work—realism seen at the impersonal stage where,

still unaffectedly truthful, it begins to pass into the ideal. Realism of this class, still further generalised, however, and therefore more nearly approaching to classic art, is that of M. Constantin Meunier, the eminent Belgian artist who might be called the



JUNE.

(By Constantin Meunier. *Champ de Mars Salon.*)

Port," and the reduced version of the monument erected at Louvain to Father Damien, apostle of the lepers, are not less characteristic.

The most interesting work produced by a French sculptor this year is, however, M. Bartholomé's "Projet d'un monument aux morts," of which from time to time separate fragments have already been brought forward at the exhibitions of the Champ de Mars. We have before us a section of a tomb, or more properly a stone boundary—that which divides life from eternity. It is pierced in the centre with a great door, Egyptian in its archaic, almost featureless severity, awe-striking in its very simplicity. Through it pass erect into the fathomless mystery, with their faces unseen by us, a man and a woman, she leaning her hand trustfully on his shoulder as they enter. This is an inexpressibly pathetic episode: we are thus made to feel that for this pair, as for Francesca and Paolo, death and eternity are robbed of half their terrors, since they are to be faced together. On either side of the great wall, divided by the gate through which all must pass, advance the dying, or rather the dead—the aged,

those in still vigorous maturity, those yet in tender youth—naked human souls symbolised by naked human bodies. Some despair, some are resigned, some even at this pass administer the divine consolations of pity, but all are irresistibly drawn towards the dreaded goal from which they shrink. Consummate skill is manifest in the well-balanced, yet sufficiently free and in no sense mechanical, arrangement of these groups of nude figures, which are treated in the pedimental style. Below, in a cavity opened, as it were, in the podium of the monument, we see a pair, man and woman, outstretched in the rigidity of death, while across them lies, dead too, a naked babe. Over the dead hovers an angel, or rather genius, awakening them—unless we have misunderstood the artist's meaning—to joy unclouded and eternal life. This is—it must be said frankly—the weak point of the whole composition. It is as if M. Bartholomé were here making a concession to orthodoxy, and thus destroying the vastness and indefiniteness of his original conception, so curiously corresponding to the doubt and mystery which enwraps and bewilders the modern mind. It is



JOAN OF ARC.

(By Paul Dubois. *Salon of the Champs Elysées. From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.*)

interesting to learn that, at the joint expense of the State and the Municipality of Paris, it will be erected in increased dimensions at a conspicuous point in the great cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

## OUR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS.

CHARLES HENRY BENNETT.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

ONE of the best-known and most keenly appreciated among the humorous artists of the century, one of the brightest and the most talented, was Charles Henry Bennett—moralist, toy-book writer and illustrator, political draughtsman on *Punch*, and the immediate forerunner of Mr. Linley Sambourne. Graceful fancy, inexhaustible imagination, unflinching good humour, pure, bubbling, exuberant fun, such were the qualities that not only placed him upon his pinnacle, but which enabled him to triumph over the discouragements of evil fortune and a perverse and contrary fate.

His troubles began in his childhood. Born in July, 1828, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, he soon developed a passion for art, especially of a grotesque sort, which he would practise on paper, board, or wall, drawing his subjects for the most part from the motley crowds he daily saw frequenting the neighbouring market. But his father was not only unappreciative; he was unsympathetic and stern, and consistent punishment was the only reward the son received for artistic endeavours that were considered "mere nonsense and a waste of time." His youth was not less unhappy. Denied the means of procuring materials necessary for the acquirement of an art that was to him a passion, and roughly chidden and hardly treated when he was discovered practising it, the lad, baulked in his highest aspirations, never dreamed of enjoying such felicity as the actual study of it. Troubles, of which his art was only one, came thick upon him, and by those who knew him least he was known for a time as Murad the Unlucky. That, however, was in 1851, when his residence in Lyons Inn was distinguished by a coincidence of nearly all the ills that man is heir to: but from 1856 to the end, that is to say for the last ten years of his short life, Bennett's lucky star was swiftly in the ascendant—lucky in his work, his ideas, his popularity, and his friends. He was borne through all his woes by

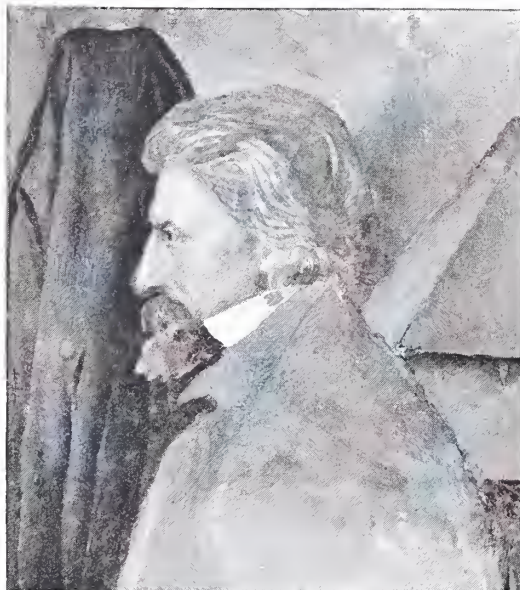
a singularly happy and buoyant nature. It was his practice to inscribe his motto, "*Spero*," at the head of his private correspondence: for however threatening the outlook, "Cheerful Charley," as he was playfully called—never despairing, never doubting, but "hoping, when Hope seemed dead"—faced each

fresh misfortune with imperturbable good humour, and bravely awaited the happiness which was so long in coming.

Rebelling at length from the parental tyranny and other circumstances of an unhappy home, young Bennett went forth to face the world, like a latter-day Crusader, with a sheet of Whatman for a shield and a pencil for a lance. He had literally nothing else besides. Fortunately, in 1847, *Pasquin*, a *soi-disant* rival of *Punch*, brilliant, clever, but inexcusably witty for the public taste, had just been started by James Hannay and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and in its pages

Bennett, to his great delight, found the first appreciation and hospitality his artistic efforts had ever enjoyed. The first number was published on August 7th, 1847; and from that date to the day of his death, his pencil was never idle. As no attempt has hitherto been made to set on record Charles Bennett's complete work, I modify so far the general scheme of these papers as here to bring into view all the items, both as to journals and books, of which it is composed.

Bennett's nature was largely made up of that love and pity, of that breadth of sympathy and depth of emotion, which are to be found in the heart of all true humourists. He was, moreover, a man of deep religious thought, profoundly moved by love of children; and accordingly religion and childhood inspired much of his art and produced most of his happiest works. The strength of the man's nature, too, declared itself in his technique, which, however halting at the beginning, was always firm in touch and resolute in design; and to these qualities he owes it that we forgive much of the obvious



CHARLES HENRY BENNETT.

(From a Water-Colour Sketch by Himself.)

lack of training with which his earlier work was tainted. His technique stands alone among his peers, and belongs rather to the school of Sandys and Shields and Holman Hunt and others of the higher class, than to the more summary class of his



DISRAELI, DERBY, GLADSTONE, AND RUSSELL.

(From a Pencil Sketch for a "Punch" Initial by C. H. Bennett.)

fellow-workers, such as Brough and Watts Phillips. He was far more deliberate, often preferring the brush to the pencil in his wood-drawing, by which he obtained the "gradated line," the full credit of which Professor Herkomer has awarded to Fred Walker. It was one of Bennett's supreme merits that he knew how much effect could be got from the wood with the least labour on the part of the engravers, and instead of adopting the prevailing custom of scribbling shadows—prevailing, at least, in professedly comic work—he made up his effect by great deliberateness and economy of his drawn line, and so became the artistic father of Mr. Linley Sambourne, and grandfather of Mr. Phil May. And his pen was as busy as his pencil; and before he laid them both aside he had produced nearly forty books and booklets, of which the majority, both as to text and illustration, were entirely from his hand.

The life of *Pasquin* was short, but *Punchinello* and the *Puppet-Show* re-trimmed the sacred lamp of comic draughtsmanship, and Bennett was one of their principal lights. Of *Diogenes*, too, he was the life and soul almost from its birth to its death, in 1854; and in the *Comic Times* (1855) and the *Comic News*

(1863–65)—by which time his signature of an owl with a B in its beak was well known and appreciated—he had established such a reputation that he was held by Mr. Punch to have won his spurs in comic newspaper work. He was therefore invited to join the famous staff, and on February 11, 1865, he made his first appearance in his classic pages.

But the way had been long and hard, and the obstacles almost insuperable. Nevertheless, Bennett's industry had never tired, and although his accomplished work represents but a fraction of the ideas he plotted out, it is a formidable sum to show as the labour of but a score of years. Apart from "Mr. Doldrum," his "Portraits in Crayon," and his *Illustrated London News* work, the most notable production was the "Shadow and Substance," issued in 1856 as a sort of humorous skit on Darwin's "Origin of Species." This was the first of his series of humorous picture-books and stories, rhymes, and fairy-tales which, although intended primarily for the amusement of little folks, pleased their parents just as well; and so successful was it that for a long while its author was generally known as "Shadow Bennett." In this clever conception, which was dedicated to Darwin "by natural selection," and was cleverly written up to by Robert Brough, the main characteristics of the people depicted appeared as their shadow upon the wall behind. Thus the shadow of the Undertaker takes the form of a weeping crocodile; that of the Butcher is a bull; of the Sick Man, a bottle of medicine, and so forth; and so highly appreciated were these clever and, at that time, original fancies, that second and third series were issued in 1857 and 1860. These felicitous ideas were the outcome of



(From a Pencil Sketch for a "Punch" Heading by C. H. Bennett.)

happy early morning walks with his children when he was dwelling at Wimbledon, and, beguiling the time for their joint amusement, and his own profit too, he made up fairy-tales, quaint stories, and whimsical

comparisons without number. These walks also resulted in such works as "Nine Lives of a Cat" (16mo, 1860), "The Stories that Little Breeches told and the Pictures which Charles Bennett drew for them" (4to, 1863), as well as "Nursery Fun" (1863), and "The Sorrowful Ending of Noodledoo,

and others, translated into Human Nature" (4to)—an idea that Caldecott took up in later years with equal success, though on a more limited plan: in the following year "Old Nurse's Book of Rhymes, Jingles, and Ditties" (4to); and in 1859 "Fairy Tales of Science" and "Proverbs with Pictures"—a



(From "Quarles' Emblems." Border by Harry Rogers and Drawing by C. H. Bennett.)

with the Fortunes and Fate of her Neighbours and Friends" (8vo, 1865). With Dickens, Bennett considered walking as a profitable pastime, and he would trudge for many miles while thinking out new characters and imagining fresh faces; indeed, most of the roads of Kent knew him as a familiar figure, and Canterbury, Ashford, and Maidstone were his constant goal when he started, knapsack on back, with no other companion than his sketch-book, pipe, and stick.

In 1857 came his admirable "Fables of Æsop

quarto series of forty-eight etched plates, which, like nearly all Bennett's children's illustrations, were issued coloured. These had all showed his playful fancy and wonderful invention; but he now sought to turn his more serious side to the world, and produced what is usually considered his masterpiece, his "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." These illustrations consist for the chief part of a long series of plates—character-portraits of all the personages in the book, etched deep in the simplest and boldest outline, with much of the breadth and all the



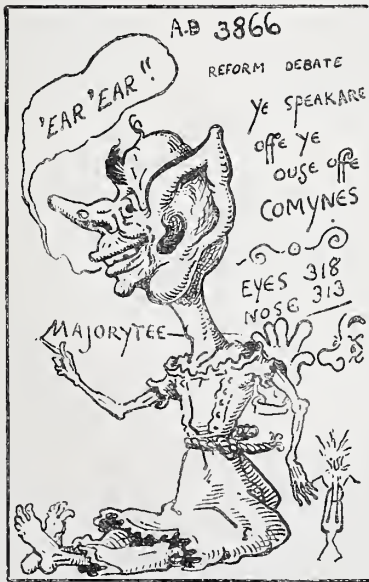
simplicity of a Holbein or a Dürer, in which the draughtsman has sought to give us in the fewest strokes, clearly and without shadow, all the variety of character set forth in the wonderful book. The faces of Christian, Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, Obstinate, Gripeman, and Grasp-all are singularly well-conceived; and every shade and variety of evil is well understood and differentiated. He who examines the book should remember that all his multitude of heads was drawn entirely from memory and imagination, and in no single case direct from models. In addition to the plates are the quaint conceits and allegorical drawings dotted about the volume, by which many will be better pleased than with the plates themselves. The latter, I have stated, were originally etched, but in the volume as I know it, they have been translated into lithography. How Bennett sought in vain for a publisher for his great work, and how at length he asked and obtained Charles Kingsley's aid, has been already told by Mr. Joseph Swain. Kingsley wrote a preface for the book—rightly insisting on the initial difficulty of treating costume and period in a work of perennial interest and application—and secured him a publisher in Messrs. Longmans. And so the new "Pilgrim's Progress" was given to the world in 1860, but neither publisher nor artist had much reason to congratulate himself on the financial result.



MR. WORLDLY-WISEMAN.  
(By C. H. Bennett. From "The Pilgrim's Progress.")

Beasts, and Fishes," he produced, also in 1860, "Fables and Fairy Tales," and in 1861 "Oberon's Horn," the illustrations, in conjunction with George H. Thomas, to "Poets' Wit and Humour," and then to his other *magnum opus* and commercial failure, "Quarles' Emblems." It was, of course, the devotional dulness of old Quarles' "Divine and Moral Emblems; with Hieroglyphicks of the Life of Man," which repelled the public while it attracted the artist. His semi-religious little pictures set in the charming ornamental borders of his chum Harry Rogers have been exquisitely engraved, and with their wealth of imagery and symbolism, their felicitous beauty of design, their ingenuity, and admirable execution, form a collection entirely over the heads of those for whom they were intended.

Then Bennett once more fell back on illustration for "Beeton's Annual" and on his own quaint and original observation. "London People, Sketched from Life," was published in 1863 (4to), and "The Book of Blockheads" (4to) in the same year. Then followed, in 1864, "Nursery Nonsense," written by Henry D'Arcy Thompson, "Shakespeare's Memorial," and "Fun and Earnest," also by Thompson; and in 1865 more "Nursery Nonsense," together with the imposing volume entitled "The Surprising, Unheard of, and Never to be Surpassed Adventures of Young



"MAJORITY, FIVE."

(An Unused Sketch for "Punch"—"Essence of Parliament"—by C. H. Bennett.)

Then returning once more to his humorous subjects, such as "A Comic Alphabet of Birds,

Munchausen, Related and Illustrated in Twelve Stories." This work brings us to the time when Bennett was first invited to join the *Punch* staff; but it may be convenient here to state that, besides the works already enumerated, he worked for the *Illustrated London News* in 1866, and that in 1867 he issued perhaps the prettiest and most charming of all his stories—"Lightsome, and the Little Golden Lady" (4to) and "Mr. Wind and Madame Rain," another example of his quaint and graceful fancy.

Introduced to Mark Lemon by Hain Friswell, Bennett made his debut in *Punch* on the 11th February, 1865, with a sketch of "Our Play Box," in which "Mr. Punch's delight at finding his dear old Puppets where he left them in July," shows that the artist had plunged straight into *Punch's* spirit, and had begun vigorously in Shirley Brooks' "Essence of Parliament" with work which formed the backbone of his contributions to the paper. Occasional pictures there are, however, unconventional in shape, grotesque, ingenious in design, and graceful in fancy, that delight us with their masterly simplicity of outline and directness of effect, while they successfully conceal the artist's lack of early artistic education. It is by his Parliamentary work in *Punch* that Bennett will probably be best remembered. Between the date of his first sketch, when he was forthwith summoned to the Table without being made to serve any probationary period, to that last sketch in 1867, showing Lord John Russell as a cock crowing upon the 1832 Easter egg, he had made over two hundred and thirty drawings for the paper, besides his contributions to the Pocket-books of 1866 and 1867. He had already established himself despite repeated absences through ill-health, one of the greatest favourites of *Punch's* company, and the comic letter addressed to him during one of his illnesses (beseeching him "to have his dam hair cut and rejoin the assembly of brethren") has already been printed in this Magazine. Indeed, he had not time to cut his monogram on the *Punch* Table; the

centre H was begun and then abandoned. Neither his suffering in his later days nor his misfortunes in his earlier life are ever reflected in his work: all is joyous in spirit and conscientious in execution; we are shown nothing but his facility of execution and exuberance of imagination. His

power of rendering portraiture was as great as his invention, and his extraordinary knack of realising an abstract thought and crystallising it at once into a happy pictorial fancy, set him on a pedestal somewhat apart from his colleagues—those colleagues who when he died, lamented "the loss of a comrade of invaluable skill, and the death of one of the kindest and gentlest of our associates, the power of whose hand was equalled by the goodness of his heart." The *Punch* staff gave a benefit for the family, and in the course of the prologue Shirley

Brooks spoke the following lines which he had written:—

"Take it from us—and with this word we end  
All sad allusion to our parted friend—  
That for a better purpose generous hearts  
Ne'er prompted generous hands to do their parts.  
You knew his power, his satire keen but fair,  
And the rich fancy, served by skill as rare;  
You did not know, except some friendly few,  
That he was earnest, gentle, patient, true."

The many sketch-books left by Charles Bennett are eloquent of his unremitting industry. Every object that met his gaze, which might be useful for practice or for picture, was there jotted down in vigorous pen-and-ink, in deliberate pencil, or careful brush. Schemes to be carried out, alternative suggestions, are continuously met with, and mark the source of the artist's success. His thoroughness led him to engrave many of his blocks himself and, taught by George Cruikshank, to bite his own plates—a practice by no means universal among illustrators forty years ago. He died on the 2nd April 1867, in the fulness of his power—his fancy rich his satire strong and genial, with material gathered round him for many another triumph had he lived—one of the kindest humourists and most indulgent caricaturists the century has known.



"MR. WIND AT LIBERTY."

(By C. H. Bennett. From "Mr. Wind and Madame Rain.")



*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's  
gate sings,  
And Phæbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes :  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise ;  
Arise, arise !*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS: "HARK! THE LARK,"—CYMBELINE (ACT II, SCENE III.).

(Drawn by G. E. Moira.)

## EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

BY GARNET SMITH.

IT is of frequent occurrence that men destined to become famous in literature have, in youth, aspired to be artists. Not without a struggle more or less painful have they renounced their first ambition, recognising at length that their energy must be wholly diverted to its true field of labour. In such cases their work has naturally been influenced by their early pre-occupations; many a page, for instance, of Goethe and of Gauthier owes its charm to an artistically trained sense of colour and form. But it is not often that one whose earliest aspirations and possibly greatest achievements were literary makes art his bread profession; yet such is the case with Fromentin. Fromentin, indeed, is almost a unique figure—wholly unique if it were not for Rossetti. These two, and these alone, have essayed the expression of their vision of things by a dual medium in such a manner as to command admiration both as writers and painters. Michelangelo, it is true, wrote sonnets, mystically profound, not unworthy of his name, which is all-sufficient praise, and Raphael sought to ease his love-stricken heart in similar fashion—in sonnets which, so far as can be judged from the few that are preserved, were delicate in thought if imperfect in expression. But such is their very supremacy as artists that we barely recall to ourselves that they employed the pen for other than its wonted service.

The father of Eugène Fromentin, who was a doctor at La Rochelle, and had frequented in his youth the studios of Bertin, Gros, and Gérard, destined him for the profession of law. The young student, meanwhile, saw with delight the occasional appearance of verses of his fashioning in a local newspaper, and ardently meditated future triumphs in poetry and the drama. But gradually the desire to be a painter arose; the galleries of the Louvre were visited again and again; by the time that he had completed his course of law at Paris he had determined to be a painter. His father reluctantly acceded to his wishes, and after some brief and fruitless lessons from Rémond, a landscapist of

the traditional academic school, Fromentin passed into the studio of Cabat. Here, at least, was a master who loved nature passionately, and one whose influence happily had no prejudicial effect on his pupil's originality. But there were two more powerful influences than that of Cabat at work—the continued study of the Dutch landscapists in the Louvre, and the sight of the Oriental pictures of Delacroix, Decamps, and Marilhat at the annual exhibitions. In 1844 the display of the collected works of the too short-lived Marilhat had excited general admiration; two years later, at the age of twenty-one, Fromentin had left France for Algeria, which he was to associate inseparably with his fame. In the Salon of 1847 he exhibited a "Mosque near Algiers," and a "View in the Ravines of the Chiffa," which at once attracted attention. Marilhat continued to influence



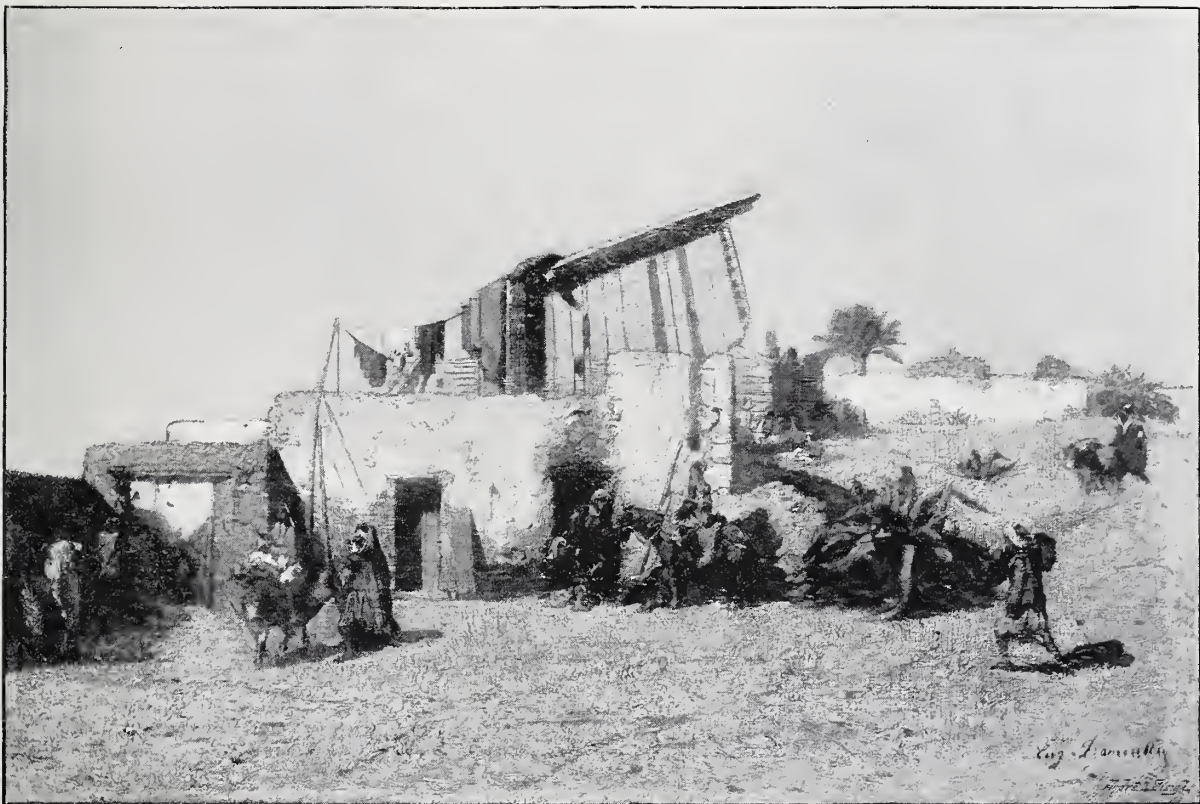
EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

*(From a Photograph by E. Malnier, Paris.)*

him more or less during some twelve or thirteen years. For Decamps he had great respect, but regarded him as limited in technique—too greatly addicted to formulas. In Delacroix he warmly admired the colourist, but recognised that the East which Delacroix had painted was wholly fantastic. From time to time Fromentin exposed in the Salon paintings which recalled the forceful dramatic elements of the art of Delacroix—such as the "Arabs Attacked by a Lion," the "Arabs Attacked in a Mountain Ravine," and others of the kind; but more usually it was as though he had inherited the vision and methods of Marilhat. The public grew accustomed to his small graceful canvases, as lightly handled as water-colour drawings, but rich and glowing, and of the consistency of enamel—the luminous sky absorbing three-quarters of the whole, leaving bare room for an arid sun-smitten foreground of fewest, purest lines, and a group of tiny figures transacting an episode of Arab life. But the painter's reputation would probably have long remained restricted had it not been for the publication of "Un Été dans le Sahara," which was greeted by such authorities as Sainte Beuve, George Sand, and Théophile

Gauthier, the latter of whom characterised the book with the remark "C'est du soleil concentré." To George Sand's warm admiration and encouragement was due the appearance of the subsequent "Une Année dans le Sahel." Fame was assured at once, and increased attention drawn to the paintings of a man whose capacities as a writer were wholly unsuspected, and who yet, at a single bound, had placed himself as a cordially acknowledged equal of the long-accepted masters of French prose. Soon afterwards a change came across his style in painting—a change almost parallel with the differences observable between his two books. From the glaring sun and mysterious monotony of the Sahara he had withdrawn to green and temperate Sahel, the littoral of Algiers; and, in painting, after 1859, it was no longer Marilhat or Delacroix, but

of thirst which was yet not all unlike Holland. It is, as it were, one picture that he is always reproducing—a group of Arab horsemen in the open air. Choice of subject had become indifferent to him; he has his subtle theories to justify such neglect. It was enough, it was ample, to have won many of the secrets of his masters, to be producing delicate, delicious harmonies of colour and light. But, as Fromentin was essentially a "chercheur," he sought to renew his inspiration, and in 1870 paid a hurried visit to Venice, which resulted in some cold, gray pictures, utterly in contrast with the brilliant sparkle of the conventional Venice. It is true that Venice is cold and gray at times, but the public will not have it so; in any case, these were not the "Fromentins" the public knew, and desired to purchase.



AN ALGERIAN VILLAGE.

(From a Painting by Fromentin.)

Corot who inspired him; the early brilliancy of colour was exchanged for "divine grays." Nor did this latest admiration fail to consort well with a renewal of his early love of the Dutch landscapists. Three visits to Algeria furnished him with all the studies he required. For twenty years he continued to evoke visions of Algeria in his Parisian studio—visions of luminous, limpid skies, which were still the skies of his Dutch masters, visions of a land

A visit to Egypt then followed, but his friendly critics must be divided as to whether this latest tentative was not also a mistaken one; or whether Fromentin was not prelude in his "Sackhi on the Banks of the Nile," "A Souvenir of Esneh," and the "Nile Ferry-Boat," to a truly original achievement, was not fairly in the way, at length, of attaining the dignity of a perfectly original master. But it was not to be granted him to

settle the dispute. In 1876, death surprised him at the age of fifty-six in the midst of many unfinished plans; and the world was all the poorer for his premature loss.

It is an unusually fascinating personality which

dissatisfaction, his thirst for perfection, leads him to view art and life from all sides, to regard with delicate irony as all-insufficient what he has hitherto accomplished, to grasp at new instruments whereby to express what in the last resort he feels to be inexpressible. At the least, he would endeavour to reveal, as far as might be, his vision by means of words as well as of pigments, in hope that the one method would supplement the necessary deficiencies of the other.

But it was not enough to be an esteemed painter of Eastern subjects, or to have written two incomparable books on the East. His complexity of temperament had not yet been sufficiently revealed, though many a fruitful hint had been dropped in the volume on the Sabel. It was clear from the pages on the aesthetics of painting contained therein that his admiration of the old masters, and his delicate scepticism, had caused him to doubt, again and again, of the wisdom, or even the possibility, rightly understood, of landscape painting. He had constant aspirations towards the "grand style." In his earliest youth, at the time he was writing his poems, he had been troubled by the fear that there lay an impassable gulf between man and nature; in his mature manhood, the painter of landscape had been tormented by the incessantly recurring thought that man, and man alone, was the true subject of art. But his Diaz-like "Nymphs on the Bank of a Stream" and the "Centaur" must assuredly be regarded as mistaken efforts to reduce principle to practice. Fromentin had not the sculpturesque



THE CENTAURS.

(From the Painting by Eugene Fromentin.)

is revealed to us in Fromentin's pictures and books; a restless, subtle, eclectic intellect, dominated by a never-to-be-satisfied ardour for perfection. With most men the element of success is the strenuous accomplishment of some one particular faculty; when once the true field for development has been ascertained, the single aim absorbs the rest. In a word, talent reaches its goal by industrious speciality. But, with Fromentin, this is not the case; his noble self-

feeling necessitated by such subjects. The result was almost as painful as if some disciple of the naturalistic school, and not the delicate, subtle Fromentin, had essayed an alien task; it was the same careless choice of form, the same inelégance of line. Another failure—which, however, from a certain point of view, is to be regarded as a notable achievement—was also awaiting him in his capacity as a writer. In the Sabel volume, the human interest rose at times to the front, and



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.  
(From the Painting by Eugène Fromentin, Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)





the charmingly mysterious figures of Vandell and Haona had delighted George Sand. But his novel "Dominique" met with the same cold welcome as his "Nymphs" and "Centauris," his non-Algerian landscapes. It was a masterly study in "divine grays," but the general public clamoured for dramatic colour, for passion and intensity. Yet the cause of its failure was the cause of its success. "Dominique" has an audience fit and few, its devotees. Subtlety, delicacy—for these are the essential characteristics of Fromentin's temperament and art—preclude popularity, unless accompanied by other grosser, more palpable qualities.

However that may be, Fromentin, the "chercheur," was not to be debarred from the curious exploration of fresh fields of art by any cold reception of his discoveries on the part of the public. We have seen how his Nile journey promised in some degree a richer development of his power as an artist; the visit he paid to the picture galleries of Belgium and Holland furnished him with material for his final work, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," a brilliant investigation of the methods and aims of the Flemish and Dutch schools, a book that is as unique, in its way, as his hymn to the sun of the Sahara. It is, primarily, Fromentin's tribute of grateful admiration to his chosen masters: but it is also a justification by example of his favourite theory that subject in art is almost a neglectable quantity; that it is the artist's vision of the subject, and his methods of rendering this vision, not the subject in itself, which exercise charm. Here, again, it would be outside my present task to do more than call attention to the fact that it is a capable, practised painter who is discussing with the authority of experience the technical value of admired *chef-d'œuvre*. But it is at least notable that the painter-critic must inevitably speak in much the same manner as the literary critic of painting. For example, it is by the methods of M. Taine—hastened, of course, by Fromentin's delicate sense of "mesure"—that he approaches his Rembrandt, his Rubens, his Franz Hals, his Ruysdael. Considerations of the climate, the race, social culture, and an intuitive reconstruction of the given artist's personality occupy the writer, rather than questions of technicality, the discussion of which questions, again, acquire their charm and interest precisely by a transposition of vocabulary, by adroitest employment of ethical and literary criticism.

As a painter, Fromentin suffered throughout his career from the insufficient nature of his early instruction. Like Rossetti, he was keenly conscious of the limitations which the imperfection of his powers of rendering form and line entailed. The

landscape portion of his pictures is usually admirable in its delicate luminosity of atmosphere, in its masterly compromise between breadth of effect and minuteness of detail, in its simplicity and typicality. As examples may be quoted the "Simoom," the "Harvest," the "Ravine." But the briefest investigation serves to discover marked deficiencies in the drawing of the living objects. There is a certain painful groping and indefiniteness of choice in the attitudes not only of the figures, but even of those Arab steeds which he has studied so earnestly, and so well comprehended. Even in the superb "Chasse au Heron," and the equally beautiful "Chasse au Faucon," in the "Audience chez un Khalifat," it cannot be said that he overcame all anatomical difficulties. Nor could these deficiencies be rectified by the most careful study of the actual object. The numerous sketches of Fromentin—which lack not admirers—are wanting in most cases both in character and beauty. Fromentin, no less than Delacroix, was "put out," so to speak, by the living model. His memory of form and colour was prodigious, and it was to his memory rather than to the living model that he had recourse. To this preferential reference to memory, however, must also be attributed the simplicity and typicality of his landscapes; the quality and the defect were due to the same cause. He had merely put into practice his theory that landscape should not be topographical but symbolical, yet so far definite that the observer should be able to recognise the region, the season, and the hour of the day.

Thoroughly to understand the modest sincerity, and, at the same time, the tentative timidity of his landscape painting—for, with Fromentin, the figures are for the most part accessory to the landscape—we must turn to his theories, or, rather, his doubts, as regards the principles of his art. The earnest, sceptical observer is haunted by dreams of the "grand style," as we have seen, and dwells in reverence on what he feels is beyond his own power, and even at variance with the spirit of his age. Like Goethe and Reynolds, he is convinced that Art is more than Nature, that the Beautiful is the Alpha and Omega of art, that the apotheosis of Man, as the Greeks and Italians of the Renaissance well knew, is the true subject of art. The Greeks and Italians had glorified man, and subdued all things to his likeness; but those days were gone by, and other ways of thought had degraded man from his proud pre-eminence; and the painter, bowing to fate, should turn to the school of Holland and learn from it how to deal with art now that art's best field was closed. The chiaroscuro that found its natural home in

the discreet light of the studio was contemned; the *atelier* had been abandoned for the staring nakedness of the open air. The fatal element of curiosity had invaded art, and the taste for travelling, which science had greatly helped to foster, had wrought infinite mischief. Painters

and all is over. It is but a short step afterwards to "local colour," facsimile, and so-called realism.

Such were the despondent conclusions of a landscape-painter who had spent his life in theorising, and in endeavouring to conform his practice to his theories. If it were not for the



EGYPTIAN WOMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

(From the Painting by Fromentin, in the Louvre.)

erroneously supposed they could acquire sanity, could paint the better if they abandoned native for exotic climes. They endeavoured to depict what they saw in strange lands, but the result was only a series of "documents," or studies, not works of art. And, besides this fatal curiosity, another even more deadly blow was dealt at art by the current craving for pictures that told a story. Let subject be once accepted as the aim of art,

eminent beauty of so many of his canvases, one might be tempted to attribute the despondency wholly to the artist's sense of his own limitations and shortcomings. But the despondency is theoretical, as well as personal. Precisely because his aim was so lofty, so unattainable, he not only underrated his own achievements in landscape art, but even doubted the very possibility of the art, except within certain narrow limits.



E. Fromentin, pinx't

Goupil & Co. Photogravure

*The Falconers.*





BY GILBERT E. SAMUEL.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A., MR. ALFRED EAST, R.I., MR. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A., MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A., MR. ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A., MR. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, AND MR. J. J. ELLIOTT.

IN the last article on this subject a first selection was made from criticisms and suggestions bearing on the articles recently published in this Magazine, contained in letters addressed to the Editor by a large number of artists of eminence, to whose views their position in the profession and practical knowledge and experience of the defects of the law lent peculiar weight. We now make a further selection, quoting such passages of the letters as deal with the most salient points referred to by the writers, and adding brief comments where occasion requires.

Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A., writes:—

“One or two things occur to me, which I would like you to think of. I would like copyright to be assigned for a distinct term of years (the number can be easily arranged), but it should be something like the arrangement for literature—author's life and seven years after, or forty-two years from publication, whichever proved the longer. An artist may die the very year of his great work, and only seven years be secured to his family in the (possibly) only really remunerative thing he had done. The consideration of the question is often in regard to its financial aspect, but artists, I think, may often be eager for the control so that inferior productions may be checked, and thereby his fame guarded. I know of men in the very best positions who receive no money for their copyright, and yet their copyrights are enormous sources of revenue to their publishers. They are content if they see worthy reproductions, and sell the pictures. Then I feel that if sculpture, painting, photos, &c., are to have different terms, photos have no right to enjoy the same privileges which works of creation should enjoy, upon which *time*, thought, invention, outlay, and skill are bestowed. The photo is, we all know, a mechanical production done in ‘no time’ as compared with the serious work of the artist, and consequently it should not be considered as of equal importance in its protection. It is the most unworthy of all the art reproductions. My own feeling is that the question of copyright could be easily dealt with by the copyright being the permanent property of the artist or art producer. All who wished to possess the copyright of a work should know that there is only one source to apply for it—to the artist—whether it be the purchaser of the original picture or the intending publisher of a reproduction. To these, upon purchase or by arrangement, he could convey the right for each single reproduction, and make his own terms and arrangements for the extent of the reproduction, &c. &c., and at the completion of the contract it reverts to the artist again. Its regis-

tration would be necessary; the artist would make his terms in a business-like way with his clients, and all transactions would come through him or his appointed agent direct. It is a great hardship that an artist having sold a copyright which may result in a very unsatisfactory set of reproductions, should not have in his lifetime the copyright in his own hand again, so that he may see to justice being done the original work.”

The alternative period of forty-two years from publication which Mr. Murray suggests as the term for which copyright should endure is open to the practical difficulty to which attention has already been called—viz., that proof of publication being necessary the requisite evidence, especially in regard to paintings and sculpture, would in numerous cases not be readily forthcoming. The term of copyright in photography we have suggested as thirty years from publication, and this we think to some extent meets the objection that as this branch of the arts is the least worthy of legal protection, the period of copyright therein should not be so extensive as in that of the more creative branches. With regard to the artist's control over the publisher, Mr. Murray's views practically agree with those we have ourselves expressed on this subject. Under the law—amended as we propose—the artist would have ample power of protecting himself against inferior reproductions of his work; for unless a special agreement be made, the copyright, on a sale of the original work, will remain with him and not be lost, as would be the case under the existing law. It must be remembered that it is not a trait of the artistic character to make “terms in a business-like way,” as is exemplified by the fact that even where expediency does not stand in the way an artist neglects in nine cases out of ten, when selling his work, to exercise his power of reserving the copyright. Hence our proposal to reserve it to him by law. Whether, however, he will often find it practicable to enter into the restricted arrangements referred to by Mr. Murray is, we think, open to grave doubt.

In the last article an excerpt was quoted from a letter received from Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., in which absolute power is claimed for the artist "to veto inferior or imperfect reproductions of his work;" and in commenting on this point mention was made of certain objections to the adoption of the proposal. A further letter from Mr. Riviere explains his views on the subject more fully.

Mr. Riviere writes as follows:—

"I should be glad to explain some misunderstandings which have, no doubt, arisen partly from imperfect expressions on my part—as to what I do believe. I have no copy of what I wrote somewhat hurriedly, and so have no exact knowledge as to my words, but those words cannot have expressed my opinion, if, as your article implies, they indicate that I have a desire to 'dispossess' photographers of those privileges of copyright they now enjoy. Any such dispossession I should deplore.

"With regard to the question of the artist's 'control' over the reproductions of his work, I think you have led me further than my words warrant, and certainly further than I wish to go. I quote Mr. Samuel, and desire that artists should, in his words, 'keep control over the engraver and photographer, and thereby prevent the reproduction of bad or inferior copies, and the consequent prejudice to their reputation,' but I am careful to qualify my agreement with Mr. Samuel by the following words, 'failing some definite sale of the copyright, in which case they' (artists) 'can guard themselves against inferior reproduction,' and it is only in cases where there has been no definite sale of the copyright, and where the artists cannot 'guard themselves against inferior reproduction,' that I would claim this power of a veto.

"This, I venture to think, is a different position to a 'suggestion' on my part, as your article puts it, that the artist should be able to keep arbitrary control over his own publisher. If the copyright were definitely sold by the artist, the owner of it would become for the time the artist's 'own publisher,' and the artist would have no one to blame except himself if he handed over his copyright in a haphazard way to any untrustworthy person, with no proper safeguards as to the manner in which it should be reproduced.

"My words were really intended to apply to those who in the true sense of the word are not the artist's *own publishers*, and who by some of those many chances and accidents that may and do often happen with regard to copyrights, are enabled to reproduce without any definite agreement with the artist as to the manner and quality of the reproductions, and from false economy or want of knowledge publish work calculated to damage the artist's reputation."

I am glad to reproduce Mr. Riviere's explanation, but at the same time I would point out that under the law, altered as we suggest, "the many chances and accidents" will not be an appreciable factor, for if there be a sale the artist can protect himself, and if there be no sale the copyright will remain with him, and without his express sanction the work cannot be reproduced.

Mr. ALFRED EAST, R.I., writes:—

"I would place painting, sculpture, original etching, and engraving under one rule. The copyright of any original work should be considered the property belonging exclusively to the artist—in fact, a separate property, which he can, if he desires, dispose of at any time, irrespective of the original work, excepting in the case of a commission, whereby it would become the property of the owner of the work after the work had been paid

for by the person who commissioned it; that the copyright shall remain the property of the artist during his life and seven years after, and not in any case be less than thirty-five years from the date of publication. At the time of publication a photograph should be deposited at the Stationers' Hall and be accessible to the public, and that each reproduction shall bear the date of its publication and the name of the publisher and the paper on which the reproduction is made, previously stamped by some recognised authority. That photographs of pictures, sculpture, and original engravings shall be considered an infringement of copyright."

Mr. East differs from our proposals in so far as he would make a distinction between commissioned and non-commissioned works, by vesting the copyright of the former class in the person giving the commission, instead of in the artist. The great majority of his brother artists, however, do not share this view, and we ourselves are unable to appreciate the grounds upon which the proposal to differentiate between the two classes is based. It may no doubt be contended that the attraction of working on commission instead of speculating on a prospective and uncertain sale is sufficiently alluring to reconcile an artist to the loss of the copyright. But if no adequate reason be forthcoming why the sacrifice should be made, the attraction becomes a delusion. I would point out, moreover, that if the amateur or publisher from whom the commission is received desires to possess the copyright he will be able to acquire it by agreement, a form of procedure which would answer all purposes, and substitute a voluntary act in place of the artist's automatic dispossession of an inherent right, as suggested by Mr. East.

As I do not propose to cover again the same ground as in the last article, I omit reference to the other points referred to in Mr. East's letter, and which have already been dealt with. We would remark, however, in reference to Mr. East's plea for the protection of pictures, original engravings, and sculpture against infringement by photography, that pictures and engravings appear to be already sufficiently protected by the present Act, whilst similar protection for sculpture is included in our proposals.

Mr. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A., writes:—

"I have carefully read the exhaustive and very good articles by Mr. Samuel, and agree with almost all he says. It has been my opinion for years that the copyright of a picture ought always to belong to the artist, unless he disposes of it, and that the sale of the work or the fact of its being a commission ought not in any way to interfere with the artist's possession of the copyright. I also think that copyright should remain the property of the artist's representatives for at least twenty years after his death. I am not in favour of registration, and do not think it necessary or workable. It is very hard for an artist, when the purchaser of his picture claims the copyright, that he should be forced to retain in his possession the sketches and studies he has been obliged to make before he can paint a successful picture. I have several times had my application to be allowed to part with some of these studies refused."

It will be seen that Mr. Leader differs from Mr. East on the subject of "commissions," inasmuch as he expresses disapproval of such separate treatment being accorded this class of work as the latter advocates, being in this respect in accord with ourselves as appears above. In our comments on the letter of Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., appearing in our last article, we dealt with the question of registration, but more especially in view of that artist's objection to the system on the grounds that it afforded inadequate means of identification. Mr. Leader, however, declares against it on the ground that it is neither necessary nor workable. We agree so far as registration by the author of paintings and drawings is concerned, it forming part of our scheme, as a reference to my articles will show, to relieve him of the necessity of registering—at present an obligatory formality. We hold, however, that the advantages we have before pointed out of registration on an assignment of the copyright are sufficient to warrant the retention of the principle, modified as we propose. It may be that Mr. Leader has contemplated the subject solely as it affects artists, in which case—as the suggested amendment of the law will sufficiently safeguard their interests in this respect—his objection is more apparent than real.

The following extracts from a communication received from Mr. J. J. ELLIOTT, a member of the firm of Elliott and Fry, the well-known photographers, in which he expresses a general agreement with our proposals, will be of interest as representing the views of an expert in photographic art:—

"The term of copyright should be uniform in all classes of work, and should, in my opinion, be for the author's life and thirty years after his death. This would not only coincide in a great measure with the law maintaining on the Continent, but would get over difficulties which would sometimes arise in establishing the date of publication.

"With regard to the vexed question as to whom the copyright of a painting should belong to when sold for the first time—inasmuch as a picture and the copyright thereof are two distinct properties—I think that the copyright should remain the property of the artist, unless otherwise stipulated, in which latter case an assignment should be made to the vendee in writing, and signed by the vendor. The assignment should be registered as well as the picture itself, when, to ensure accuracy, it should be made compulsory to attach a rough photograph or sketch of the work to the registration form. It should not be necessary for the author of a picture to register to secure his rights.

"The present arrangement, whereby no copyright exists in a picture unless stipulated at the time of sale, is obviously unfair and absurd. By the artist retaining the copyright after sale he would ensure the entire control over reproductions made by engravers, photographers, and others, and which he has a right to exercise for his own protection and reputation.

"With regard to copyright in photographic portraiture, one or two alterations in the present law are necessary to protect the public against unscrupulous photographers who may take advantage of the laxity of the law. I would suggest that it be made quite clear that when a person sits to a photographer,

paying for his photographs, it should be illegal for the photographer to print copies for sale or exhibit them in any public place, or to make any use of them without the consent in writing of the person for whom the picture was taken. (At present it is simply a matter of implied contract, and there is no remedy under the Statute.)

"The negative should, of course, remain the property of the photographer; for although he must take a negative to enable him to carry out his part of the transaction, he does not contract to supply so many photographs and *so many negatives* for so much, but photographs alone.

"When a person sits to a photographer for publication and does not pay for the sitting, the copyright should vest in the photographer, and should exist from the moment when the negative is taken, as at present.

"It would also be wise, in my opinion, for Government to establish a registration office under its control in lieu of the present office at Stationers' Hall."

Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A., in a spirited communication says:—

"You are doing a giant service to the profession in calling attention to the defective state of the Copyright Act as it stands at present.

"I agree that there is a mistake in stating that photographs more nearly resemble engravings and works of a mechanical nature. Fine engraving is a great art and should not be classed with photography which, in my humble opinion, is nothing more than a mechanical operation, where very little artistic skill, if any, is required; in fact, it is the sun that makes the picture in a few seconds, whereas the engraver has to spend month upon month, and sometimes years, in producing a fine plate.

"I do not myself like the idea of photography being mixed up with art. There is still one other point I should like to express my opinion upon. I do not agree that a copyist's works should have any copyright, for there can be no copyright in a copy. Copies being usually done for one's own improvement, or for purposes of trade, it would be very unfair to the real author if a copyist were to have the same privilege. Beyond this, I agree with *all* Mr. Samuel says, and think his articles most able."

As the question which Mr. Lucas raises as to the advisableness of permitting photography to retain its position as a branch of the fine arts has already been dealt with, I make no further comment on such part of his letter as relates to that subject, except that I would point out that in our suggestions we propose that original engravings shall be treated, as regards copyright, in the same manner as paintings, while engravings which are not original, but reproductions of another's design, shall be classed with photographs. I fully appreciate Mr. Lucas's point, that such classification apparently fails to adequately recognise the superiority in artistic merit of engravings over photographs, but the difficulty lies not only in formulating, but in practically applying any acceptable system of differentiation which, having regard to general considerations of expediency, would not make the remedy worse than the disease. Mr. Lucas in his last point takes exception to our proposal that a sculptor should be entitled to copyright in a copy made by him of a non-copyright work of sculpture, contending that "it would be unfair to the real author" if the copyist were so privileged. He,

however, apparently loses sight of the fact that the real author would in nowise be affected, as the copyright in the original work must have expired before any rights in an unauthorised copy could be acquired, such rights in any case not extending to prevent other persons making copies of the original work. On the general question, the following passage occurs in the report of the Copyright Commissioners issued in 1878:—

“Many persons spend months in copying ancient statues, and the copies become as valuable to the sculptors as if they were original works. It may be doubted whether the case does not already fall within the Sculpture Act, but we recommend that such doubts should be removed, and that sculptors who copy from statues in which no copyright exists should have copyright in their own copies.”

This recommendation was apparently based on the evidence given before the Commission by the late Mr. T. Woolner, R.A., as follows:—

“I think likewise, that copyists ought to be protected; I mean copyers of antique works such as the ‘Venus of Milo’ or ‘The Warrior of Agasias.’ . . . In France these are all protected; copies copied either by machinery or by the hand are registered and protected in the same way as original works.”

This view we have adopted, and propose that the “doubt” should be removed in favour of the sculptor.

Mr. ERSKINE NICOL, retired A.R.A., writes:—

“I should indeed be glad to see either an amendment or, what would be better still, a new Act, founded upon what Mr. Samuel observes is the very essence of the principle of copyright—that ‘it is a form of property entirely apart from the possession of the work from which it emanates.’

“Registration is a most excellent institution which I have found invaluable on more than one occasion since the present Act came into force, and should, I think, be retained.”

We are glad to note that Mr. Nicol’s experience confirms the views we have ourselves expressed as to the value of registration.

Mr. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, in an interesting communication, writes as follows:—

“I fully endorse all that is said by Mr. Samuel about the absurdity and injustice of our present Copyright Laws as applied to pictorial art. With him, I think the copyright should certainly rest with the author of the work and be his property, unless any arrangement to the contrary is made at the time of sale of the original:

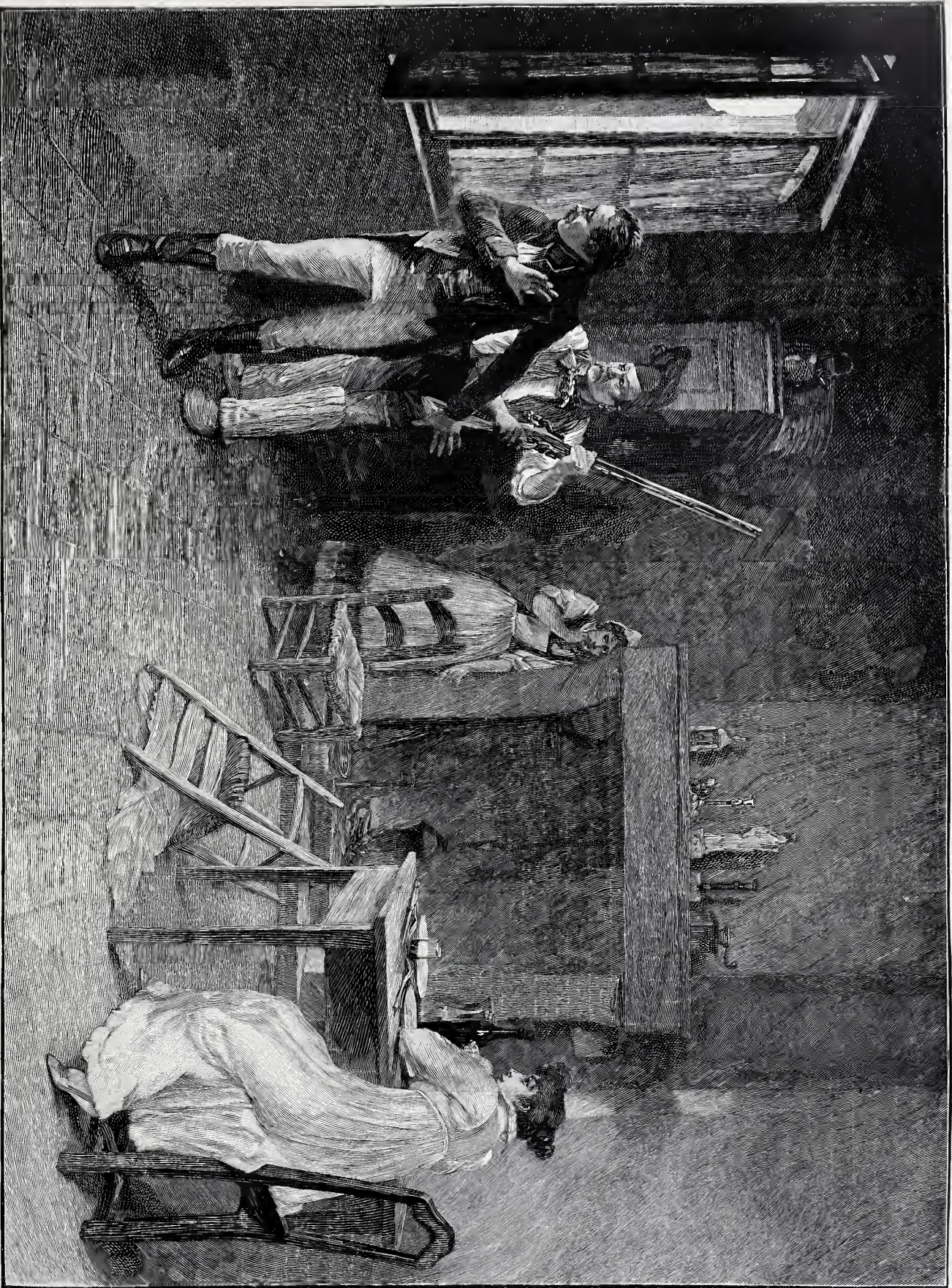
“(1) Because he is more interested in preventing infringement, and, being in the picture world, to hear of such being committed. (2) Because it not infrequently happens that a picture is purchased for its worth as a painting, and it is subsequently discovered that it has a valuable copyright, none of the proceeds of which go to the author. A copyright of any value is a thing which cannot be supplied to order, it is an inspiration, or, if you prefer it, a ‘Happy Thought,’ which comes to a painter at most but a few times in his career, and when it does it is frequently worth considerably more than the original work,

yet in the vast majority of cases the artist derives little or no benefit from his creation.

“Then again from time to time one sees in the Exhibitions parts of pictures deliberately stolen from other men’s works. I remember seeing about a third of a picture by a well-known hand reproduced on a small scale and signed by the copyist (a foreigner, I am glad to say), and exhibited in a London Gallery; yet in cases such as this the artist is, as a rule, powerless to act.”

The question how to deal with the piracy of part of a picture raises a point of much importance and considerable difficulty. That it is a common occurrence for parts of one man’s work to be transferred bodily to another man’s canvas cannot be disputed, the facilities offered to the copyist and the remoteness of any penal consequences attaching to the act accounting no doubt in great part for the prevalence of this method of impudently annexing the fruits of another’s labour. If, however, the artist whose conception has been copied desires to proceed against the offender for infringement of copyright, mark his position! The Act gives him copyright in “every original painting, &c., and the design thereof,” but it omits to add “or any part thereof.” Therefore it would be necessary for the artist in order successfully to vindicate his rights in an action at law to prove that “his original painting or the design thereof” had been copied. But is the “part” copied a reproduction of the painting or its “design,” seeing that it is not a copy of the *whole* of the design. The copyist would naturally contend that, if a copy at all, it is not such a reproduction as to constitute any infringement of the painter’s copyright under the Act, and would further allege in many cases where the identity of the original and copy was apparent that he had depicted the same “subject” and had stolen nothing. The difficulties thus placed in the way of the author of the original work will be seen at a glance. He has first to prove that his work has been copied at all, and then to run the gauntlet of the terms of a vague Act of Parliament to prove infringement of copyright. The remedy we would suggest for the removal, so far as is practicable, of this undoubted grievance is that it should be made clear that the illegitimate reproduction of any part of a work of art capable of being the subject of copyright, or of the idea, design, or conception thereof, shall constitute infringement. We fear, however, that there is no means of relieving artists of the necessity of *proving* piracy which would not offend against the generally accepted ideas of the principles regulating the law of evidence.





AN INCIDENT IN THE WHITE TERROR (1815).

[General Count Gilly in hiding in a peasant's house in the neighbourhood of Anduze (Gard).]

(From the Painting by De Cordova. Exhibited in the *Changé de Mars Salon*. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)





VIEW FROM BRACKEN RANK TOWARDS COTEHILL.

## THE RIVER EDEN.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. FAIRFAX MUCKLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL name, and scenery worthy of that name, have not sufficed to make the River Eden generally popular. Proximity to the mountain region of Cumberland has condemned it to comparative neglect. Not one in each thousand of visitors to the Lake district thinks it worth while to turn aside from the beaten track and acquaint himself with Eden's gentler charms, and yet there are few, even among the many lovely rivers of England, that better repay attention. For those who do know it, the charm is perhaps the greater because it is not known and haekneyed—just as no late lover of Louis Stevenson ever tasted the peculiar secret joy of possession that was theirs who, keener of perception, discovered and loved his writings years before he was formally discovered by tardy critics.

One does not care to inquire too curiously as to the origin of the name; so appropriate is it in its original Chaldean meaning to the rich and smiling valley through which the Eden takes its course from its source in the grim, rain-swept moorlands of Westmoreland to its issue at the sad and sullen Solway sands. Hemmed in on either side by the stern "forests" of the North, it is indeed "a place of pleasure and delight" which might fitly suggest to the folk of old time a likeness to the garden where there grew "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." It would be unjust to the science of philology, however, not to add that its professors are doubtless able to supply a more scientific, if less agreeable, interpretation. It is a poor philologist who cannot take the poetry out of a pretty name.

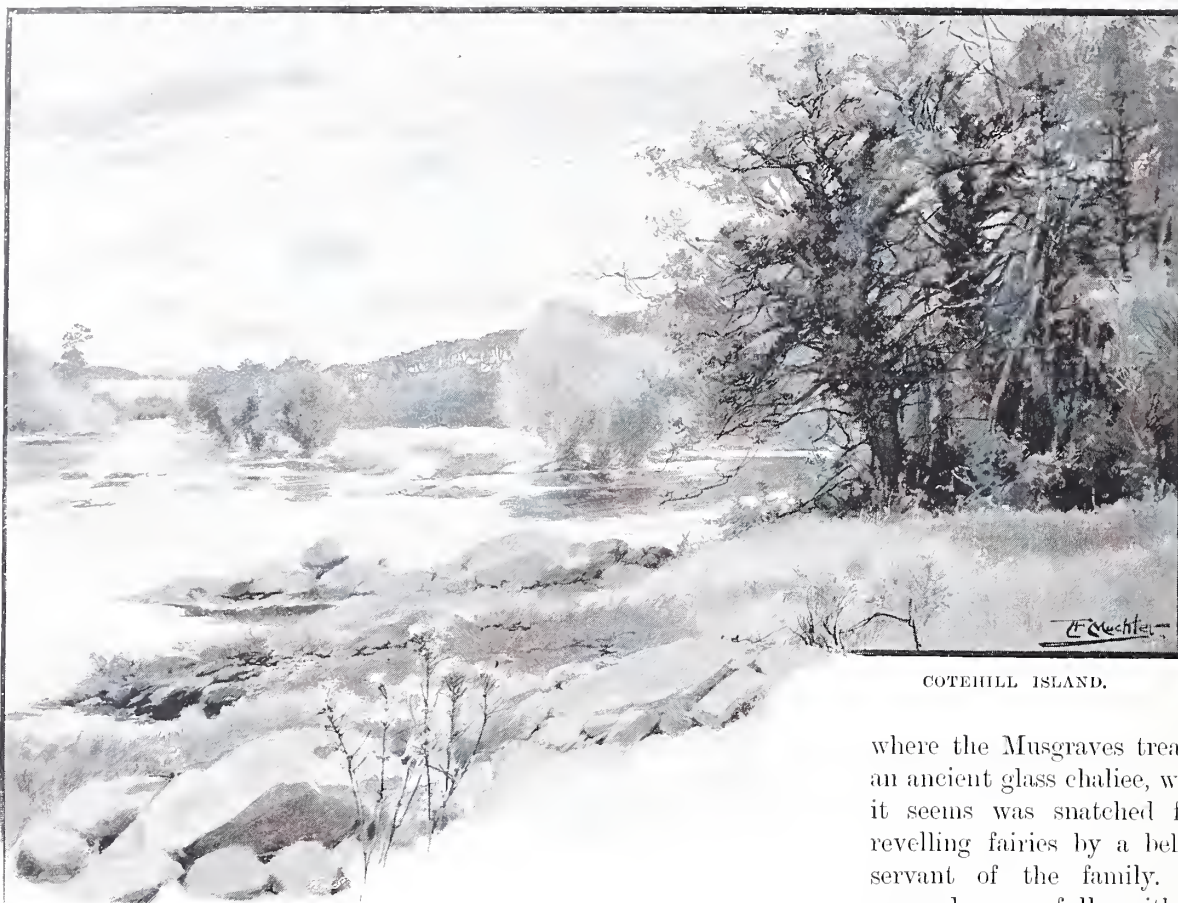
The approach to the valley of the Eden from the south, as one travels on the Midland Railway line, is

well calculated to provoke a traveller's interest, and the river would perhaps be much better known if it were not usual to travel to the Lake district by the London and North Western line, by which route one is carried down the less notable valley of the tributary Petterill. After leaving Hellifield, on the Midland route, the train climbs over bare, cheerless limestone fells, where for many miles there is little of interest beyond an occasional glimpse of huge shouldered valleys dipping east or west into pleasanter lands. Sheep and sometimes cattle are nibbling the scanty grass that struggles for existence in the keen air on shallow soil, through which the white rocks everywhere erop out; human dwellings are few, and befittingly cheerless of aspect. When the eye has grown tired of the savage grandeur of the scene, a change gradually begins to announce itself. A wide fertile expanse, clothed with trees and verdant fields, is entered, and at Kirkby Stephen the upper valley of the Eden is disclosed in all its beauty. Thence to Carlisle the river is closely followed, and ever and anon there are ravishing glimpses of wooded banks, ruddy cliffs, and smiling river-curves to delight the traveller.

The Eden has its rise in Mallerstang, above Kirkby Stephen: one of numerous mountain streams that trickle from the moist sides of the great Penine range—the "backbone of England." On the other side of the watershed, at no great distance from Eden Springs, the Yore begins to flow towards the Ouse, and so on to the German Ocean. At Kirkby Stephen the river, having already taken toll from various tributaries, is considerable in volume, and at Stenkrith Bridge falls noisily and

picturesquely in a cataract into a boiling gulf known as Coopkarnal Hole. The rocks are so fantastically carved and undermined by the water that in a dry season the river-bed in places appears to be quite empty, the water making its way through subterranean channels. The town is small and quaint,

raiding Scotsmen, who on two occasions destroyed it with fire. About ten miles further down, after skirting Cumberland for some distance, the Eden enters that county as it absorbs the waters of the Eamont, which brings contributions from Ullswater and Haweswater. Presently it flows by Eden Hall,



COTEHILL ISLAND.

of great antiquity (as antiquity is understood in England), and possessed of an ancient Gothic church whose bells, according to a slanderous tradition, were come by in a questionable fashion. The story is that Dick Whittington was a native of Addingham parish—some twenty miles further down the Eden—and that, having built there at his own cost the church of Great Salkeld, he sent a peal of bells from London to make his pious gift complete. The bells reached Kirkby Stephen, but were somehow detained, and remain there to this day. The story is, no doubt, quite as true as other accepted fables regarding the great commercial hero.

Ten miles from Kirkby Stephen the Eden flows by pleasant Appleby, which, indeed, it well-nigh surrounds—a little place, but one which boasts itself to have been of greater importance in the distant past. Like most old places in this region, it has had violent experiences, especially in connection with

where the Musgraves treasure an ancient glass chalice, which it seems was snatched from revelling fairies by a belated servant of the family. He escaped successfully with his booty, and brought home with it the prediction of the little folks that—

“If e'er that glass should break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.”

It must be an uncomfortable possession, even though wicked antiquaries have done their best to belittle the story by pronouncing the vessel to be ecclesiastical and of Oriental workmanship, forgetting that the fairies, as well as the sunshine and all other delightful circumstances of life, come from the East. The legend has been treated in rather leaden fashion by a Quaker poet, named Wiffen, in a ballad in which one traces the influence of Scott, with a touch thrown in from “*Tam o' Shanter*.” Uhland, in a much more spirited poem, well translated by Longfellow, narrates the supposed destruction of glass, hall, and owner.

At Eden Hall the river flows through charming scenery, and past many places full of historical and legendary interest. At Little Salkeld is the famous circle of monoliths known as “*Long Meg and her*

Daughters," one of the most notable "Druidical" relics in the country. It provoked one, and by no means the worst, of those topographical sonnets which Wordsworth industriously manufactured *apropos* of the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It is significant of the general disregard of the Eden that it was only as a late afterthought that this singularly great and singularly unequal poet included it in his poetical gazetteer, with an apology for delays:—

"Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,  
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name.

"Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,  
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers  
That have no rivals among British bowers;  
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.

"Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay  
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood;  
But I have traced thee on thy winding  
way  
With pleasure sometimes by the thought  
restrained  
That things far off are toiled for, while  
a good  
Not sought, because too near, is seldom  
gained."

It is recorded that one of those worthies who appear from time to time to furnish agitators with arguments for the abolition of landlords, decided to improve the value of his property by removing "that sisterhood forlorn" which to Wordsworth seemed

"in hieroglyphic round

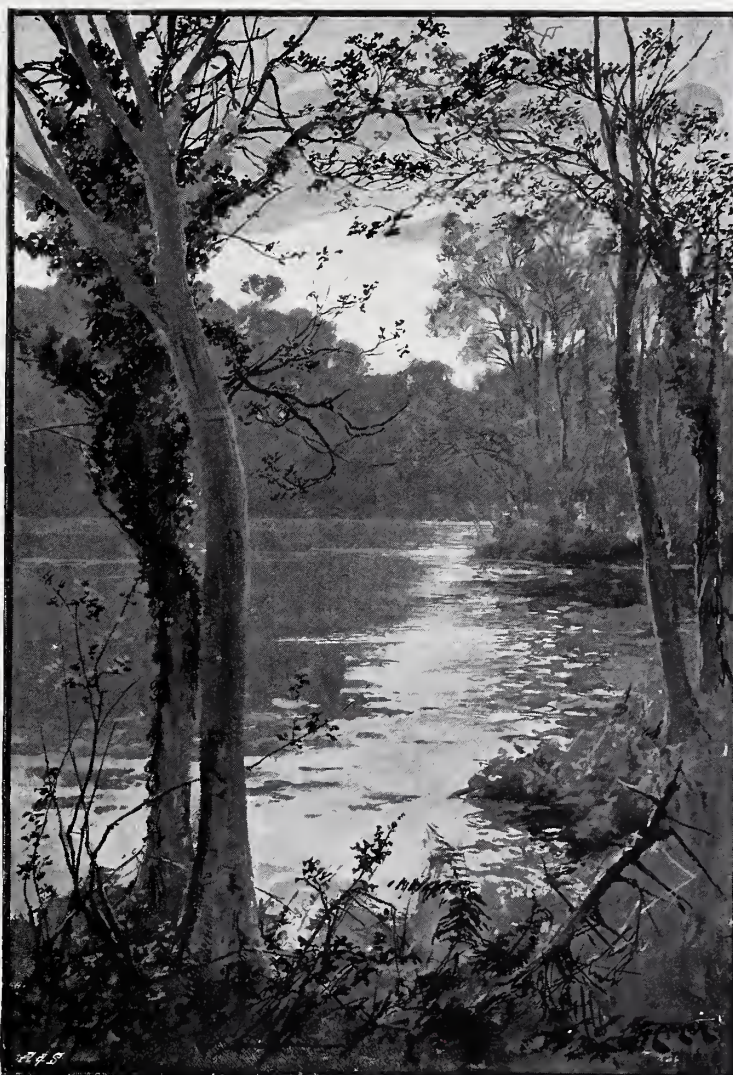
Forthshadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,

The inviolable God that tames the proud!"

A party of workmen addressed themselves to the task with crowbars and gunpowder, but before much progress had been made there arose a storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail such as none had ever before experienced. The sacrilegious labourers fled incontinently before this terrific and timeous outburst of the wrath of offended nature, and nothing would induce them or anyone else to recommence operations.

At Armathwaite the Eden spreads out to the dimensions of a small lake, and the scenery of the banks is delightfully wooded, with jutting crags and infinite variety of light and shade. Presently the water hurries down a sounding cataract, soon, however, to subside again into the gentler mood

which is its commoner one. From Armathwaite to Carlisle is about nine miles by rail—by the river I know not how much further; but if one's powers of foot are sufficient, there is no more fascinating task than to follow the water all the way—for the most part easy enough of accomplishment in a dry season. At every turn there is variety, each new vista seeming to surpass the last. Here and there are eyots, the minor channels about which have each a peculiar charm. Grassy slopes, lush meadows, sombre woods, and vividly-red sandstone cliffs succeed each other; and, here and there, a stately home looks forth over the trees. At Wetheral, where a great railway bridge—happily, of stone—joins the steep banks, the prospect is enchanting. Wetheral, a charming place with a quaint old church, is perched on the left bank, while to the right are Corby Castle and grounds, of which a guide-book eloquently says: "The warm and delicate arrangement exceeds the power of

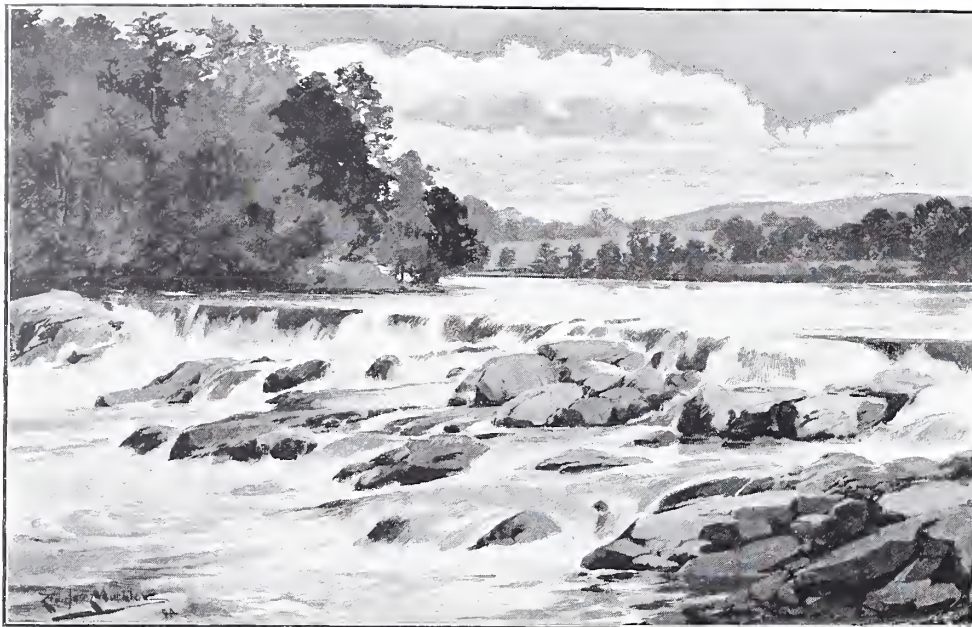


VIEW FROM LONG WALK, CORBY CASTLE.

description by pen or pencil." The "Long Walk" in the grounds is a favourite resort, and there are caves and many other wonders in the vicinity to whet the palate of those who like their scenery spiced with singularity.

Flowing onward, the river grows more and more Avon-like, until it reaches and sweeps about Carlisle, gathering there into its stream the waters

Carlisle, "the city on the Beautiful Waters," is a picturesque, pleasant, small town, which threatens to multiply its chimneys and become big, smoky, and opulent. The citizens are apt to boast of one mighty smoke-shaft which towers high above eastle and cathedral. Few old English towns are more attractive, and surely none has a more picturesque history than "Merrie Carlisle,"



WEIR AT ARMATHWAITE.

of the Caldew and the Petterill, the Irthing having previously added just below Warwick the tribute of the Northumberland fells. The remaining progress of the Eden to the Solway is through scenery less remarkable, but not without passages full of picturesque interest. The whole length of the river is about sixty-five miles. Not a mile of its course is lacking in peculiar charm, and, at its best, "The Stately Eden" may challenge comparison with any sister water, however fair. Yet the wanderer on its banks seldom has his reveries disturbed by the appearance of anything animate other than eattle breast-deep in the water, sheep sheltering from the sun under a broken bank, larks earolling on high, and the sudden splash of trout or salmon disturbed by his shadow. Now and then a fisherman is seen pursuing his craft prosperously; a band of boys passes, intent on some of boyhood's villainies; or Corydon and Phyllis, withdrawn from sight in a leafy nook, learn from each other the sweet lessons first discovered for mankind in another Eden garden. They, too, are in Paradise, and for them, too, the day will come when an angel shall stand at the gate with a sword of flame.

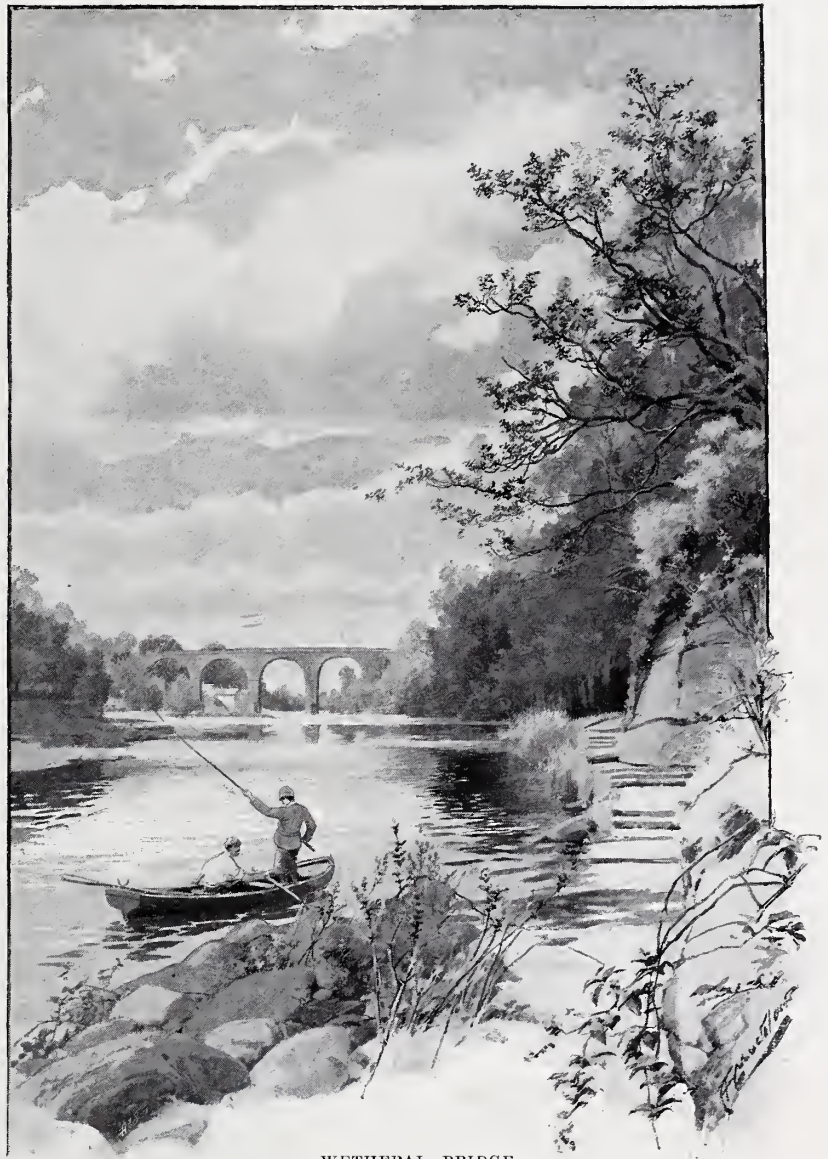
where, the ballad records, King Arthur lived. Standing, as it does, near to the Scottish border, the crimson waves of war, regular and irregular, continually beat against the walls for hundreds of years—sometimes so fiercely as to overwhelm them. The quiet river waters have often run red with the blood of besiegers and besieged; not seldom have they borne to the sea the ashes of a city destroyed. The Scots burned Carlisle in the time of Nero; when the Romans abandoned England the Picts saw their opportunity, and left the place desolate; the Scots again applied fire and sword in the time of Henry II., and several times afterwards portions of the city were devoured by the flames. Sometimes the Scots held it for a space, but never for a long time; and it was frequently visited by English kings, who occasionally held Parliaments there. During one of his visits Edward I. had Robert Bruce solemnly excommunicated at the cathedral—Bruce having previously, at Carlisle, sworn fealty to him. From Carlisle, too, Longshanks set out on his last journey: it was to have been to Scotland, but his glass was run out, and he had only reached Burgh-on-the-Sands, a few miles off, when he

died. In the Wars of the Roses and the Great Rebellion Carlisle had a full share of fighting. Mary of Scotland, fleeing from her kingdom after the battle of Langside, sought a shelter at Carlisle and found a prison. Almost half a century later, her anti-tobacconist son fared much better, for the civic dignitaries gave him a speech, a gold cup, and a silk purse containing forty Jacobuses. His great-great-grandson, the young Pretender, had a very different reception in 1745, but he took the place and was there proclaimed Regent for his father for the first time in England. Not much more than a month later he slunk back through the city with a demoralised army at his heels, on his way to fatal Culloden.

To-day the chief attraction in Carlisle is the cathedral. It is not in the first rank of English cathedrals, and the demolition in the Great Rebellion of the larger part of the nave has had the effect of marring the building's symmetry. The architecture ranges from Norman in the nave to "Decorated Gothic" at the east end; all but the nave is built of the characteristic red stone of Carlisle. In the remains of the nave, then used as a separate parish church, Walter Scott was married, in 1797. Two hundred and one years earlier the then chief of his house, Scott of Buccleuch, had made a raid on Carlisle with equal success, to rescue his adherent, Kinnmont Willie, who was imprisoned in the castle—doubtless not undeservedly. This brilliant exploit was recorded in a ballad of the sort beloved by the "minstrel of the north," and by Thomas Percy, who learned to enjoy Border minstrelsy while Dean of Carlisle. Scott knew the district well, and in several notable instances the scenery of his novels includes it.

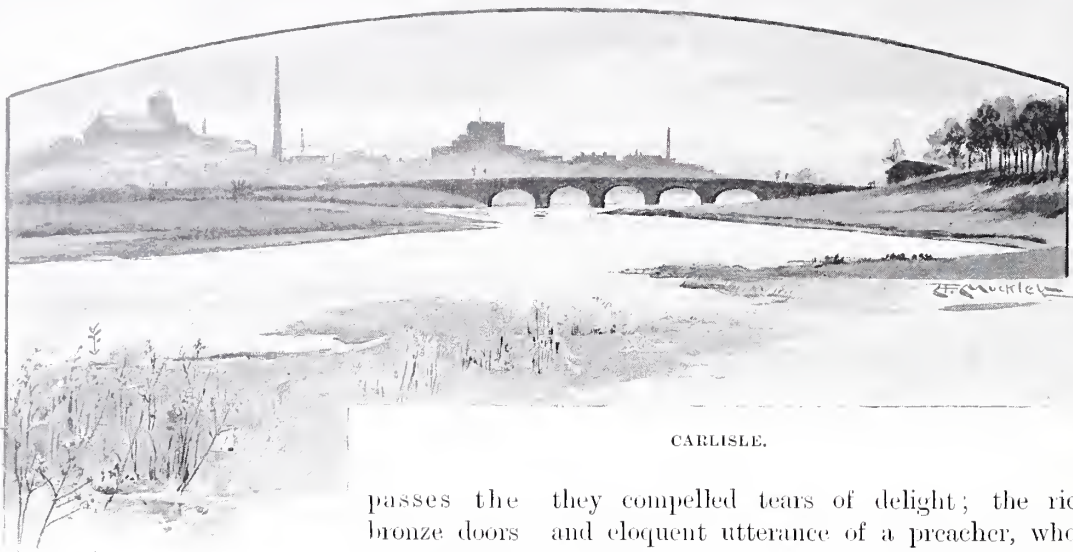
It is with quite another Dean—the famous Dean Close—that my earliest recollections of the cathedral are associated—recollections which disqualify me for giving an exact description of the interior, because I would not on any account re-enter the building, lest I should impair by newer impressions the enjoyment of a memory which was the keenest and most delightful æsthetic impression of boyhood. Returning from a month or more spent amid the choicest beauties of the

Lakes, we tarried at Carlisle. Repeatedly I had dismayed my father by utter failure to recognise those beauties: boyish perceptions, from infancy familiar to indifference with the noble contours of Pentland and Lammermuir, found nothing charming at Keswick but the boats on the lake, the engineering preparations for the Penrith and Cockermouth railway (how he deplored them!), and our landlady's exquisite apple-cakes. But the senses, deadened by the grand scenery of Edinburgh to nature's wonders, had been starved, æsthetically, on the bald, repellent church architecture and ritual of the North. I have been told



WETHERAL BRIDGE.

that the interior of Carlisle Cathedral is scarcely second-rate, and have smiled incredulously, remembering a sensuous surprise far more splendid even than that which awaits the traveller when he



CARLISLE.

Monreale. A vast church radiant with colour; numberless sweet-voiced choristers in white; a great and mellow-toned organ, marvellously painted and gilded, whose tones thrilled every fibre until

passes the bronze doors of externally unassuming

they compelled tears of delight; the rich voice and eloquent utterance of a preacher, whose mien was kingly; marvels of jewelled colour glittering in the windows; and over all the sweep of roof blue as the sky, gemmed with countless golden stars, and upheld by ranks of carven angels, Imagination had not pictured the mansions of Heaven as being half so beautiful.

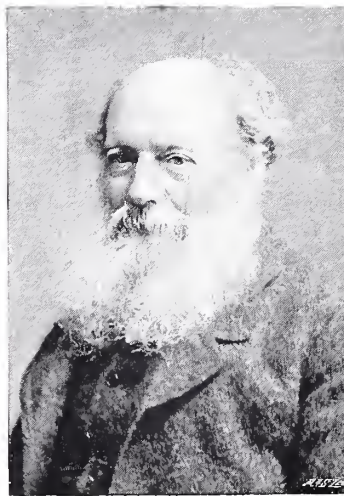
## THE LATE ALFRED DOWNING FRIPP.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

ON the morning of the 13th of March last died at his house—No. 33, Hampstead Hill Gardens, which he had named after Lulworth in Dorsetshire, a much-favoured haunt of his—the able, energetic, and accomplished Secretary of the “Old Society” of Painters in Water-Colours. He was the nine years younger brother of the equally eminent George Arthur Fripp, and one of the grandsons of Nicholas Pocock, who was an original member of the society, and among the most eminent and studious artists of his time. Both the brothers Fripp, in eschewing body colours and opaque pigments generally, adhered to the skill-demanding methods of Pocock and other founders of the illustrious English school of water-colour draughtsmen, whose technique culminated in that great master in small, William

It is not, therefore, surprising that we find our present subject to have been, in his first studies as well as his later practice, a pupil of Pocock, whose masculine influence—though qualified and made freer by the more facile, if not showy tendencies of W. J. Müller—was manifest in A. D. Fripp’s paintings, and never ceased to enhance their sterling qualities.

The artist to whom we owe these capital examples was a son of the Rev. S. C. Fripp of Bristol—a member of a family long ago settled in Dorsetshire—who had married Pocock’s daughter; and the boy was accordingly born, so to say, in the purple chamber of the Bristol School of Painting. This school included those who worked in oil as well as draughtsmen in water-colours, such as Samuel Jackson, the recognised “Father” of the school, F. Danby, F. B. Pyne,



ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S.  
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

Henry Hunt.

water-colours, such as Samuel Jackson, the recognised “Father” of the school, F. Danby, F. B. Pyne,



J. S. Prout, H. Brittain Willis, and W. J. Müller. Born at Bristol in 1822, A. D. Fripp went to school in that city, but his education proper as an artist was rapidly developed in London, whither in 1840 (being then just eighteen years old) he followed his elder brother, who was already established there as an exhibitor of works in oil at the Academy and elsewhere, and an Associate of the "Old Society." As a student, Alfred Fripp worked to some extent under his brother, and drew diligently and much in the sculpture galleries of the British Museum, where a very large proportion of our original artists have grounded themselves in respect to style and knowledge of the human form. So considerable was his progress that in 1842 Fripp was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and, in "off times" of his work in oil colours, employed himself vigorously in the schools of that institution. In this year, too, he made his *début* by contributing to the British Artists' Gallery three drawings in water-colours, being "Lavinia," "Sindbad and his Companion," and "Study from Nature." Not long after this

he accompanied Mr. F. Goodall, the still living R.A., Mark Anthony, since one of the princes of modern landscape painting, and F. W. Topham, whose pretty Hibernian studies are well known, into the West of Ireland, and, in 1843, sent to Suffolk Street "May-Day" and "Children Overtaken by a Thunderstorm." In all, Fripp at this period of his life made three Irish tours, and profited greatly by the studies he carried on in that province. In 1844, having made an excursion to Wales, he was, although he had not hitherto exhibited more than the above-named examples, elected an Associate of the "Old Society," and in that year sent to Pall Mall "The Poacher's Hut," "Welsh Girl Crossing the Stile," "The Woodman," "Girls of Moel Siabod," "The Forgotten Word," "The Bather," and "The Minstrel."

It was upon the first-named of these drawings

that our subject's reputation may be said to have been founded; a capital work, it was quite remarkable as coming from hands so young as Fripp's, and attracted warm and abundant praises from artists of all sorts. This, and the productions of many succeeding years, were treated with great firmness and a peculiarly crisp touch, not far removed from the methods of the draughtsman's brother, Pocock, and Müller, and distinctly unlike his style as it has been recognised of later years. In 1845 Fripp sent to the Society's gallery "The Fisherman's Cabin," "The Rosary," "The Holy Well," "The Cabin Door," "Irish Mendicants," and "Cabin Fare," all of which bespoke his Irish studies, as, indeed, did the contributions of 1846, which were "Irish Courtship," "Interior of a Galway Cabin," "The Sick Child," "A Village School-girl," "The Silent Welcome," "The Irish Mother," "Rustic Piper," and "Irish Reapers Meeting their Friends after Harvesting in England." The last-named instance, the dancing figures in which excelled in spirit and freshness, secured its author's reputation and hastened his election to the full member-



A STRANGE SAIL.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by the late A. D. Fripp, R.W.S.)

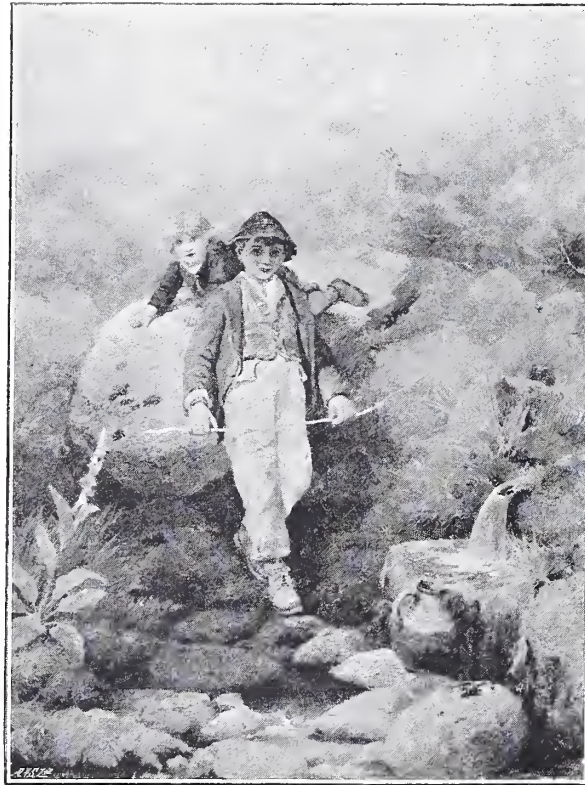
ship of the "Old Society," which was obtained in the same year.

To the British Institution of that year Fripp had already sent an oil picture called "The Irish Mother." In 1848 there was at the Academy—his sole contribution to Trafalgar Square—another work in oil, the name of which was "Sad Memories." About this time he made some studies in Scotland, the fruits of which were visible in the subjects of his drawings sent to Pall Mall, where, however, he was mostly represented by Welsh and Irish themes. These obtained with him until 1850, when he went to Rome, and sojourned there and elsewhere in Italy during more than eight years. Before this date Fripp, who had married a very amiable and accomplished lady, had the misfortune to lose her—a catastrophe which hastened his departure from England. During this lengthened

sojourn he secured the friendship of Mr. (now Sir) F. Leighton, and Messrs. Poynter, G. Aitchison, A. Glennie, C. Haag, and, above all in his influence on Fripp, George Mason, with whom our subject lived in Rome, and to whom has been ascribed something of a certain change in his types and methods of looking at nature. The most important picture of this period was the very large "Pompeii: a City of the Dead," which was at Pall Mall in 1853, and at Manchester in 1887.

Returning to England in 1859, Fripp, excepting

corded that he contributed to the gallery in Pall Mall more than two hundred and seventy works; some of which, including "Young England," which the Art Union of London reproduced, and "The Irish Mother," which F. Holl engraved, are known all over the world. These works, especially the later ones, attest that Fripp was a subtle chiaroscuroist, a good colourist, a poet in painting with a rare and delicate sense of what is peaceful and idyllic in nature and expressible by art, and potent in treating simple themes with a due regard for style,



LOITERERS.

(From the Water-colour Drawing by the late A. D. Fripp, R.W.S.)

a few Italian themes, returned to those Irish, Welsh, and English subjects in which he had already excelled, and continued in those lines until 1862. In 1860 we find him in Dorsetshire—that is to say at Swanage, Lulworth, and Blandford, in which last place he met the Miss Roe who, in the next year, became his second wife, and who, dying on the 23rd of March last, followed her husband of thirty-five years. Sad to say, seven days after his father and three days before his mother, Reginald Edward, the younger son of the pair, being then in his nineteenth year, joined the majority. Thus of a house of four members, Dr. A. D. Fripp, the elder son, was, within ten days, made the sole survivor.

As to Fripp's artistic career, it is to be re-

massiveness and breadth, while his later or post-Roman mood illustrated his taste for opalescent greys, delicate harmonies of low tints, and tones of great refinement, and an almost Stothard-like grace inspired the expressions and attitudes of his rustic figures. In 1870 he became Secretary to the "Old Society," and remained so, with short intervals, till his death, and thus acquired that mastery of its concerns which made him an indefatigable leader of the highest influence and importance, who managed its affairs with energy, and, on the whole, with much success and wisdom. On the Monday following his death he was buried at Rushton, near Blandford, a quiet place in the very centre of his much-beloved Dorsetshire.



OCTOBER.

**The British Museum Report.**

**T**HE annual return of the British Museum is always pleasant reading. The rapidity of its growth, the excellence of its administration, and the scholarship of its directors of departments maintain its position as the model institution of the world, in striking contrast to most other museums both at home and abroad. To the collections in the Print Room no fewer than 4,886 additions have been made, including drawings and prints of every school of art; and the work of classification and cataloguing advanced. The mounting of the ninety-two sheets of Dürer's great woodcut of the Arch of Maximilian on one piece of linen for exhibition is among the interesting incidents of the year. Among the notable acquisitions in other departments is the famous collection of Indian coins of the late Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham. As usual, Sir A. Wollaston Franks is one of the most generous donors to the various sections of the Museum.

**Frederick Tatham.** Concerning our review of Mr. Story's "William Blake" (p. 437 of this volume) Canon T. K. Richmond, of Carlisle, writes to us as follows:—

"The name of Frederick Tatham is mentioned, and he is designated as 'The Architect.' Frederick Tatham was a sculptor in the beginning of his artistic career; but that being a branch of art not lucrative to any but those who become popular, he became a water-colour painter of portraits; working also in crayons, after the fashion of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., his brother-in-law. I have seen also one or two paintings by him of considerable force. He was in religious matters an enthusiast, and ended life as an office-bearer in

the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square. It was while he was under the influence of Edward Irving that, having many drawings, writings, visions, and rhapsodies by William Blake in his possession, he destroyed them, as advised to do by that Divine. This was some little time after Mrs. Blake's death. The architect was Frederick Tatham's father, Charles Heathcote Tatham, who, among other publications of value, brought out in 1799 and 1803, 'Etchings from the Best Examples of Ancient Ornamental Architecture drawn from the Originals at Rome.' I am cognisant of these facts, being the grandson of Charles H. Tatham."

We may add that a portrait of Mrs. Catherine Blake by Tatham was last year added to the Print Room of the British Museum.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

(By Sebastian del Piombo. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

takes place. It is to be regretted that the foreign scenic artists have throughout misused a fine opportunity of rare promise, and have given us pictures of stereotyped pattern, in no instance distinguished by breadth of effect or dignity of composition. An elaborate triple panorama in Act I. culminates in a scene of Agra, wholly inadequate as a background to the festival in honour of

"India" at M R . Earl's Court. IMRE KIRALFY, pioneer of the class of entertainment hitherto heralded by a blast of superlative adjectives, and associated chiefly with "Olympia," once more challenges criticism with an ambitious display, which aims at illustrating, with bewildering prodigality, a sequence of more or less interesting events in Indian history. The spectacle, as a whole, recalls Mr. Kiralfy's earliest and greatest London success, "Nero," especially in the connection of the stage with the amphitheatre, where much of the action

Jehanghir—an animated and picturesque pageant, deservedly eliciting the greater share of the applause. It would be easy to ascribe its success to the ingenious marshalling of the overwhelming numbers employed; but



COVENT GARDEN MARKET, WITH ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

(By B. Nebot. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

Mr. Percy Anderson's costumes must not be overlooked. These seem less complicated in colour than is his wout, to their advantage, and one group in dull ivory and china-blue—the Mongolian Embassy—is of conspicuous excellence. Here the first Act should end, for its supplementary scenes of a feeble battle action in an unconvinced verdant maze, opening up to a conventional "Hindu Paradise," are distinctly less valuable than the time consumed in their development. In the latter scene the transitional groupings of the ballet, reflected in the water, revive Olympian achievements. We all know these piled-up terraces, these "long lines" of unanimous movement, and, truth to tell, the public appear already satiated with the repetition; the eye becomes at length too fatigued and overtaxed to decide on the merit of the general colour-scheme; but one brief effect, a combination of various tones of electric-blue and bronze, is quite charming. Had the tableau of the Imperial Durbar at Delhi in Act II. been reproduced on a scale befitting its dignity, it would have formed a more consistent *finale* than the fantastic apotheosis of the Empress-Queen and her dependencies (a well-worn theme) which now concludes the spectacle. Signor Comelli's exuberantly fanciful costumes of the colonial *cortège* reveal a pleasant sense of refined colour, though somewhat marred by uncharacteristic decoration. His favourite note of assertive orange is subdued by harmonies of heliotrope and cinnamon, sea-green and ivory, with touches of black and grey. A mental review of the "show" in its entirety leaves a lively impression that the costumiers themselves come triumphantly out of the ordeal of difficulties set them by the designers; and in conclusion we must admit that here and there a choice array of colour in some happily conceived evolution suggests inspiration derived from notable successes elsewhere.

**Liverpool Exhibition** THE twenty-fifth Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool, opened on September 2nd, contains 1,336 exhibits, which represent adequately the art of the year.

Special interest has been felt locally in this "silver wedding" of the first municipality in England to espouse the cause of the Fine Arts. At the inaugural banquet on August 29th the chairman, Alderman PHILIP H. RATHBONE, paid a handsome tribute to his old colleague, Alderman E. SAMUELSON, to whose "genius to conceive and talent to execute" an original idea, the Liverpool Autumn Exhibitions and all similar enterprises by other civic bodies are due. Alderman Samuelson's health did not allow him to be present, or he might have replied with an equally deserved compliment to his eulogist. Mr. JOHN FINNIE, another of the original workers, was also present at the dinner. On the private view day "A Reverie," by Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, was selected for purchase by the Corporation. The "Speak! Speak!" of Sir JOHN MILLAIS, and the President's "Twixt Hope and Fear" have places of honour, and among other important works by members or associates of the Academy are "The Outcast"

by Mr. WATTS, "Golden Autumn" by Mr. WATERLOW, Mr. HACKER'S "Daphne," "In Summer Time" by Mr. MURRAY, "Sunrise after Sharp Frost" by Mr. BOUGHTON, and Mr. BRAMLEY'S "Sleep." Outsiders of all schools are well represented, and the exhibition as a whole is certainly one of the most interesting in recent years. The professional hangers were Mrs. A. L. SWYNNERTON, Mr. G. P. JACOMB HOOD, and Mr. R. TALBOT KELLY. Local artists seem to have risen to the occasion and sent their best work. The water-colour section is as usual of remarkable strength, and there is an excellent display of sculpture and other plastic art. The exhibits of the Della-Robbia



YOUNG WALTONIANS.

(From the Painting by J. Constable, R.A. Recently sold at Christie's. See p. 478.)

Pottery Company show a remarkable advance in accomplishment.

**Reviews.** WITH the volumes entitled "*History of Art in Primitive Greece*," translated by I. GONINO (Chapman and Hall), the great work of the French historians, PERROT and CHÉPIEZ, enters on its final stage. They have told us that their object in discussing the arts of Egypt,

Assyria, Persia, and the rest, was to lay the foundation for a proper discussion of the arts of Greece. To that end their scheme was prepared. The mistake they made was to call the result a History of Art. Chronological order is the basis of history; but this our authors set at defiance. They took the art of each country as a whole, regardless of the phases of local development. They cut it up by cross divisions into groups of separate arts, the developments of which they did not trace, but only their characteristics regarded as a whole. It is as though a writer were to describe the art of France from the Gothic period to the 20th century, regarded as a whole, before touching English art, and were then to treat the latter as a whole, forgetting that the two can only be explained by their constant actions and reactions one on the other. The inconvenience of the system becomes more apparent the further it is pursued. In the volumes under consideration we have the works of the Mycenæ school discussed at great length and with a splendid profusion of illustrations; but in none of the preceding volumes can we find an account of what was the simultaneous condition of the arts in Egypt, Phœnicia, or the East. This is exactly what a history should tell. We have, further, to complain of the long-windedness of the writers and of their hardihood as guessers. The guess on one page becomes a certainty on the next. M. Chipiez's restorations are always clever, and sometimes beautiful, but they altogether fail to carry conviction. It may seem ungenerous to meet such fine and costly volumes as these with criticism, but in fact the scheme on which they are constructed is faulty. The scale and details call for praise. It is much to have had the whole area of antiquity discussed within the compass of one series of volumes, and to possess a general conspectus of ancient art in any form at all. Such work impresses by its mass. The mere collection of so many facts, however disfigured by surmises and misarrangement, is a work of supreme utility which no student of art history can permit himself to neglect. Within the covers of these volumes we have, at all events, a marvellously great and, on the whole, wisely chosen series of illustrations covering the whole range of ancient art; so that if the text were, as it certainly is not, of little value, the prints alone would be a sufficient reason for the existence of these books. They show that it is still possible for a painstaking author to take all ancient art as his province.

By omitting from "Nollekens and his Times," by J. T. SMITH (Bentley and Sons), the whole of the brief biographies of artists with which John Thomas Smith filled up the measure of his two volumes so well known to gossip lovers and collectors of London data, the editor, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, has brought his present venture within the compass of a single volume, and found room for a pleasing and comprehensive "Essay on English Sculpture from Roubiliac to Flaxman." This, however, has little to do with Nollekens' life, and if not very profound, the addition to "Nollekens" is a bright, sketchy, and readable exposition of the writer's views of what sculpture ought to be and of the works of a category of artists whose skill and merits have not half the recognition they deserve. Mr.

Gosse has, besides this essay, added a number of explanatory and historical footnotes to those with which Smith enriched his own text, and—what is of much greater importance—he has won the thanks of students of all sorts by compiling a very serviceable index to the proper names mentioned in the biography. An Appendix gives some fresh and interesting, if not important data about the Nollekens family ere "Old Nollekens," the painter, and father of the sculptor, came to England. This father was a pupil of Panini, and Mr. Gosse seems to think that knowledge of this privilege is new; but in this we differ from him, because, while the point is of not much consequence, we have always understood that J. F. Nollekens had studied under and worked for the able Italian painter of Roman antique and modern buildings. Of the charm of Smith's text there never were two opinions: it is one of the most readable of its kind, and, among that kind, stands very high indeed because of its accuracy. The racy flavour of the biography is, as every



HENRY VIII. GRANTING THE CHARTER TO THE BARBER-SURGEONS.

(By Hans Holbein. From the Engraving by B. Baron, 1736. See p. 478.)

The Mystery and Commonalty of Barbers and Surgeons of London:—

- |                |                 |                |
|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. L. ALSOP.   | 5. LAVLET.      | 9. I. PEN.     |
| 2. W. BUTTS.   | 6. N. SYMSON.   | 10. N. ALCOKE. |
| 3. I. CHAMBER. | 7. E. HARMAN.   | 11. R. FERES.  |
| 4. T. VYCARY.  | 8. I. MONFORDE. | 12. W. TYLLIE. |
|                |                 | 13. X. SAMON.  |

reader knows, enhanced by the manner in which the author giped at, mocked, and belaboured his old friend and subject, whose heir, at least in part, he had vainly hoped to become. So far as they go, the editor's notes are handy; but, while there is not nearly enough of them, they are often incomplete, and, even according to their own standard, somewhat colourless and jejune. A great deal more might have been done to increase them, and thus add vastly to the charm of this republication. For example, Mr. Gosse, writing of John Eckstein, the sculptor whose work in Westminster Abbey Flaxman, Nollekens, and John Thomas Smith admired greatly, says that "he disappeared in 1798, being then about sixty years of age." The facts are that this John or Johannes Eckstein, the sixth child of Conrad Eckstein, was born at Poppenreuth, near Nuremberg, on November 25th, 1735; became a sculptor in the employ of Frederick II. of Prussia, and for that monarch worked much at Potsdam. With his son Paul he came to England, where he produced the statues in the Abbey. After this he returned to Potsdam, which place he again left May 19th,

1794, for the United States of America, and, arriving at Philadelphia, November 11th following, remained there till January 2nd, 1818, when he left for Havannah, and never returned, dying at that city in the same year. Meanwhile he had won a position and much esteem in the City of Brotherly Love, and retained such vigour that, though



ST. DOMINIC.

(By G. Bellini. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

in his eighty-fourth year, he executed a marble bust of Swedenborg. John Eckstein contributed sculptures to the London exhibitions, including the Academy, from 1762 till 1802. He had a son, a painter by profession, who joined the West Indian expedition of Sir S. Hood in 1803, when the Diamond Rock of Martinique (of which he sent sketches to England) was captured; he died in Barbadoes. George Paul Eckstein, another son of John, was an exhibitor at the Academy from 1777 till 1802. Many of the family still live in Bavaria, Holland, London, at the Cape, and in the United States.

It is refreshing, in these days of reproduction of photographs, to take up a book like Mr. THOMAS HUSON'S "*Round about Helvellyn*" (Seeley and Co.). Few things could better emphasise the difference between the art of the artist and that of the photographer than this book. Mr. Huson has wandered about the lovely Lake Country, and in plates produced by himself from his own paintings has recorded his vision of it—a very different vision from that of a camera. One has but to look at the plate of "Brothers Water"—there are many others of the twenty-four we might have mentioned—to realise that the art of the artist is a vastly different thing from a mere record of nature by the camera. A work of art is a record by an artistic hand of a vision of nature that has passed through the alembic of an artist's brain. This book should prove a great delight to all lovers of Lakeland.

In "*Loose Sketches*" (Frank T. Sabin), by W. M.

THACKERAY, there have been reprinted "Reading a Poem," which Mr. C. P. Johnson rescued four years ago from the forgotten columns of *The Britannia, a Weekly Journal*, where it had appeared, together with the other sketches, "A St. Philip's Day at Paris," "Shrove Tuesday in Paris," and "Rolandseck" (also here included), a few weeks before the founding of *Punch*. To these are added "An Eastern Adventure of the Fat Contributor," from *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1847, with one of Leech's etchings to accompany it. No collector of Thackeray's works and of Thackerayana can afford to be without this tastefully produced little volume.

Every visitor hoping to make a stay in Rome should add to his other "impedimenta" a copy of BURN'S "*Ancient Rome and its Neighbourhood*." It is of the series of Bohn's Illustrated Library (George Bell and Sons). It will not take the place of Baedeker, for it says nothing of the hotels and cafés of the modern city; but it unfolds the mysteries of column and arch and silent ruin of the old Rome, which it makes very vivid. Of maps and plans it has plenty, and of illustrations too. There is but one thing which is not as it should be. Some of the illustrations are out of date; not only is their engraving of an old-fashioned type, but they were made before the latest excavations, and so do not show the ruins as now they appear. The publishers would be well advised to look to this in a new edition of this most useful work.

The sixth edition of "*The Dictionary of Photography*"



DAVID BRINGING GOLIATH'S HEAD TO SAUL.

(From the Relief by M. Roussel. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome. From a Photograph by Lamqué, Pourchet sucer, Paris.)

(Hazell, Watson and Viney) has, under the editorship of Mr. E. J. Wall, been greatly enlarged and re-cast, and brought thoroughly up to date. A useful appendix has been added, enumerating the various plate-makers' formulæ for the manipulation of their plates and papers. The

definitions are very clearly stated, without ambiguous or over-technical terms, so that the volume is as useful to the beginner as to the advanced worker. Two of the best

The utterances of a man of so much individuality, intellectual and artistic, as Mr. W. J. LINTON, necessarily command attention; and for this reason his "*Memories*," or "*Threescore and Ten Years' Recollections*," as the title otherwise appears in the body of the book (Lawrence and Bullen), will doubtless be greedily read by a host of admirers. Especially will this be so in America, where it was written, and to whose inhabitants it is primarily addressed. But as the author expressly explains, it is not an autobiography. It is rather a notebook, and, for the most part, a scrappy one, which leaves the reader much in the position of a diner who is asked to be satisfied with the reading of the *menu*. It leaves him with the general impression—a correct one, of course—that Mr. Linton was a good engraver, an enthusiastic Chartist, a fair journalist, a ready speaker, a felicitous poet, and an upright and resolute, but not always a judicious, man. Of Chartism, of Mazzini, of the "taxes on knowledge," and the Graham Post-Office imbroglio, he tells us a good deal; but of his own artistic work, as engraver and draughtsman, in and out of partnership with Orrin Smith, not quite enough. For his accounts of his friends, David Scott, Gibson, and Alfred Stevens, however, we are grateful, for they were all artists of the highest promise



THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

(From the Painting by Gaston Larée. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome. From a Photograph by Bernaudat et Acon, Paris.)

articles are those on "portraiture" and on "isochromatic photography," the ordinary photographer having a good deal yet to learn on the subject of photographing colours, especially in pictures.

A notable attempt is being made by the well-known Parisian publisher, Monsieur A. Quantin, to establish an illustrated monthly magazine, on the lines of *Harper's* or *Scribner's*. This is "*Le Monde Moderne*," a family magazine, including in its scope, art, literature, science, history, travel, sketch, fiction, and the humour, fashion, and movements of the day—admirable alike in tone and treatment, and generous in the amount and quality of its pictures. The experiment is a novel one in France, and, whatever its fate, it will have deserved success.

Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN'S "*Brief Catalogue of the Pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum*" (Cambridge University Press) has been issued, brought up to the year 1895. It is thoroughly accurate, for which the Director, Dr. M. G. JAMES, may be thanked; but we miss a short account of the rise and growth of the gallery. This is a feature indispensable to all such publications.

The "*Grande Dame*" (Paris: A<sup>nc</sup> Maison Quantin) sustains its high artistic tone, relatively to its subject, as an elegant publication for women; its cover, too, by M. Grasset, is always a pleasure to look upon. The monthly numbers deal with the latest Parisian fashions of dress; picture exhibitions are discussed, and throughout the volume the illustrations of *bibelots*, portraits, and all *les arts de la femme* are presented with taste.

and achievement, and for their sake, if for none other, we would recommend this book to our readers.

"*The Amber Witch*" (David Nutt) is an excellent reprint of Lady DUFF GORDON'S translation of WILHELM MEINHOLD'S romance. Perhaps the chief interest in this



A GALLIOT IN A GALE.

(By J. S. Cotman. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

fantastic story now lies in the manner in which it came to be written. The romance is now remembered, apart from its Richard Savage-like origin, as having been the precursor of Meinhold's far finer witch story, "*Sidonia von Bork*."

The present edition of "The Amber Witch" is charmingly produced; the paper and printing are good, and the cover is an attractive design in yellow. It is illustrated by Mr. PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

Miss JANE BARLOW'S translation of the Homeric mock epic, "*The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice*" (Methuen and Co.), may be a very excellent piece of work, but having tried our best, we must confess ourselves vanquished by the manner in which the text is presented. Instead of having it printed in clear and readable type, the artist has written the text in what he regards as a decorative manner, and we regret our inability to read it. The last two lines of the preface are indeed decipherable. We are therefore able to state that this translation is written in "the most charming measure in the English language—the 'Nymphidia' of Michael Drayton." The illustrations, by FRANCIS BEDFORD, are quite uninteresting; the page decorations are repeated, and both these and the larger drawings are weak and ineffective.

Miss Barlow's verse stands a better chance of being appreciated in "*The End of Elfin Town*" (Macmillan and Co.). This is a dainty little book, in cover of brown and gold, with clear type, and particularly charming illustrations by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. The latter shows not only much refinement in his designs, but also imagination and decorative feeling. The story itself is a pretty enough conceit, written in easy, flowing verse, and describes the building of a faery city, reared at the desire of King Oberon, who has been cast under a spell.

Some of our readers may remember the time when "JACK EASEL" was "*Punch's* Roving Correspondent," and they may recognise under that playful pseudonym the distinguished official of one of the principal art institutions of the world. His new book, felicitously entitled "*Our Square and Circle*" (Smith, Elder and Co.), is a brightly and wittily written exposition of what we may call the domestic philosophy of a man of taste—of taste as refined in dinners as in pictures and things in general. Twenty years hence Mr. "Jack Easel" may become garrulous; at present he is a delightful companion who knows not how to bore.

**New Engraving.** THE pictures of the late Mr. ALBERT MOORE usually reproduce well in black and white, because he was a fine designer and gave much thought to the arrangement of line and form apart from colour. They are sometimes rather weak in chiaroscuro, because he often painted in a very dainty key of colour; but even then his line and form always possess great charm. "Midsummer," one of his strongest subjects as to light and shade, has recently been reproduced in pure mezzotint by Mr. Norman Hurst, and published by Messrs. Cadbury, Jones

and Co., of the Haymarket, who are to be complimented on their enterprise in seeking to encourage the revival of this old form of art reproduction.

**Miscellanea.** WE have received the List of Awards and Programme for the forthcoming session of the Birmingham School of Art—under Mr. E. R. Taylor—one of the most important and successful schools in the country.

Reference has already been made to the Barber-Surgeons' Holbein, and the effort that is being made to acquire it for the Guildhall for the sum of £15,000. We reproduce the painting on p. 475, together with a key to the original portraits.

On p. 474 a reproduction is given of Constable's "Stratford Mill," or, as it is also known, "The Young Waltonians," which was purchased for the sum of 8,500 guineas for Sir SAMUEL MONTAGU, Bart., M.P., at the Huth sale in July last. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820, and appeared there again at the Old Masters' Exhibition in 1886.

We reproduce several recent acquisitions at the National Gallery. "The Holy Family," by SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO (p. 473), which is hanging in Room VII. (No. 1,450), was lent for some time by Lord Northbrook, but has now been acquired for the Gallery. No. 1,456 (Room XVII.), "Covent Garden Market, with St. Paul's Church," is an interesting work by B. NEBOT, which was purchased from the Cliefden Collection. "St. Dominic," by GIOVANNI

BELINI (No. 1,440) hangs in Room VII. "A Galiot in a Gale" (No. 1,458, Room XX.), is a good example of Cotman's work; and No. 1,451 (Room XI.) an interesting picture of an "Interior of a Church," by BERCKE HEYDE.

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred of the well-known American architect, Mr. RICHARD MORRIS HUNT. He was born at Brattleborough, Vermont, in 1828, and at the age of fifteen commenced to study architecture under

Samuel Darier at Geneva. In 1845 he went to Paris and entered at the École des Beaux Arts under Hector Lefuel. He filled several official appointments under the French Government, but returned to America in 1855, and assisted the late Thomas H. Walker at the Capitol, Washington. He was one of the founders of the American Institute of Architects, of which he was afterwards president. In 1893 the Gold Medal of the British Institute of Architects—of which he was an honorary corresponding member—was conferred upon him.

In the article on "The Medallion Portraits on the Exterior of the National Portrait Gallery," in our last part (p. 431), the names of Edmund Lodge and Earl Stanhope have been accidentally transposed.



INTERIOR OF A CHURCH, HOLLAND.

(By Bercke-Heyde. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)





(Drawn by J. Walter West.)

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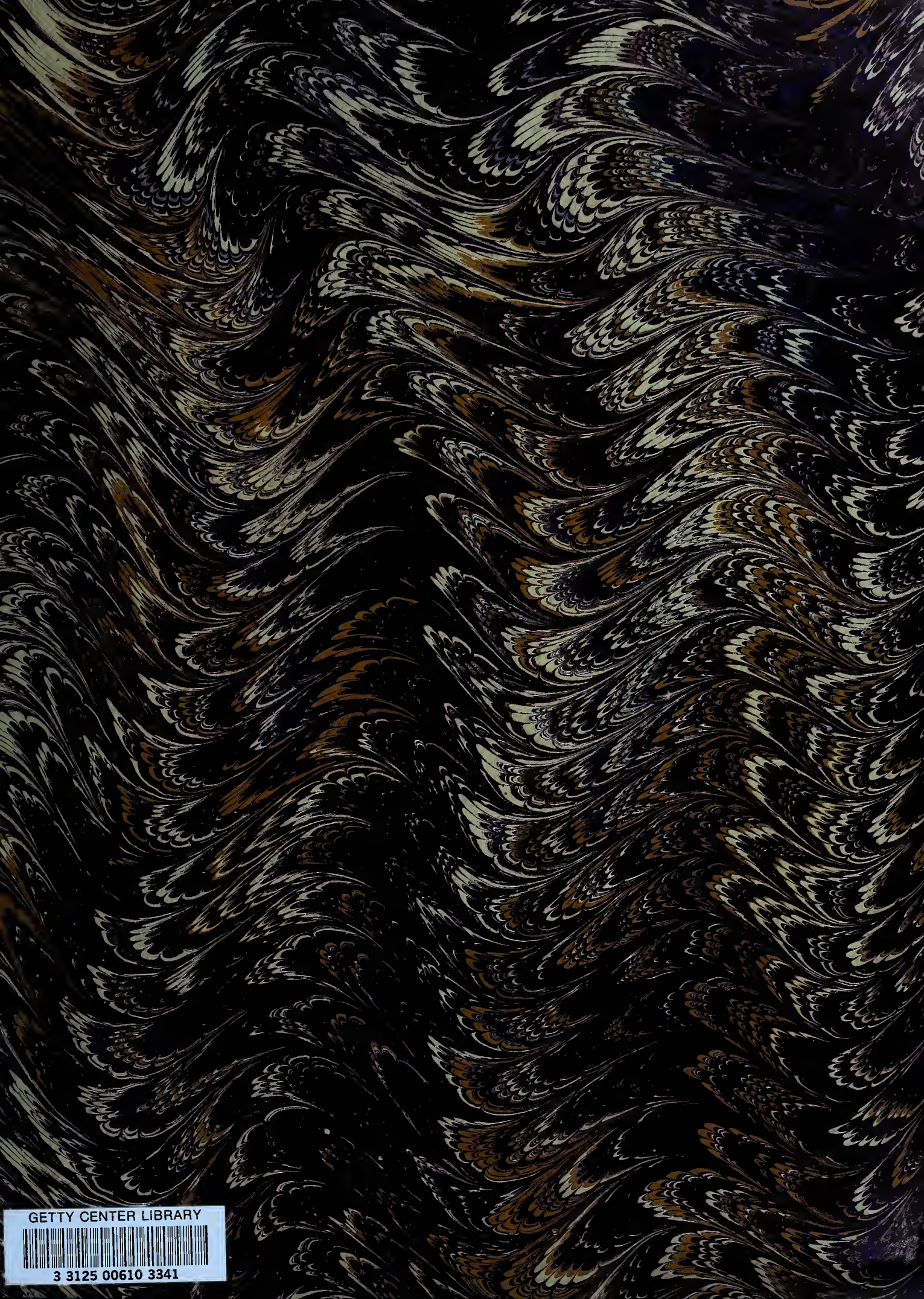


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